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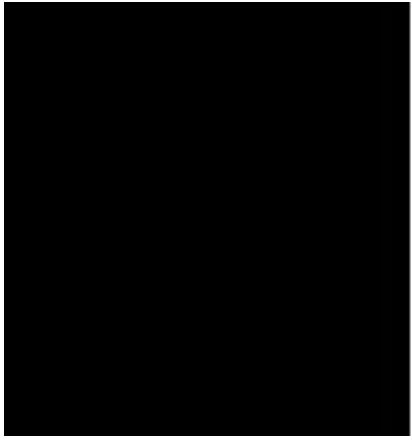




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(SOLITUDE.)

OR

The effect of unrequited Affection.

By

J. G. ZIMMERMAN.





SOLITUDE:

BY

J. G. ZIMMERMAN.

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Walker;
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1819.


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PREFACE.

WEAK and delicate minds may, perhaps, be alarmed by the title of this Work. The word "*Solitude*," may possibly engender melancholy ideas; but they have only to read a few pages to be undeceived. The Author is not one of those extravagant misanthropists who expect that men, formed by Nature for the enjoyments of society, and impelled constantly towards it by a multitude of powerful and invincible propensities, should seek refuge in forests, and inhabit the dreary cave or lonely cell: he is a friend to the species, a rational philosopher, and a virtuous citizen, who, encouraged by the esteem of his sovereign, endeavours to enlighten the minds of his fellow-creatures upon a subject of infinite importance to them, the attainment of true felicity.

No writer appears more completely convinced than M. Zimmerman, that man is born for society, or that his duties with more refined sensibility. It is the nature of human society, and its correspondent duties, which he here undertakes to examine. The important characters of Father, Husband, Son, Citizen, impose on Man a variety of obligations, which are always dear to virtuous minds, and establish between him, his country, his family, and his

PREFACE.

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Of man so close, what wonder if
This common nature through the
Of sex, and age, and fortune, an
Of each peculiar, draw the busy
With unresisted charms? The sp
And all the teeming regions of t
Hold not a quarry to the curious
Of knowledge half so tempting o
As Man to Man."

But it is not amidst tumultuous
pleasures, in the chimeras of ambi
sions of self-love, in the indulgence
gratification of desire, that men mu
the charms of those mutual ties wh
firmly to society. It is not in such
men can feel the dignity of those
formance of which Nature has rend
of so many pleasures, or hope to tast
city which results from an independe
contented heart: a felicity seldom son

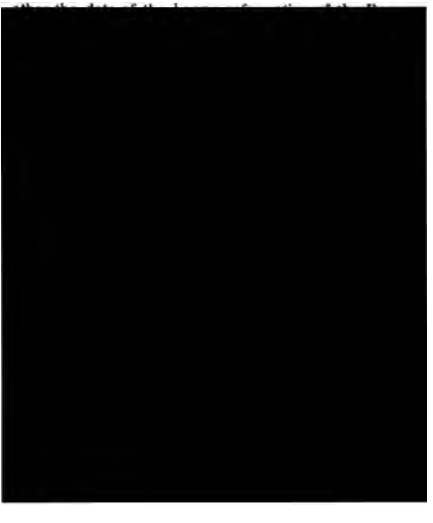
their arduous career. Every bosom feels an anxiety for repose, and fondly wishes to steal from the vortex of a busy and perturbed life to enjoy the tranquillity of Solitude.

" Hackney'd in business, wearied at that oar
Which thousands, once chain'd fast to, quit no more,
But which, when life at ebb runs weak and low,
All wish, or seem to wish, they could forego;
The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pant for the refuge of a peaceful shade;
Where, all his long anxieties forgot
Amidst the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
Lay his old age upon the lap of ease,
Improve the remnant of his wasted span,
And, having liv'd a trifler, die a man."

It is under the peaceful shades of Solitude that the mind regenerates and acquires fresh force; it is there alone that the happy can enjoy the fulness of felicity, or the miserable forget their woe; it is there that the bosom of sensibility experiences its most delicious emotions: it is there that creative genius frees itself from the thraldom of society, and surrenders itself to the impetuous rays of an ardent imagination. To this desired goal all our ideas and desires perpetually tend. " There is," says Dr. Johnson, " scarcely any writer who has not celebrated the happiness of rural privacy, and delighted himself and his readers with the melody of birds, the whisper of groves, and the murmurs of rivulets; nor any man, eminent for extent of capacity, or greatness of exploits, that has not left behind *him some memorials* of lonely wisdom *and silent dignity.*"

The original work, from which the following pages are selected, consists of four large volumes, which have acquired the universal approbation of the German Empire, and obtained the suffrages of an Empress celebrated for the superior brilliancy of her mind, and who has signified her approbation in the most flattering manner.

On the 26th of January, 1785, a courier, dispatched by the Russian Envoy at Hamburgh, presented M. Zimmerman with a small casket, in the name of her Majesty the Empress of Russia. The casket contained a ring set round with diamonds of an extraordinary size and lustre; and a gold medal, bearing on one side the portrait of the Empress, and on the



THE LIFE

OF

ZIMMERMAN.

JOHN George Zimmerman was born on the 8th day of December, 1728, at Brugg, a small town in the canton of Berne.

His father, John Zimmerman, was eminently distinguished as an able and eloquent member of the provincial council. His mother, who was equally respected and beloved for her good sense, easy manners, and modest virtues, was the daughter of the celebrated Pache, whose extraordinary learning and great abilities had contributed to advance him to a seat in the parliament of Paris.

The father of Zimmerman undertook the arduous task of superintending his education, and, by the assistance of able preceptors, instructed him in the rudiments of all the useful and ornamental sciences, until he had attained the age of fourteen years, when he sent him to the university of Berne, where, under Kirchberger, the historian and professor of rhetoric, and Altman, the celebrated Greek professor, he studied, for three years, Philology and the Belles Lettres, with unremitting assiduity and attention.

Having passed nearly five years at the university, he began to think of applying the stores of information he had acquired to the purposes of active life; and, after mentioning the subject cursorily to a few

in physic under the auspices of this grea
brated master. He was admitted into the
on the 12th of September, 1747, and obtai
gree on the 14th of August, 1751. To
mind from severer studies, he cultivated
knowledge of the English language, and
great a proficient in the polite and elegan
of this country, that the British Poets, p
Shakespeare, Pope, and Thomson, were
to him as his favourite authors, Homer a
Every moment, in short, of the four years
at Gottingen, was employed in the impro
his mind; and so early as the year 1751, he
a work in which he discovered the dawnin
extraordinary genius which afterwards spre
with so much effulgence.*

During the early part of his residence at
published many excellent essays on variou
in the *Helvetic Journal;* particularly a
the talents and erudition of Haller. This
tribute to the just merits of his friend and b

portion as his fame increased; and, obtaining permission to leave Gottingen, he repaired to Berne, to try, by the advice and assistance of Zimmerman, to restore, if possible, his decayed constitution. The benefits he experienced in a short time were so great, that he determined to relinquish his professorship, and to pass the remainder of his days in that city. In the family of Haller, lived a young lady, nearly related to him, whose maiden name was Meley, and whose husband, M. Stek, had been some time dead. Zimmerman became deeply enamoured of her charms: he offered her his hand in marriage; and they were united at the altar in the bands of mutual affection.

Soon after his union with this amiable woman, the situation of physician to the town of Brugg became vacant, which he was invited by the inhabitants to fill; and accordingly relinquished the pleasures and advantages he enjoyed at Berne, and returned to the place of his nativity, with a view to settle himself there for life. His time, however, was not so entirely engrossed by the duties of his profession, as to prevent him from indulging his mind in the pursuits of literature; and he read almost every work of reputed merit, whether of Physic, Moral Philosophy, Belles Lettres, History, Voyages, or even Novels and Romances, which the various presses of Europe from time to time produced. The novels and romances of England, in particular, gave him great delight.

But the amusements which Brugg afforded were extremely confined: and he fell into a state of nervous languor, or rather into a peevish dejection of spirits, neglecting society, and devoting himself almost entirely to a retired and sedentary life.

Under these circumstances, this excellent and able man *passed fourteen* years of an uneasy life; but *neither his increasing* practice, the success of his late

rary pursuits,* the exhortations of his friends, nor the endeavours of his family, were able to remove the melancholy and discontent that preyed continually on his mind. After some fruitless efforts to please him, he was in the beginning of April, 1766, appointed by the interest of Dr. Tissot, and Baron Hockstetten, to the post of principal physician to the King of Great Britain, at Hanover; and he departed from Brugg, to take possession of his new office, on the 4th of July, in the same year. Here he was plunged

---

* The following is a correct list of his writings, in the order in which they appear to have been published:

1. Dissertatio Inauguralis de Irritabilitate, 4to. Gottingen, 1751.

into the deepest affliction by the loss of his amiable wife, who, after many years of lingering sufferance, and pious resignation, expired in his arms, on the 23d of June, 1770; an event which he has described in the following work, with eloquent tenderness and sensibility. His children, too, were to him additional causes of the keenest anguish and the deepest distress. His daughter had, from her earliest infancy, discovered symptoms of consumption, so strong and inveterate as to defy all the powers of medicine, and which, in the summer of 1781, destroyed her life. The character of this amiable *girl*, and the feelings of her afflicted father on this melancholy event, his own pen has very affectingly described in the following work.

But the state and condition of his son was still more distressing to his feelings than the event of the death of his beloved daughter. This unhappy youth, who, while he was at the university, discovered the finest fancy and the soundest understanding, either from a malignant and inveterate species of scrophula, with which he had been periodically tortured from his earliest infancy, or, from too close an application to study, fell very early in life into a state of bodily infirmity and mental langour, which terminated, in the month of December, 1777, in a total derangement of his faculties.

The domestic comforts of Zimmerman were now almost entirely destroyed; till, at length, he fixed upon the daughter of M. Berger, the king's physician at Luneneburg, and niece to Baron de Berger, as a person in every respect qualified to make him happy, and they were united to each other in marriage about the beginning of October, 1782. Zimmerman was nearly *thirty years older* than his bride: but genius *and good sense are always* young; and the similarity

of their characters obliterated all recollection of disparity of age.

It was at this period that he composed his great and favourite work on Solitude, thirty years after the publication of his first essay on the subject. It consists of four volumes in quarto; the two first of which were published in 1784; and the remaining volumes in 1786. "A work," says Tissot, "which will always be read with as much profit as pleasure, as it contains the most sublime conceptions, the greatest sagacity of observation, an extreme propriety of application, much ability in the choice of examples, and (what I cannot commend too highly, because I can say nothing that does him so much honour, nor give him any praise that would be more gratifying to his own heart) a constant anxiety for

MIND AND THE HEART.

CHAP. I.

Introduction.

'DE is that intellectual state in which the
'oluntarily surrenders itself to its own re-
The philosopher, therefore, who withdraws
n from every external object to the con-
of his own ideas, is not less solitary than
ndons society, and resigns himself entirely
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iestic society, a rural village, or the li-
arned friend, may respectively become
olitude, as well as the silent shade
red spot, far remov
ankind

stantly attended, contributed their advice and assistance to restore him to health; and, conceiving that a journey, and change of air, were the best remedies that could be applied, they sent him to Eutin, in the Duchy of Holstein, where he continued three months, and about the month of June, 1795, returned to Hanover greatly recovered. But the fatal dart had entered itself too deeply to be entirely removed; he soon afterwards relapsed into his former imbecility, and barely existed in lingering sufferance for many months, refusing to take any medicines, and scarcely any food; continually harassed and distressed by the cruel illusion of poverty, which again haunted his imagination. At certain intervals his mind seemed to recover only for the purpose of rendering him sensible of his approaching dissolution; for he frequently said to his physicians, "My death I perceive

SOLITUDE;

OR, THE

INFLUENCE OF OCCASIONAL RETIREMENT

UPON THE

MIND AND THE HEART.

CHAP. I.

Introduction.

SOLITUDE is that intellectual state in which the mind voluntarily surrenders itself to its own reflections. The philosopher, therefore, who withdraws his attention from every external object to the contemplation of his own ideas, is not less solitary than he who abandons society, and resigns himself entirely to the calm enjoyments of lonely life.

The word "Solitude" does not necessarily import a total retreat from the world and its concerns: the dome of domestic society, a rural village, or the library of a learned friend, may respectively become the seat of Solitude, as well as the silent shade of some sequestered spot, far removed from all connexion with mankind.

A person may be frequently solitary without being alone. The haughty baron, proud of his illustrious descent, is solitary, unless he is surrounded by his equals: a profound reasoner is solitary at the tables of the witty and the gay. The mind may be as abstracted amidst a numerous assembly, as much withdrawn from every surrounding object, as retired and concentrated in itself; as solitary, in short, as a monk in his cloister, or a hermit in his cave. Solitude, indeed, may exist amidst the tumultuous intercourse of an agitated city, as well as in the peaceful shades of *rural retirement; at* London and at Paris, as well as *on the plains of Thebes* and the deserts of Nitria.



The mind, when withdrawn from external objects, adopts, freely and extensively, the dictates of its own ideas, and implicitly follows the taste, the temperament, the inclination, and the genius, of its possessor. Sauntering through the cloisters of the Magdalen Convent at Hildesheim, I could not observe, without a smile, an aviary of Canary birds, which had been bred in the cell of a female devotee. A gentleman of Brabant lived five and twenty years without ever going out of his house, entertaining himself during that long period with forming a magnificent cabinet of pictures and paintings. Even unfortunate captives, who are doomed to perpetual imprisonment, may soften the rigours of their fate, by resigning themselves, as far as their situation will permit, to the ruling passion of their souls. Michael Ducret, the



equally great and dignified to learn the art of enjoying the comforts of society with happiness to ourselves, and with utility to others.

While, therefore, I exhort my readers to listen to the advantages of *occasional retirement*, I warn them against that dangerous excess into which some of the disciples of this philosophy have fallen; an excess equally repugnant to reason and religion. May I happily steer through all the dangers with which my subject is surrounded; sacrifice nothing to prejudice; offer no violation to truth; and gain the approbation of the judicious and reflecting! If affliction shall feel one ray of comfort, or melancholy, released from a portion of its horrors, raise its downcast head; if I shall convince the lover of rural life, that all the finer springs of pleasure dry up and decay in the intense joys of crowded cities, and that the warmest emotions of the heart become there cold and torpid: if I shall evince the superior pleasures of the country; how many resources rural life affords against the languors of indolence; what purity of sentiment, what peaceful repose, what exalted happiness, is inspired by verdant meads, and the view of lively flocks quitting their rich pastures to seek, with the declining sun, their evening folds; how highly the romantic scenery of a wild and striking country, interspersed with cottages, the habitations of a happy, free, contented race of men, elevates the soul; how far more interesting to the heart are the joyful occupations of rural industry, than the dull and tasteless entertainments of a dissipated city; how much more easily, in short, the most excruciating sorrows are pleasingly subdued on the fragrant border of a peaceful stream, than in the midst of those treacherous delights which occupy the courts of kings; all my wishes will be accomplished, and my happiness complete.

Retirement from the world may prove peculiarly beneficial at two periods of life: in youth, to acquire the rudiments *of useful information*, to lay the foundation *of the character* intended to be pursued, and *obtain that train of thought* which is to guide us



through life: in age, to cast a retrospective view on the course we have run; to reflect on the events we have observed, the vicissitudes we have experienced; to enjoy the flowers we have gathered on the way, and to congratulate ourselves upon the tempests we have survived. Lord Bolingbroke, in his "*Idea of a Patriot King*," says, there is not a more profound nor a finer observation in all Lord Bacon's works than the following: "We must choose betimes such virtuous objects as are proportioned to the means we have of pursuing them, and belong particularly to the stations we are in, and the duties of those stations. We must determine and fix our minds in such manner upon them, that the pursuit of them may become the business, and the attainment of them the end of our whole lives. Thus we shall imitate the great opera-



yet obliterated the precepts of a virtuous education; who are yet uninfected with its inglorious vanities; who, still ignorant of the tricks and blandishments of seduction, have preserved the desire to perform some glorious action, and retained the power to accomplish it; who, in the midst of feasting, dancing, and assemblies, feel an inclination to escape from their unsatisfactory delights; Solitude will afford you a safe asylum. Let the voice of experience recommend you to cultivate a fondness for domestic pleasures, to incite and fortify your souls to noble deeds, to acquire that cool judgment and intrepid spirit which enables you to form correct estimates of the characters of mankind and of the pleasures of society. But to accomplish this high end, you must turn your eyes from those trifling and insignificant examples which a degenerated race of men affords, and study the illustrious characters of the ancient Greeks, the Romans, and the modern English. In what nation will you find more celebrated instances of human greatness? What people possess more valour, courage, firmness, and knowledge? Where do the arts and sciences shine with greater splendour, or with more useful effect? But do not deceive yourselves by a belief that you will acquire the character of an Englishman by wearing a cropped head of hair: no, you must pluck the roots of vice from your mind, destroy the seeds of weakness in your bosoms, and imitate the great examples of heroic virtue which that nation so frequently affords. It is an ardent love of liberty, undaunted courage, deep penetration, elevated sentiment, and well-cultivated understanding, that constitute the British character; and not their cropped heads, half-boots, and round hats. It is virtue alone, and not dress or titles, that can enoble or adorn the human character. Dress is an object too minute and trifling wholly to occupy a rational mind; and an illustrious descent is only advantageous as it renders the real merits of its immediate possessor more conspicuous. In tracing your genealogies, rank, ye noble [illegible], who have per-

formed great and glorious actions, whose fame shines in the pages of their country's history, and whose admired characters foreign nations envy and applaud. Never, however, lose sight of this important truth, that *no one can be truly great until he has gained a knowledge of himself;* a knowledge which can only be acquired by *occasional retirement.*

May the perusal of the following pages increase your inclination for a wise and active Solitude, justify your aversion from worldly pleasures, and heighten your repugnance to employ vicious means in the attainment even of virtuous ends; for no worldly advantages, purchased by dishonourable means, can be either solid or lasting.

Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
Thro' briars and brambles in the world we stray:
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Choak up our passage, our career controul,

nted in captivity. Men who have been long tossed pon the troubled ocean of life, and have learned by ivere experience to entertain just notions of the orld and its concerns, to examine every object ith unclouded and impartial eyes, to walk erect in e strict and thorny paths of virtue, and to find their appiness in the reflections of an honest mind, alone re—*free*.

The path of virtue, indeed, is devious, dark, and reary: but though it leads the traveller over hills of ifficulty, it at length brings him into the delightful id extensive plains of permanent happiness and se- ire repose.

The love of Solitude, when cultivated in the morn f life, elevates the mind to a noble independence; at, to acquire the advantages which Solitude is ca- able of affording, the mind must not be impelled to by melancholy and discontent, but by a real dis- ste to the idle pleasures of the world, a rational ntempt for the deceitful joys of life, and just ap- ehensions of being corrupted and seduced by its sinuating and destructive gaieties.

Many men have acquired and exercised in Soli- de, that transcendent greatness of mind which de- s events; and, like the majestic cedar, which braves e fury of the most violent tempest, have resisted, ith heroic courage, the severest storms of fate. me few, indeed, have retained in retirement the eaknesses of human nature; but the conduct of eater numbers has clearly evinced, that a man of od sense cannot degenerate even in the most dreary clusion.

Solitude, indeed, sometimes renders the mind in a ght degree arrogant and conceited; but these ef- cts are easily removed by a judicious intercourse ith mankind. Misanthropy, contempt of folly, and ide of spirit, are, in noble minds, changed by the aturity of age into dignity of character; and that ar of the opinion of the world which awed the *eakness and inexperience* of youth, is succeeded by *nness, and a high disdain* of those false notions by

which it was dismayed: the observations once so dreaded lose all their stings; the mind views objects not as they are, but as they ought to be; and, feeling a contempt for vice, rises into a noble enthusiasm for virtue, gaining from the conflict a rational experience and a compassionate feeling which never decay.

The science of the heart, indeed, with which youth should be familiarized as early as possible, is too frequently neglected. It removes the asperities and polishes the rough surfaces of the mind. This science is founded on that noble philosophy which regulates the characters of men; and, operating more by love than by rigid precept, corrects the cold dictates of reason by the warm feelings of the heart; opens to view the dangers to which they are exposed; animates the dormant faculties of the mind; and prompts them to the practice of all the virtues.

Dion was educated in all the turpitude and servi-

servations; who, with a book in his hand, loves to seek among the rocks some sequestered spot favourable to study; who, when walking with his dogs and gun, frequently reclines under the friendly shade of some majestic tree, and contemplates the great and glorious characters which the pages of Plutarch present to his view, instead of toiling through the thickets of the surrounding woods to search for game.

The wishes of a mother are accomplished when the silence and solitude of the forests seize and animate the mind of her beloved child; when he begins to feel that he has seen sufficiently the pleasures of the world; when he begins to perceive that there are greater and more valued characters than noblemen and squires, than ministers or kings; characters who enjoy a more elevated sense of pleasure than gaming tables and assemblies are capable of affording; who seek, at every interval of leisure, the shades of Solitude with rapturous delight; whose minds have been inspired with a love of literature and philosophy from their earliest infancy; whose bosoms have glowed with a love of science through every subsequent period of their lives; and who, amidst the greatest calamities, are capable of banishing, by a secret charm, the deepest melancholy and most profound dejection.

The advantages of Solitude to a mind that feels a real disgust at the tiresome intercourses of society, are inconceivable. Freed from the world, the veil which obscured the intellect suddenly falls, the clouds which dimmed the light of reason disappear, the painful burthen which oppressed the soul is alleviated; we no longer wrestle with surrounding perils; the apprehension of danger vanishes; the sense of misfortune becomes softened; the dispensations of Providence no longer excite the murmur of discontent; and we enjoy the delightful pleasures of a calm, serene, and happy mind. Patience and resignation follow and reside with a contented heart; *every corroding care flies* away on the wings of *gaiety; and on every side* agreeable and interesting

ful paces of the generous steed. ... ...
cious pleasures of a great metropolis, v
and truth are constantly despised, and in
conscience thrown aside as inconvenient
sive, the fairest forms of fancy are obscur
purest virtues of the heart corrupted.

But the first and most incontestable a
Solitude is, that it accustoms the mind to
imagination becomes more vivid, and t
more faithful while the sense remains i
and no external object agitates the soul.
far from the tiresome tumults of public so
a multitude of heterogeneous objects d
our eyes, and fill the mind with incohe
we learn to fix our attention to a single
to contemplate that alone. An author, v
I could read with pleasure every hour
says, "It is the power of attention whic
measure, distinguishes the wise and th
the vulgar and trifling herd of men. T
accustomed to think, or rather to dre
knowing the subject of their thoughts.
connected rovings, they pursue no end;
no track. Every thing floats loose and
the surface of their minds, like leaves

...sideration
... unencumbered mind then re-
ıt it has read; all that has pleased the eye
d the ear; and, reflecting on every idea
er observation, experience, or discourse,
ed, gains new information by every re-
d conveys the purest pleasures to the soul.
et contemplates all the former scenes of
s by anticipation those that are yet to
l blends all ideas of past and future in the
yment of the present moment. To keep,
he mental powers in proper tone, it is ne-
direct our attention invariably towards
and interesting study.

erhaps, excite a smile when I assert, that
'e only school in which the characters of
properly developed; but it must be re-
it, although the materials of this study
ised in society, it is in Solitude alone
pply them to their proper use. The
reat scene of our observations; but to
th propriety to their respective objects
he work of Solitude. It is admitted,
ge of the nature of man is necessary
; and therefore I cannot consci-
le to call those of

out, for the general benefit, I hope, of mankind, as well as for my own satisfaction, all the frail and imperfect parts in the anatomy of the human body?

But a difference is supposed to exist between the observations which we are permitted to make upon the anatomy of the human body, and those which we assume respecting the philosophy of the mind. The physician, it is said, studies the maladies which are incidental to the human frame, to apply such remedies as the particular occasion may require: but it is contended, that the moralist has a different end in view. This distinction, however, is certainly without foundation. A sensible and feeling philosopher views both the moral and physical defects of his fellow-creatures with an equal degree of regret. Why do moralists shun mankind, by retiring into Solitude, if it be not to avoid the contagion of those vices which they perceive so prevalent in the world, and which are not observed by those who are in the habit

, " necessarily leads the mind to meditation.
umstances in which I have hitherto lived,
o the sorrows which have attended me for
ears, and from which I am not yet released,
me to seek in reflection those comforts which
appy condition rendered necessary; and my
now become my constant retreat: from the
ents it affords I derive pleasures which, like
charms, dispel all my afflictions." At this
the virtuous Bonnet was almost blind. An-
xcellent character of a different kind, who
his time to the education of youth, Pfeffel, at
, supports himself under the affliction of total
ss in a manner equally noble and affecting,
'e less solitary indeed, but by the opportuni-
frequent leisure which he employs in the study
sophy, the recreations of poetry, and the exer-
humanity. There was formerly in Japan a
of blind persons; who, in all probability,
ıdued with quicker discernment than many
s of more enlightened colleges. These sight-
ıedicians devoted their time to the study of
poetry, and music. The most celebrated
ı the annals of their country became the sub-
their muse; and the harmony of their verses
nly be excelled by the melody of their music.
:cting upon the idleness and dissipation, in
number of solitary persons pass their time,
:emplate the conduct of these blind Japanese
e highest pleasure. The *mind's eye* opened

feelst he greatest inclination to pursue, in order to penetrate and expound the mystery of the human character; and he who has not been accustomed to self-examination, will, upon such a scrutiny, frequently discover truths of extreme importance to his happiness, which the mists of worldly delusion had concealed totally from his view.

Liberty and leisure are all that an active mind requires in Solitude. The moment such a character finds itself alone, all the energies of his soul put themselves into motion, and rise to a height incomparably greater than they could have reached under the impulse of a mind clogged and oppressed by the encumbrances of society. Even plodding authors, who only endeavour to improve the thoughts of others, and aim not at originality for themselves, derive such advantages from Solitude, as to render them contented with their humble labours: but, to superior minds, how exquisite are the pleasures they feel when Solitude inspires the idea, and facilitates the execution, of works of virtue and public benefit! works, which constantly irritate the passions of the foolish, and confound the guilty consciences of the wicked. The exuberance of a fine and fertile imagination is chastened by the surrounding tranquillity of Solitude; all its diverging rays are concentrated



happy well-timed stroke of satire from his
destroy the bloom of vice, disappoint the
ons of hypocrisy, and expose the fallacies
prejudice is founded.

unfolds her charms in Solitude with supe-
rdour. A great and good man, Dr. Blair,
urgh, says, " The great and the worthy, the
the virtuous, have ever been addicted to
etirement. It is the characteristic of little
loas minds to be wholly occupied with the
jects of life. These fill up their desires,
ly all the entertainment which their coarse
tions can relish. But a more refined and
mind leaves the world behind it, feels a
igher pleasures, and seeks them in retreat.
of public spirit has recourse to it in order to
ns for general good; the man of genius in
dwell on his favourite themes; the philoso-
ursue his discoveries; and the saint to im-
nself in grace."

the legislator of Rome, while he was only
individual, retired, on the death of Tatia,
ed wife, into the deep forests of Aricia, and
d in solitary musings through the thickest
and most sequestered shades. Superstition
his lonely propensity, not to disappointment,
at, or hatred to mankind, but to a higher
wish silently to communicate with some
g deity. A rumour was circulated that the
Egeria, captivated by his virtues, had united
o him in the sacred bonds of love, and, by
ing his mind, and storing it with superior
had led him to divine felicity. The Druids,
o dwelt among the rocks, in woods, and in
t solitary places, are supposed to have in-
the infant nobility of their respective na-
wisdom and in eloquence, in the phenomena
e, in astronomy, in the precepts of religion,
mysteries of eternity. The profound wisdom
towed on the characters of the Druids, al-
was, like the story of Numa, the mere ef-

powers, unaided by the patronag
adulation of the multitude, or the
reward. Flanders, amidst all t
discord, produced painters as ri
were poor in circumstances. T
reggio had so seldom been rewar
that the paltry payment of ten
coin, and which he was obliged
Parma to receive, created in hi
cessive, that it caused his death.
tion of conscious merit was th
these great artists received; the
hope of immortal fame; and post
justice.

Profound meditation in Solitu
quently exalts the mind above it
the imagination, and produces th
sublime conceptions. The soul th
and most refined delight: and alm
of existence in the intellectual p
The mind on every emotion darts

shed by the appellation of "*The Royal tin.*"[a] On this uninhabited spot, since be- e seat of dissipation, the youthful monarch, it irst formed the plan of conquering Silesia. de teaches with the happiest effect the im- value of *time*, of which the indolent, having eption, can form no estimate. A man who tly bent on employment, who is anxious to irely in vain, never observes the rapid move- f a stop-watch, the true image of transitory l most striking emblem of the flight of time, alarm and apprehension. Social intercourse, t tends to keep the mind and the heart in a tone, when it contributes to enlarge the sphere wledge, or to banish corroding care, cannot, be considered a sacrifice of time. But where ntercourse, even when attended with these effects, engages all our attention, turns the s of friendship into the violence of love, ms hours into minutes, and drives away all except those which the object of our affection , year after year will roll unimproved away. roperly employed never appears tedious; on trary, to him who is engaged in usefully dis- g the duties of his station, according to the his ability, it is light and pleasantly transitory. rtain young prince, by the assistance of a r of domestics, seldom employs above five or utes in dressing. Of his carriage it would be ct to say that he *goes* in it; for it *flies*. His superb and hospitable, but the pleasures of short and frugal. Princes, indeed, seem dis- to do every thing with rapidity. This royal who possesses extraordinary talents, and un- n dignity of character, attends in his own to every application; and affords satisfaction light in every interview. His domestic esta- ent engages his most scrupulous attention; and ploys seven hours every day without excep-

[a] *Kœnigsberg.*

time. Men have many duties to
fore, who wishes to discharge then
vigilantly seize the earliest opport
wish that any part of the passing
torn like a useless page from the
ful employment stops the career
longs the duration of existence.
work, is to live. Our ideas nev
rapidity and abundance, or with g
in, those hours which useful labou
ness and dissipation. To employ
nomy, we should frequently reflec
escape from us against our inclinat
English author says, "When we
that is absorbed in sleep, all tha
propriated to the demands of nat
engrossed by the tyranny of cu
passed in regulating the superfici
life, or is given up in the reciproc
the disposal of others; all that is
the violence of disease, or stolen in



g eye, the petulance, the frown,
adness, that o'ershade, distort,
face of beauty, when no cause
easurable woe appears,
anishes, and gives the fair
nd bloom less transient than her own.
unt revolution, stale
of the same repeated joys,
satiates, and makes languid life
, that bows the bearer down.

ed, may prove more dangerous than
of the world, if the mind be not
ed. Every man, from the monarch
the peasant in the cottage, should
which he should feel it his duty to
lelay. "*Carpe diem*," says Ho-
ecommendation will extend with
every hour of our lives.

iconoe, vainly to descry
gods to

The voluptuous of every description, the votaries of Bacchus, and the sons of Anacreon, exhort us to drive away corroding care, to promote incessant gaiety, and to enjoy the fleeting hours as they pass; and these precepts, when rightly understood, and properly applied, are founded in strong sense and sound reason; but they must not be understood or applied in the way these sensualists advise; they must not be consumed in drinking and debauchery; but employed in steadily advancing towards the accomplishment of the task which our respective duties require us to perform. "If," says Petrarch, "you feel any inclination to serve God, in which consists the highest felicities of our nature; if you are disposed to elevate the mind by the study of letters, which, next to religion, procures us the truest pleasures; if, by your sentiments and writings, you are anxious to leave behind you something that will memorize your name with posterity; stop the rapid

me feel whatever is truly noble, great,
with higher relish or more refined de-
w can I submit to the judgment of men
ys examine hastily, and generally deter-
g?

ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
h the spreading notion of the *town*;
son and conclude by precedent,
n stale nonsense which they ne'er invent;
ge of authors' names, not works, and then,
se not blame the writings, but the men.
is servile herd, the worst is he
proud dulness joins with *quality*;
nt critic at the great man's board,
and carry nonsense for my Lord.
eful stuff this madrigal would be,
starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me!
Lord once own the happy lines,
wit brightens! how the style refines!
is sacred name flies every fault,
h exalted stanza teems with thought!"

enlightened minds, who are capable of
istinguishing beauties from defects, whose
l the highest pleasure from the works of
l the severest pain from dulness and de-
hile they admire with enthusiasm, con-
judgment and deliberation; and, retiring
ulgar herd, either alone, or in the society
friends, resign themselves to the delights
ll intercourse with the illustrious sages of
and with those writers who have distin-
d adorned succeeding times.

new he but his happiness, of men
plest he, who far retir'd from public rage,
the vale, with *a choice few* retir'd,
he pure pleasures *of the rural life*.
dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
beauty; sound, unbroken youth,

mind more active, and multiplies ...
ideas. A man who is well acquainted wit
e advantages, has said, that " by silent so
ection we exercise and strengthen all the p
the mind. The many obstacles which renc
icult to pursue our path disperse and retire
return to a busy social life with more che
s and content. The sphere of our understa
omes enlarged by reflection; we have le
urvey more objects, and to bind them in
lly together; we carry a clearer sight, a
gment, and firmer principles, with us in
rld in which we are to live and act; and ar
re able, even in the midst of all its distr
preserve our attention, to think with accur
ermine with judgment, in a degree propo
the preparations we have made in the l
rement." Alas! in the ordinary comm
world, the curiosity of a rational mind i
s, whilst in Solitude it hourly augments.
-ches of a finite being necessarily proceed
... proposition to

it investigates the various causes, the im-
ects, and the remote consequences of an
truth. Reason, indeed, by impeding the
the imagination, renders her flight less
it makes the object of attainment more
wn aside by the charms of fancy, the
construct new worlds; but they immedi-
st, like airy bubbles formed of soap and
ile reason examines the materials of its
abric, and uses those only which are du-
;ood.

eat art to learn much," says Locke, "is
ke a little at a time." Dr. Johnson, the
English writer, has very forcibly observed,
he performances of human art, at which
ith praise or wonder, are instances of the
rce of perseverance: it is by this that the
omes a pyramid, and that distant coun-
lited by canals. If a man was to compare
f a single stroke with the pickaxe, or of
sion of a spade, with the general design
sult, he would be overwhelmed with the
eir disproportion; yet those petty opera-
ssantly continued, in time surmount the
fficulties; and mountains are levelled, and
nded by the slender force of human beings.
ore of the utmost importance that those
ny intention of deviating from the beaten
fe, and acquiring a reputation superior to
·ly swept away by time among the refuse
ould add to their reason and their spirit
of persisting in their purposes; acquire the
ping what they cannot batter; and the
nquishing obstinate resistance by obstinate

rity of mind that gives life tot he most
rt, converts the solitary cell into a social
s immortal fame to genius, and produces
es of ingenuity to the artist. The mind
sure in the exercise of its powers propor-
e difficulties it meets with, and the ob-

stacles it has to surmount. When Apelles was reproached for having painted so few pictures, and for the incessant anxiety with which he retouched his works, he contented himself with this observation, "*I paint for posterity.*"

The inactivity of monastic solitude, the sterile tranquillity of the cloister, are ill suited to those who, after a serious preparation in retirement, and an assiduous examination of their own powers, feel a capacity and inclination to perform great and good actions for the benefit of mankind. Princes cannot live the lives of monks: statesmen are no longer sought for in monasteries and convents; generals are no longer chosen from the members of the church. Petrarch, therefore, very pertinently observes, that "Solitude must not be inactive, nor leisure uselessly employed. A character indolent, slothful, languid, and detached

are as unbounded as the reign of truth, as
as the world, as unlimited as the divine
ss. Incorporeal pleasures, therefore, are
re durable than all others: they neither dis-
rith the light of the day, change with the en-
rm of things, nor descend with our bodies to
; but continue with us while we exist; ac-
r us under all the vicissitudes not only of our
life, but of that which is to come; secure us
arkness of the night, and compensate for all
ries we are doomed to suffer."

and exalted minds, therefore, have always,
the bustle of gaiety, or amidst the more ag-
rous of high ambition, preserved a taste for
ual pleasures. Engaged in affairs of the most
nt consequence, notwithstanding the variety
ts by which their attention was distracted,
re still faithful to *the Muses*, and fondly de-
eir minds to works of genius. They disre-
he false notion, that reading and knowledge
ss to great men; and frequently condescended,
a blush, to become writers themselves.

of Macedon, having invited Dionysius the
to dine with him at Corinth, attempted to
he father of his royal guest, because he had
the characters of prince and poet, and had
d his leisure in writing odes and tragedies.
could the king find leisure," said Philip, "to
ness trifles?"—"In those hours," answered
s, "which you and I spend in drunkenness
uchery."

nder also was passionately fond of reading;
lst the world resounded with his victories,
lood and carnage marked his progress, whilst
ped captive monarchs at his chariot wheels,
rched with increasing ardour over smoking
nd desolated provinces in search of new ob-
victory, felt, during certain intervals, the lan-
unemployed time; and lamenting that Asia
no books *to amuse his* leisure, he wrote to
to send him the works of Philistus, the tra-

gedies of Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, s
dithyrambics of Thalestes.

Brutus, the avenger of the violated libe
Rome, while serving in the army under P
employed among books all the moments h
spare from the duties of his station: and w
thus employed during the awful night which p
the celebrated battle of Pharsalia, by which
of the empire was decided. Oppressed by
cessive heat of the day, and by the prepara
rangement of the army, which was encamped
middle of summer on a marshy plain, he sou
lief from the bath, and retired to his tent,
whilst others were locked in the arms of sl
contemplating the event of the ensuing day,
ployed himself until the morning dawned, in d
a plan from the History of Polybius.

Cicero, who was more sensible of mental pl
than any other character, says, in his oration

alking, or sitting, whenever a moment's lei-
ded him the opportunity: but he made it an
e rule to prefer the discharge of the duties
tion to those occupations which he followed
musement. It was this disposition which so
inclined him to Solitude and retirement.
never," exclaimed he in moments of vexa-
eak the fetters by which I am restrained? Are
soluble? Alas! I have no hope of being
every day brings new torments. No sooner
ity performed than another succeeds. The
business become every hour more weighty
asive."

nd of Petrarch was always gloomy and de-
except when he was reading, writing, or re-
the agreeable illusions of poetry, upon the
some inspiring stream, among the romantic
i mountains, or the flower-enamelled valleys
ips. To avoid the loss of time during his
ie constantly wrote at every inn where he
for refreshment. One of his friends, the

of his attention; but the moment these were discharged he retired into Solitude during the remainder of the day, and devoted his mind to the study of history. Subject from his infancy to an hereditary gout, he endeavoured to eradicate it by regularity and abstinence; and perhaps it was the feeble state of his health which first led him into retirement; but, however that may be, it was certainly in retirement that he had laid the foundation of that glory which he afterwards acquired.

Characters of this description, it may be said, are no longer to be found; but in my opinion both the idea and assertion would be erroneous. Was the Earl of Chatham inferior in greatness to a Roman? And will his son, who already, in the earliest stage of manhood, thunders forth his eloquence in the senate like Demosthenes, and captivates like Pericles the hearts of all who hear him; who is now, even in the five-and-twentieth year of his age, dreaded abroad,

things, and boldly to announce our opinions to the world, is an indispensable obligation on every individual. The *press* is the channel through which writers diffuse the light of truth among *the people*, and displays its radiance to the eyes of *the great*. Good writers inspire the mind with courage to think for itself; and the free communication of sentiments contributes to the improvement and perfection of human reason. It is this love of liberty that leads men into Solitude, where they may throw off the chains by which they are fettered in the world. It is this disposition to be free, that makes the man who thinks in Solitude boldly speak a language which, in the corrupted intercourse of society, he would not have dared openly to hazard. Courage is the companion of Solitude. The man who does not fear to seek his comforts in the peaceful shades of retirement, looks with firmness on the pride and insolence of *the great*, and tears from the face of despotism the mask by which it is concealed.

His mind, enriched by knowledge, may defy the

of servants with messages of ceremony and cards of compliment, distract attention. An author, whether walking in the open air, seated in his closet, reclined under the shade of a spreading tree, or stretched upon a sofa, must be free to follow all the impulses of his mind, and indulge every bent and turn of his genius. To compose with success, he must feel an irresistible inclination, and be able to indulge his sentiments and emotions without obstacle or restraint. There are, indeed, minds possessed of a divine inspiration, which is capable of subduing every difficulty, and bearing down all opposition: and an author should suspend his work until he feels this secret call within his bosom, and watch for those propitious moments when the mind pours forth its ideas with energy, and the heart feels the subject with increasing warmth; for

" . . . . Nature's kindling breath
Must fire the chosen genius; Nature's hand

l composition during this period than at any
r of his life. But, although he here devoted
h time and attention to his writings, it was long
re he could be persuaded to make them public.
il calls the leisure he enjoyed at Naples, ignoble
obscure: but it was during this leisure that he
te *the Georgics*, the most perfect of all his works,
which evince, in almost every line, that he wrote
immortality.

he suffrage of posterity, indeed, is a noble expec-
n, which every excellent and great writer che-
es with enthusiasm. An inferior mind contents
f with a more humble recompense, and some-
s obtains its due reward. But writers, both great
good, must withdraw from the interruptions of
ety, and, seeking the silence of the groves, and
tranquillity of the shades, retire into their own
ds; for every thing they perform, all that they
luce, is the effect of Solitude. To accomplish a
k capable of existing through future ages, or de-
ing the approbation of contemporary sages, the

which, when achieved, render the evening of life as brilliant as its morning. "The praises," says Plutarch, "bestowed upon great and exalted minds, only spur on and rouse their emulation: like a rapid torrent, the glory which they have already acquired, hurries them irresistibly on to every thing that is great and noble. They never consider themselves sufficiently rewarded. Their present actions are only pledges of what may be expected from them; and they would blush not to live faithful to their glory, and to render it still more illustrious by the noblest actions.

The ear which would be deaf to servile adulation and insipid compliment, will listen with pleasure to the enthusiasm with which Cicero exclaims, "Why should we dissemble what it is impossible for us to conceal? Why should we not be proud of confessing candidly that we all aspire to *fame?* The love of praise influences all mankind, and the greatest minds are the most susceptible of it. The philosophers who most preach up a contempt for fame, prefix their name to their works; and the very performances in which they deny ostentation, are evident proofs of their vanity and love of praise. Virtue requires no other reward for all the toils and dangers to which she ex-



without anxiety or trouble, meanly think that all consciousness shall be buried with us in the grave? If the greatest men have been careful to preserve their bustoes and their statues, those images, not of their minds, but of their bodies, ought we not rather to transmit to posterity the resemblance of our wisdom and virtue? For my part, at least, I acknowledge, that in all my actions I conceived that I was disseminating and transmitting my fame to the remotest corners and the latest ages of the world. Whether, therefore, my consciousness of this shall cease in the grave, or, as some have thought, shall survive as a property of the soul, is of little importance. Of one thing I am certain, that at this instant I feel from the reflection a flattering hope and a delightful sensation."

This is the true enthusiasm with which preceptors should inspire the bosoms of their young pupils. Whoever should be happy enough to light up this generous flame, and increase it by constant application, will see the object of his care voluntarily relinquish the pernicious pleasures of youth, enter with virtuous dignity on the stage of life, and add, by the performance of the noblest actions, new lustre to science, and brighter rays to glory. The desire of extending our fame by noble deeds, and of increasing the good opinion of mankind by a dignified conduct and real greatness of soul, confers advantages which neither illustrious birth, elevated rank, nor great fortune can bestow; and which, even on the throne, are only to be acquired by a life of exemplary virtue, and an anxious attention to the suffrage of posterity.

There is no character, indeed, more likely to acquire future fame than the satirist, who dares to point out and condemn the follies, the prejudices, and the growing vices of the age, in strong and nervous language. Works of this description, however they may fail to reform the prevailing manners of the times, will operate on succeeding generations, and extend their influence and reputation to the latest posterity. True *greatness operates long* after envy and malice *have pursued the modest* merit which produced it to

the grave. O Lavater! those base corrupted souls who only shine a moment, and are for ever extinguished, will be forgotten, while the memory of thy name is carefully cherished, and thy virtues fondly beloved; thy foibles will be no longer remembered; and the qualities which distinguished and adorned thy character will alone be reviewed. The rich variety of thy language, the judgment with which thou hast boldly invented and created new expressions, the nervous brevity of thy style, and the striking pictures of human manners, will, as the author of "*The Characters of German Poets and Prose Writers*" has predicted, extend the fame of thy "*Fragments upon Physiognomy*" to the remotest posterity. The accusation that Lavater, who was capable of developing such sublime truths, and of creating almost a new language, gave credit to the juggles of Gessner, will then be forgot; and he will enjoy the life after death, which Cicero seemed to hope for with so much en-

a would otherwise steal from the sum of life, is great advantage of an author; and with this advantage alone I am perfectly contented.

" There is a pleasure in *an Author's* pains
Which only *Authors* know. The shifts and turns
Th' expedients, and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts in choice of terms,
Tho' apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
T' arrest the fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them to sit till he has pencil'd off
A faithful likeness of the form he views,
Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost,
Are occupations of *the Author's* mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address, from themes of sad import,
That, lost in his own musings, happy man!
He feels the anxieties of life, denied
Their wonted entertainment, all retire."

Solitude not only elevates the mind, but adds new ength to its powers. The man who has not cou ge to conquer the prejudices and despise the man rs of the world, whose greatest dread is the impu ion of singularity, who forms his opinion and re lates his conduct upon the judgment and actions of hers, will certainly never possess sufficient strength mind to devote himself to voluntary Solitude; hich, it has been well observed, is as necessary to re a just, solid, firm, and forcible tone to our oughts, as an intercourse with the world is to give em richness, brilliancy, and just appropriation. The mind employed on noble and interesting sub cts, disdains the indolence that stains the vacant east. Enjoying freedom and tranquillity, the soul *s the extent of its energies* with greater sensibility, *displays powers* which it was before unconscious

of possessing: the faculties sharpen; the mind becomes more clear, luminous, and extensive; the perception more distinct; the whole intellectual system, in short, exacts more from itself in the leisure of Solitude than in the bustle of the world. But to produce these happy effects, Solitude must not be reduced to a state of tranquil idleness and inactive ease, of mental numbness or sensual stupor: it is not sufficient to be continually gazing out of a window with a vacant mind, or gravely walking up and down the study in a ragged *robe-de-chambre* and worn-out slippers: for the mere exterior of tranquillity cannot elevate or increase the activity of the soul, which must feel an eager desire to roam at large, before it can gain that delightful liberty and leisure, which at the same instant improves the understanding and corrects the imagination. The mind, indeed, is enabled, by the strength it acquires under the shades of retirement, to attack prejudices, and combat errors, with

the human heart, and unites them into one. process we feel and learn not only the nature, extent, of all the passions, which rise up as like the angry waves of a disordered ocean, whelm us in the abyss; but philosophy flies id, divides their force; and, if we do not yield an easy victory, by neglecting all opposition attacks, *virtue* and *self-denial* bring gigan- forcements to our assistance, and ensure sue- Virtue and resolution, in short, are equal to onflict, the instant we learn that one passion conquered by another.

nind, exalted by the high and dignified sen- it acquires by lonely meditation, becomes f its superiority, withdraws itself from every d ignoble object, and avoids, with heroic vir- e effect of dangerous society. A noble mind s the sons of worldly pleasure mingling in f riot and debauchery without being seduced ; in vain echoed from every side, that incon- is among the first propensities of the human

All men, without exception, have something to learn; whatever may be the distinguished rank which they hold in society, they can never be truly great but by their personal merit. The more the faculties of the mind are exercised in the tranquillity of retirement, the more conspicuous they appear; and should the pleasures of debauchery be the ruling passion, learn, O young man! that nothing will so easily subdue it as an increasing emulation in great and virtuous actions, a hatred of idleness and frivolity, the study of the sciences, a frequent communication with your own heart, and that high and dignified spirit which views with disdain every thing that is vile and contemptible. This generous and high disdain of vice, this fond and ardent love of virtue, discloses itself in retirement with dignity and greatness, where the passion of high achievement operates with greater force than in any other situation. The same passion which carried Alexander into Asia confined Diogenes to his

expected it would be the last of his existence.
amply compensates for every privation, while
votee of worldly pleasures conceives himself
e is deprived of visiting a fashionable assem-
attending a favourite club, of seeing a new
f patronising a celebrated boxer, or of admir-
e foreign novelty which the hand-bills of the
e announced.

uld never read without feeling the warmest
e, the following passage of Plutarch: "I live,"
"entirely upon history; and, while I contem-
e pictures it presents to my view, my mind
a rich repast from the representation of great
anous characters. If the actions of men pre-
ome instances of vice, corruption, and dis-
', I endeavour, nevertheless, to remove the im-
, or to defeat its effect. My mind withdraws
om the scene, and, free from every ignoble
, I attach myself to those high examples of
which are so agreeable and satisfactory, and
ecord so completely with the genuine feelings
nature."

soul, winged by these sublime images, flies
e earth, mounts as it proceeds, and casts an
disdain on those surrounding clouds which, as
revitate to the earth, would impede its sight.
rtain height the faculties of the mind expand,
e fibres of the heart dilate. It is, indeed, in
wer of every man to perform more than he
kes; and therefore it is both wise and praise-
to attempt every thing that is morally within
ch. How many dormant ideas may be awaken-
mention! and then, what a variety of early im-
es, which were seemingly forgot, revive, and
themselves to our pens!—We may always ac-
h much more than we conceive, provided pas-
e the flame which the imagination has lighted;
is insupportable when unanimated by the soft
ns of the heart.

ide leads the mind to those sources from whence
ident conceptions are most likely to flow.

But, alas! it is not in the power of every
seize the advantages Solitude bestows. Wh
noble mind sensible of the extensive inform
the lofty and sublime ideas, of the enjoyments
ings which result from occasional retireme
would frequently quit the world, even in th
periods of youth, to taste the sweets of Solit
lay the foundation for a wise old age.

In conducting the low and petty affairs
common sense is certainly a more useful qu
even *genius* itself. Genius, indeed, or that
thusiasm which carries the mind into its highes
is clogged and impeded in its ascent by the
occupations of the world, and seldom regains
ral liberty and pristine vigour except in
Minds anxious to reach the regions of philoso
science, have, indeed, no other means of
themselves from the burden and thraldom of
affairs. Sickened and disgusted by the ridi

The unwelcome reception which solitary men fre-
ently meet with in the world, becomes, when pro-
rly considered, a source of enviable happiness; for
be universally beloved, would prove a great mis-
tune to him who is meditating in tranquillity the
rformance of some great and important work:
ery one would then be anxious to visit him, to
licit his visits in return, and to press for his attend-
ce on all parties. But though philosophers are for-
nately not in general the most favoured guests in
shionable societies, they have the satisfaction to re-
llect, that it is not ordinary or common characters
ainst whom the public hatred and disgust are ex-
led. There is always something great in that man
ainst whom the world exclaims, at whom every
ie throws a stone, and on whose character all at-
mpt to fix a thousand crimes, without being able to
ove one. The fate of a man of genius, who lives
tired and unknown, is certainly more enviable: for
will then enjoy the pleasure of undisturbed retire-
ent; and, naturally imagining the multitude to be



...ty of his appearance
they immediately exclai
commanded by *Don Q*
however, who possessed
in the highest terms, to
of Buckebourg in Portug
siastic admiration, the go
greatness of his character.
appearance was certainly
countenance, his flowing
figure, and particularly th
his visage, might, in truth
celebrated *Knight of La*
view, both his person and
idea; for his features, full
nounced the elevation, sagac
virtue, and serenity of his
lime and heroic sentiments
tural to his mind, as they we
ters of Greece and Rome.

The count was born in Lo
disposition as whimsical as it w
anecdotes concerning him, w
relation, a German prince

the attempt, and ventured so far that he nearly lost his life. A great statesman and profound philosopher at Hanover related to me, that, during the war in which the count commanded the artillery in the army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick against the French, he one day invited a number of Hanoverian officers to dine with him in his tent. While the company were in the highest state of festive mirth and gaiety, a succession of cannon balls passed directly over the head of the tent. "The French cannot be far off!" exclaimed the officers. "Oh! I assure you," replied the count, "they are not near us;" and he begged the gentlemen would make themselves perfectly easy, resume their seats, and finish their dinner. Soon afterwards a cannon-ball carried away the top of the tent, when the officers again rose precipitately from their seats, exclaiming, "The enemy are here!" —"No, no," replied the count, "the enemy are not here; therefore I must request, gentlemen, that you will place yourselves at the table, and sit still, for you may rely on my word." The firing recommenced, and balls flew about in the same direction: the officers, however, remained fixed to their seats; and while they ate and drank in seeming tranquillity, whispered to each other their surmises and conjectures on this singular entertainment. At length the count, rising from his seat, addressed the company in these words: "Gentlemen, I was willing to convince you how well I can rely upon the officers of my artillery. I ordered them to fire, during the time we continued at dinner, at the pinnacle of the tent; and your have observed with what punctuality they obeyed my orders."

Characteristic traits of a man anxious to innre himself and those about him to arduous and difficult exploits, will not be useless or unentertaining to curious and speculative minds. Being one day in company with the count at Fort Wilhelmstein, by the side of a magazine of gunpowder, which he had placed in the room immediately under that in which he slept, I observed to him, that I should not be able to sleep

very contentedly there during some of the ho
of summer. The count, however, convinc
though I do not now recollect by what mea
the greatest danger and no danger are o
the same thing. When I first saw this ex
nary man, which was in the company of two
the one English, the other Portuguese, he ent
me for two hours upon the physiology of
whose works he knew by heart. The ensuin
ing he insisted on my accompanying him in
boat, which he rowed himself, to Fort Wilhe
built under his direction in the middle of th
from plans, which he shewed me, of his own d
One Sunday, on the great parade at Pyrm
rounded by a vast concourse of men and
occupied in music, dancing, and gallantries, h
tained me during the course of two hours on t
spot, and with as much serenity as if we h
alone, by detailing the various controversies

this work while he resided at Pyrmont, considered it as a master-piece of fine style and sound reasoning; for the count, when he pleased, wrote the French language with nearly as much elegance and purity as Voltaire; while in the German, he was laboured, perplexed, and diffuse. I must, however, add this in his praise, that, on his return from Portugal, he studied for many years under two of the most acute masters in Germany: first, Abbt; and afterwards, Herder. Many persons, who, from a closer intimacy and deeper penetration, have had greater opportunities of observing the conduct and character of this truly great and extraordinary man, relate of him a variety of anecdotes equally instructive and entertaining. I shall only add one observation more respecting his character, availing myself of the words of Shakespeare: the Count Guillaume de Schaumbourg Lippe

" . . . . carries no dagger.
He has a lean and hungry look;
. . . . but he's not dangerous:
. . . . he reads much:
He is a great observer: and he looks
Quite thro' the deeds of men. He loves no plays:
. . . . he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing."

Such was the character, always misunderstood, of this solitary man; and such a character might fairly indulge a contemptuous smile, on perceiving the mistaking sneers of an ignorant multitude. But what must be the shame and confusion of the partial judges of mankind, when they behold the monument which the great Mendelsohn has raised to his memory; and the faithful history of his life and manners which a young author is about to publish at Hanover; the profound sentiments, the elegant style, the truth, and the sincerity *of which, will* be discovered and acknowledged *by impartial* posterity!

The men who, as I have frequently observed, are disposed to ridicule this illustrious character on account of his long visage, his flowing hair, his enormous hat, or his little sword, might be pardoned, if, like him, they were philosophers or heroes. The mind of the count, however, was too exalted to be moved by their insulting taunts, and he never smiled upon the world, or upon men, either with spleen or with contempt. Feeling no hatred, indulging no misanthropy, his looks beamed kindness on all around him; and he enjoyed with dignified composure the tranquillity of his rural retreat in the middle of a thick forest, either alone, or in the company of a fond and virtuous wife, whose death so sensibly afflicted even his firm and constant mind, that it brought him almost to an untimely grave. The people of Athens laughed at Themistocles, and openly reviled him even in the streets, because he was ignorant of the manners of the world, the *ton* of good

ous. Certain Indian philosophers annually their Solitude to visit the palace of their so- where each of them, in his turn, delivered ice upon the government of the state, and ie changes and limitations which might be the laws; but he who three successive times dicated false or unimportant observations, lost, year, the privilege of appearing in the pre- amber. This practice is well calculated to the mind from growing romantic: but there y philosophers of a different description, who, had the same opportunity, would not meet tter success.

ius requested the Emperor Gallienus to confer a small city in Campania, and the territory ap- to it, promising to retire to it with his friends owers, and to realize in the government of it iblic of Plato. It happened then, however, quently happens now in many courts, to phi- rs much less chimerical than Plotinus; the in laughed at the proposal, and told the em-

lieved that my library contained so inestimable a treasure: my books will now prove more valuable to me than all the fortune I possess: in the course of six months you will no longer be troubled with my complaints. Plutarch is more delightful to me than the charms of dress, the triumphs of coquetry, or the sentimental effusions which lovers address to those mistresses who are inclined to be all heart, and with whom Satan plays tricks of love with the same address as a dilletante plays tricks of music on the violin." This lady, who is really learned, no longer fills her letters with the transactions of her kitchen and poultry-yard: she has recovered her health; and will experience hereafter, I conjecture, as much pleasure among her hens and chickens, as she did before from the pages of Plutarch.

But although the immediate effects of such writings cannot be constantly perceived, except in Solitude, or in the society of select friends, yet they may remotely

on the curious pretence, that it was dangerous and improper to stir up *a dunghill*. No poet of Greece however, ever wrote with more fire and force in favour of *his* country than Lavater did in favour of the liberties of Swisserland. I have heard children chaunt these songs with patriotic enthusiasm; and seen the finest eyes filled with tears of rapture while their ears listened to the singers. Joy glowed in the breasts of the Swiss peasants to whom they were sung; their muscles swelled, and the blood inflamed their cheeks. Fathers have, within my own knowledge, carried their infant children to the chapel of the celebrated William Tell, to join in full chorus the song which Lavater composed upon the merits of that great man. I have myself made the rocks re-echo to my voice by singing these songs to the music which the feelings of my heart composed for them while I wandered over the fields, and climbed among the famous mountains, where those heroes, the ancestors of our race, signalized themselves by their immortal valour. I fancied that I saw them still armed with their knotted clubs, breaking to pieces the crowned helmets of Germany; and although inferior in numbers, forcing the proud nobility to seek their safety by a precipitate and ignominious flight. These, it may be said, are romantic notions, and can only please solitary and recluse men, who see things differently from the rest of the world. But great ideas sometimes now make

of narrow minds, the solitary man attends to all the various opinions he meets with, but is astonished at none. Without being ungrateful for the just and rational esteem his intimate friends bestow upon him; remembering, too, that friends, always partial, and inclined to judge too favourably, frequently, like enemies, suffer their feelings to carry them too far; he boldly calls upon the public voice to announce his character to the world at large: displays his just pretensions before this impartial tribunal, and demands that justice which is due.

But Solitude, although it exalts the sentiments, is generally conceived to render the mind unfit for business: this, however, is, in my opinion, a great mistake. To avoid tottering through the walks of public duty, it must be of great utility to have acquired a firm step, by exercising the mind in Solitude on those subjects which are likely to occur in public life. The love of truth is best preserved in Solitude, and

where he endures with firmness all the wants,
, all the indulgences, and subdues all the de-
f social life. While he resided at Hanover, I
marked one single instance of luxury in which
alged himself: when any thing vexed his mind,
wed a small morsel of sugar, of which he al-
arried a small supply in his pocket.

ade not only creates simplicity of manners, but
es and strengthens the faculties for the toils of
ife. Fostered in the bosom of retirement, the
becomes more active in the world and its con-
and retires again into tranquillity to repose it-
d prepare for new conflicts. Pericles, Phocion,
Epaminondas, laid the foundation of all their
ess in Solitude, and acquired there rudiments,
all the language of the schools cannot teach—
diments of their future lives and actions. Pe-
while preparing his mind for any important
, never appeared in public, but immediately re-
d from feastings, assemblies, and every species
ertainment; and, during the whole time that he
istered the affairs of the republic, he only
once to sup with a friend, and left him at an
hour. Phocion immediately resigned himself
study of philosophy; not from the ostentatious
e of being called *a wise man*, but to enable
lf to conduct the business of the state with
r resolution and effect. Epaminondas, who had
his whole life in the delights of literature, and
improvement of his mind, astonished the *The-*
by the military skill and dexterity which he
once displayed at the battles of Mantinea and
ra, in the first of which he rescued his friend
idas: but it was owing to the frugal use he
of his time, to the attention with which he de-
his mind to every pursuit he adopted, and to
olitude which his relinquishment of every pub-
ployment afforded him. His countrymen, how-
forced him to abandon his retreat, gave him
solute command of the army; and, by his mili-
ill, he saved the republic.

Petrarch, also, a character I never contem
but with increasing sensibility, formed his min
rendered it capable of transacting the most c
cated political affairs, by the habit he acquired
litude. He was indeed, what persons frequen
come in Solitude, choleric, satirical, and petulan
has been severely reproached with having dra
manners of his age with too harsh and somb
pencil, particularly the scenes of infamy whic
transacted at the court of Avignon, under the
cate of Clement the Sixth; but he was a
master of the human heart, knew how to man
passions with uncommon dexterity, and to tur
directly to his purposes. The Abbé de Sad
best historian of his life, says, " he is scarcely
except as a tender and elegant poet, who love
ardour, and sung, in all the harmony of ver
charms of his mistress." But was this in rea
whole of his character?—Certainly not. Lit

ror, a sovereign of France, a king of Naples, a crowd of cardinals, the greatest princes, and the most illustrious nobility of Italy, cultivated his friendship, and solicited his correspondence. In the several capacities of statesman, minister, and ambassador, he was employed in transacting the greatest affairs, and by that means was enabled to acquire and disclose the most useful and important truths. These high advantages he owed entirely to Solitude, with the nature of which, as he was better acquainted than any other person, so he cherished it with greater fondness, and resounded its praise with higher energy; and at length preferred his *leisure* and *liberty* to all the enjoyments of the world. *Love*, to which he had consecrated the prime of his life, appeared, indeed, for a long time, to enervate his mind; but suddenly abandoning the soft and effeminate style in which he breathed his sighs at Laura's feet, he addressed kings, emperors, and popes, with manly boldness, and with that confidence which splendid talents and a high reputation always inspire. In an elegant oration, worthy of Demosthenes and Cicero, he endeavoured to compose the jarring interests of Italy; and exhorted the contending powers to destroy, with their confederated arms, the barbarians, those common enemies of their country, who were ravaging its very bosom, and preying on its vitals. The enterprises of Rienzi, who seemed like an agent sent from heaven, to restore the decayed metropolis of the Roman empire to its former splendour, were suggested, encouraged, directed, and supported by his abilities. A timid emperor was roused by his eloquence to invade Italy, and induced to seize upon the reins of government, as successor to the Cæsars. The pope, by his advice, removed *the holy chair*, which had been transported to the borders of the Rhine, and replaced it on the banks of the Tiber: and at a moment even when he confessed, in one of his letters, that his mind was distracted with vexation, his heart torn with love, and his *whole soul disgusted* with men and measures. *Pope Clement the Sixth* confided to his negotiation an

courtiers in his suite. When John
bishop and prince of Milan, and sov
bardy, who united the finest talents w
so insatiable, that it threatened to
Italy, had the happiness to fix Petr
rests, by inducing him to accept o
council, the friends of the philosophe
among another, "This stern republica
no sentiments but those of liberty and
this untamed bull, who roared so loud
shadow of the yoke; who could endu
those of love, and who even felt th
who has refused the first offices at the
because he disdained to wear golden
length submitted to be shackled by
Italy; and this great apostle of Solit
no longer live, except in the tranquillit
now contentedly resides amidst the tun
"My friends," replied Petrarch, "hav
raign my conduct. Man has not a
than himself. I acted against my tas
tion. Alas! through the whole course
we do those things which we ought not
and leave undone what most we wish
Petrarch might have told his friends "



' course, is seldom possessed, except by solitary
Worldly pursuits, so far from adding strength
mind, only weaken it; in like manner as any
ılar enjoyment too frequently repeated, dulls
ge of appetite for every pleasure. How often
: best contrived and most excellent schemes
ıerely for want of sufficient courage to surmount
fficulties which attend their execution!—How
happy thoughts have been stifled in their birth,
ın apprehension that they were too bold to be
ed.

idea has prevailed, that truth can only be freely
oldly spoken under a republican form of go-
ıent; but this idea is certainly without founda-
It is true, that in aristocracies, as well as under
e open form of government, where a single de-
ree unfortunately possesses the sovereign power,
on sense is too frequently construed into a
: offence. Where this absurdity exists, the mind
be timid, and the people, in consequence, de-
l of their liberty. In a monarchy every offence
ished by the sword of justice; but in a republic,
ıments are inflicted by prejudices, passions, and
necessity. The first maxim, which, under a re-
:an form of government, parents endeavour to
into the minds of their children, is *not to make
ies;* and I remember, when I was very young,
ing to this sage counsel, " My dear mother, do
ot know that he who has no enemies is a poor
" In a republic the citizens are under the autho-
nd jealous observation of a multitude of sove-
s; while in a monarchy the reigning prince is
aly man whom his subjects are bound to obey.
dea of living under the control of a number of
rs intimidates the mind; whereas love and con-
ce in *one* alone, raises the spirits and renders the
ie happy.

t in all countries, and under every form of go-
nent, the rational man, who renounces the use-
:onversation of the world, who lives a retired
ad who, independently of all that he sees, of all

that he hears, forms his notions in tranquillity, by an intercourse with the heroes of Greece, of Rome, and of Great Britain, will acquire a steady and uniform character, obtain a noble style of thinking, and rise superior to every vulgar prejudice.

> " . . . The fall of kings,
> The rage of nations, and the crash of states,
> Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
> In still retreats and flowery Solitudes
> To Nature's voice attends . . . ."

These are the observations I had to make respecting the influence of *occasional Solitude* upon the Mind. They disclose my real sentiments on the subject; many of them, perhaps, undigested, and many more certainly not well expressed. But I shall console myself for these defects, if this chapter affords only a glimpse of those advantages which, I am persuaded, a rational Solitude is capable of affording to the

lious accents of the aerial choristers; may,
e feelings of his heart, obtain this invalu-

be charms of retirement, it is not neces-
t the heart of its emotions. The world
unced without renouncing the enjoyment
ar of sensibility is capable of affording.
r the heart susceptible of this felicity, the
e able to admire with equal pleasure nature
rest beauties, and in the modest flower that
lleys; to enjoy at the same time that har-
hination of parts which expands the soul,
tached portions of the whole which pre-
st and most agreeable images to the mind.
se enjoyments exclusively reserved for
and energetic bosoms whose sensations
as they are delicate, and in which, for
the good and the bad make the same im-
e purest happiness, the most enchanting
are also granted to men of colder feelings,
maginations are less bold and lively; but
acters the portrait must not be so highly
r the tints so sharp; for as the bad strikes
also they are less susceptible of livelier

njoyments which the heart feels in Soli-
ved from the imagination. The touching
lightful nature, the variegated verdure of
he resounding echoes of an impetuous
soft agitation of the foliage, the melodious
the tenants of the groves, the beautiful
rich and extensive country, and all those
h compose an agreeable landscape, take
te possession of the soul, and so entirely
aculties, that the sentiments of the mind
harms of the imagination instantly con-
ensations of the heart, and the softest
e birth to the most virtuous and worthy
But to enable the imagination thus to
object fascinating and delightful, it must
om, and dwell amidst surrounding tran-

quillity. Oh! how easy is it to renounce noisy pleasures and tumultuous assemblies for the enjoyment of that *philosophic melancholy* which Solitude inspires!

" He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
Of *philosophic melancholy* comes!
His near approach the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes:
Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
Infuses every tenderness; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought,
Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Croud fast into the mind's creative eye:
As far the correspondent passions rise

feelings become more exquisite, so our admiration becomes more intense, and our pleasures more complete.

I had been for many years familiar with all that nature is capable of producing in her sublimest works when I first saw a garden in the vicinity of Hanover, and another, upon a much larger scale, at Marienwerder, about three miles distant, cultivated in the English style of rural ornament. I was not then apprized of the extent of that art which sports with the most ungrateful soil, and, by a new species of creation, converts barren mountains into fertile fields and smiling landscapes. This magic art makes an astonishing impression on the mind, and captivates every heart, not insensible to the delightful charms of cultivated nature. I cannot recollect, without shedding tears of gratitude and joy, a single day of this early part of my residence in Hanover, when, torn from the bosom of my country, from the embraces of my family, and from every thing that I held dear in my life, my mind on entering the little garden of my deceased friend, M. de Hinuber, near Hanover, immediately revived, and forgot, for the moment, both my country and my grief. The charm was new to me. I had no conception that it was possible, upon so small a plot of ground, to introduce at once the enchanting variety, and the noble simplicity of nature. But I was then convinced, that her aspect alone is sufficient, at first view, to heal the wounded feelings of the heart, to fill the bosom with the highest luxury, and to create those sentiments in the mind, which can, of all others, render life desirable.

This new re-union of art and nature which was not invented in China, but in England, is founded upon a rational and refined taste for the beauties of nature, confirmed by experience, and by the sentiments which a chaste fancy reflects on a feeling heart.

Great Nature scorns control; she will not bear
One beauty foreign to the spot or soil
She gives thee to adorn: 'tis thine alone
To mend, not change, her features.

But in the garden I have before mentioned, every point of view raises the soul to heaven, and affords the mind sublime delight; every bank presents a new and varied scene, which fills the heart with joy: nor while I feel the sensation which such scenes inspire, will I suffer my delight to be diminished, by discussing whether the arrangement might have been made in a better wey, or permit the dull rules of cold and senseless masters to destroy my pleasure. Scenes of serenity, whether created by tasteful art, or by the cunning hand of nature, always bestow as a gift from the imagination, tranquillity to the heart. While a soft silence breathes around me, every object is pleasant to my view: rural scenery fixes my attention, and dissipates the grief that lies heavy at my heart: the loveliness of Solitude enchants me, and, subduing every vexation, inspires my soul with benevolence, gratitude, and content. I return thanks to my Creator for endowing me with an imagination, which, though

cause every view that brings with it the idea
on is terrific, and therefore sublime, like
kness, and silence."
cies of greatness which results from the idea
y, can only be rendered delightful by being
: a proper distance. The Alps, in Swisser-
particularly near the canton of Berne, appear
ably majestic; but, on a near approach, they
eas certainly sublime, yet mingled with a
terror. The eye, on beholding those immense
nous masses piled one upon the other, form-
ast and uninterrupted chain of mountains,
ng their lofty summits to the skies, conveys
rt the most rapturous delight, while the suc-
f soft and lively shades which they throw
e scene, tempers the impression, and renders
as agreeable as it is sublime. On the con-
feeling heart can, on a close view, behold
lgious wall of rocks without experiencing
ry trembling. The mind contemplates with
eir eternal snows, their steep ascents, their
rns, the torrents which precipitate themselves
fening clamour from their summits, the black
firs that overhang their sides, and the enor-
gments of rocks which time and tempests have
ay. How my heart thrilled when I first
through a steep and narrow track upon these
leserts, discovering every step I made new
s rise over my head, while upon the least
death menaced me in a thousand shapes be-
st the imagination immediately kindles when
eive yourself alone in the midst of this grand
nature, and reflect from these heights on the
s of human power, and the imbecility of the
monarchs!
story of Swisserland evinces that the natives
mountains are not a degenerate race of men,
their sentiments are as generous as their feel-
warm. Bold and spirited by nature, the li-
y enjoy gives wings to their souls, and they
yrants and tyranny under their feet. Some

of the inhabitants of Swisserland, indeed, are not perfectly free; though they all possess notions of liberty, love their country, and return thanks to the Almighty for that happy tranquillity which permits each individual to live quietly under his vine, and enjoy the shade of his fig-tree: but the most pure and genuine liberty is always to be found among the inhabitants of these stupendous mountains.

The Alps in Swisserland are inhabited by a race of men sometimes unsocial, but always good and generous. The hardy and robust characters given to them by the severity of their climate, is softened by their pastoral life. It is said by an English writer, that he who has never heard a storm in the Alps, can form no idea of the continuity of the lightning, the rolling and the burst of the thunder which roars round the horizon of these immense mountains; and the people, never enjoying better habitations than their own cabins, nor seeing any other country than their own

on the lieutenant-general, whose wife, at
od, resided on his estate in the canton, where
avoured to raise a number of young recruits;
ound of the French drum had become so dis-
to the ears of the citizens, that they beheld
dignation the *white cockade* placed in the
he deluded peasants. The magistrate, appre-
that this ferment might ultimately cause an
tion among the people, felt it his duty to *for-*
lame de Redin to continue her levies. The
quested he would certify his prohibition in
; but the magistrate not being disposed to
atters to this extremity against the court of
she continued to beat up for the requested
of recruits. The inhabitants of the canton,
l by this bold defiance of the prohibition,
ed a general diet, and Madame de Redin
d before the Assembly of Four Thousand.
drum," said she, "shall never cease to sound,
u give me such a certificate as may justify my
l to the French court for not completing the
of his men." The Assembly accordingly
her the required certificate, and enjoining
procure the interest and interposition of her
d with the court in favour of her injured coun-
dited in anxious expectation that his negotiation
produce a favourable issue. Unhappily the
of Versailles rejected all solicitation on the
, and by this means drove the irritated and
nt inhabitants beyond the bounds of restraint.
ding men of the canton pretended that the new
ion endangered not only their civil liberties, but,
as dearer to them, their religion. The general
ent was at length fomented into popular fury.
ral diet was again assembled, and it was pub-
resolved not to furnish the King of France in
with any troops. The Treaty of Alliance con-
in the year 1713 was torn from the Public
er, and General de Redin ordered instantly to
from France with the soldiers under his com-
pon pain, if he refused, of being irrecoverably

banished from the republic. The obedient General obtained permission from the king to depart with his regiment from France, and, entering Schwitz, the metropolis of the canton, at the head of his troops, with drums beating and colours flying, marched immediately to the church, where he deposited his standards upon the great altar, and, falling on his knees, offered up his thanks to God. Rising from the ground, and turning to his affectionate soldiers, who were dissolved in tears, he discharged their arrears of pay, gave them their uniforms and accoutrements, and bid them for ever farewell. The fury of the populace, on perceiving within their power the man whom the whole country considered as the perfidious abettor, and traitorous adviser, of the new regulations by which the court of Versailles had given such a mortal blow to the liberties of the country, greatly increased; and he was ordered to disclose before the General Assembly the origin of that measure, and the means by which it

g, "*Let the traitor be uncovered!*" imation conveyed a correspondent indigna- the bosom of the youth, who instantly re- *My godfather a betrayer of his coun- ! I was ignorant, I assure you, of e alleged against him; but since it is s perish! Where is the rope? I will be to put it round the traitor's neck!*" strates instantly formed a circle round the and with uplifted hands exhorted him to impending danger, by confessing that he pposed the measures of France with suffici- and to offer to the offended people his whole an atonement for his neglect; representing at there were the only means of redeeming , and perhaps his life. The undaunted sol- perfect tranquillity and composure, walked e surrounding circle to the side of the tri- while the whole Assembly anxiously expect- an ample confession of his guilt, made a sign with his hand: "Fellow-citizens," said he, not ignorant that I have been two-and-forty he French establishment. You know, and ong you, who were with me in the service, its truth, how often I have faced the enemy, anner in which I conducted myself in bat- sidered every engagement as the last day

But here I protest to you, in the presence nighty Being who knows all our hearts, who ll our words, and who will hereafter judge

canton; she entering into a convent at Uri, and he retiring to a cavern among the rocks, where he lived two years in Solitude. Time, at length, subdued the anger of the people, and softened the General's sense of their injustice. He returned to the bosom of his country, rewarded its ingratitude by the most signal services, and made every individual recollect and acknowledge the integrity of their magnanimous countryman. To recompense him for the injuries and injustice he had suffered, they elected him bailli, or chief officer of the canton; and afforded him an almost singular instance of their constancy and affection, by successively conferring on him three times this high and important dignity. This is the characteristic disposition of the Swiss who inhabit the Alps; alternately violent and mild: and experiencing, as the extremes of a delighted or vexed imagination happen to prevail, the same vicissitudes as their climate. The rude scenes of greatness which these sin-

sblime beauties, while they elevate and in-
heart, give greater action and life to the
n than softer scenes; in like manner as a
affords a more august and solemn spectacle
ildest day.
ng from Frescati, by the borders of the
of Nemi, which lies in a deep valley, so
ltered by mountains and forests, that the
scarcely permitted to disturb its surface, it
le not to exclaim with the English poet,

"
Melancholy sits, and round her throws
like silence, and a dread repose:
ony presence saddens all the scene,
very flower, and darkens every green;
the murmurs of the falling floods,
nethes a browner horror on the woods."
Pope—*Eloisa to Abelard.*

w the soul expands, and every thought be-
ene and free, when, from the garden of the
, near Albano, the eye suddenly discovers
melancholy lake, with Frescati and all its
eys on one side: on the other, the handsome
bano, the village and castle of Riccia and
with their hills beautifully adorned with
f the richest vines: below the extensive
Campania, in the middle of which Rome,
the mistress of the world, raises its majestic
d, lastly, beyond all these objects, the hills
, the Appenines, and the Mediterranean

ften, on the approach of spring, has the mag-
alley, where the ruins of the residence of
de Hapsburg rise upon the side of a hill,
with woods of variegated verdure, afforded
rest and most ineffable delight! There the
r descends *in torrents* from the lofty moun-
sometimes forming a *vast* bason in the vale; at

others, precipitating through the narrow
across the rocks, winding its course m
through the middle of the vast and fertile p
the other side the Ruffs, and, lower down,
mat, bring their tributary streams, and
unite them with the waters of the Aar.
middle of this rich and verdant scene, I
royal Solitude, where the remains of the
Albert the First repose in silence, with thos
princes of the house of Austria, count
and gentlemen, killed in battle by the gall
At a distance I discovered the valley whe
ruins of the celebrated city of Vindoni
which I have frequently sat, and reflected
vanity of human greatness. Beyond this m
country, ancient castles raise their lofty h
the hills! and the far distant horizon is t
by the sublime summits of the Alps. In
of all this grand scenery, my eyes were in

most agreeable images, and touch the heart most delightful sensations. It is certainly a person possessed of a fine imagination much happier in prison, than he could ɔe without imagination amidst the most ıt scenery. But even to a mind deprived ɔpy faculty, the lowest enjoyments of rural the common scenery of harvest time, is f performing miracles on his heart. Alas! ot experienced, in the hours of languor and e powerful effects which a contemplation asures that surround the poorest peasant's able of affording! How fondly the heart s in all his homely joys! With what free- iality, and kindness, we take him by the listen to his innocent and artless tales!— lenly do we feel an interest in all his ms; an interest which, while it unveils, ameliorates the latent inclinations of our

ıtry, indeed, furnishes a variety of plea- to those who, long buried in the sink of ɛly know what real pleasure is. A French returning to his native country, after a ɛ, exclaimed, "It is only in rural life that enjoy the treasures of the heart, himself, s children, and his friends. The coun- ss in every respect superior advantages n; pure air, smiling prospects, pleasant lesome food, simple manners, and virtu-

"I prefer my native fields to every other pl
because they are more beautiful, but becau
there brought up. The spot on which we
infant days possesses a secret charm, an ine
enchantment, superior to every other en
No other spot on the face of the earth can e
in which the gambols of our infant days, v
passed without inquietude or care, and in
soul feels the highest joys and most satisf
flights.

"In the days of early youth, the trivial
even finding a bird's nest is capable of affo
bounded pleasure. Oh! what happiness I
perienced from the caresses of the little c
teaching it to peck its victuals from my mo
its wings flattered with gratitude, and its
heart throbbed through its breast with joy a
hand! Happy, happy is the man who is e
retire to the place of his earliest attachm

le him to support their return with forti-
dispel them with courage. I have seen
man, abandoning his recondite and labour-
bes, escape from the labyrinth, and find in
it and simple enjoyments of his children,
about him, more happiness, tranquillity,
ation, and intellectual delight, than even
sciences are capable of affording. I have
ach individual obtain the approbation and
erited, and obtain them too from persons
robation and praises it was his highest
eserve. I have there seen the unfortunate
e wretched made happy, and the wanderer
e right way: I have there seen, in short,
ery cast and character find, by degrees,
and content.
quillity of retired life, and the view of
s, frequently produce a quietude of dispo-
ch, while it renders the noisy pleasures of
insipid, enables the heart to seek the charms
with increased delight.
py indolence peculiar to Italians, who, under
es of a clear, unclouded sky, are always

English, or displaying the frisky vivacity of the French, or the stubborn phlegm of the Germans, the Italian populace discover a species of sedate sensibility to every source of enjoyment, from which, perhaps, they derive a greater degree of happiness than any of the others."

Relieved from every afflicting and tormenting object, it is, perhaps, impossible for the mind not to resign itself to agreeable chimeras and romantic sentiments: but this situation, notwithstanding these disadvantages, has its fair side. Romantic speculations may lead the mind into certain extravagancies and errors, from whence base and contemptible passions may be engendered; may habituate it to a light and frivolous style of thinking; and, by preventing it from directing its faculties to rational ends, may obscure the prospect of true happiness; for the soul cannot easily quit the illusion on which it dwells with such fond delight; the ordinary duties of life, with

its wanderings to a certain degree, without the risk of injuring either the sentiments of the mind or the sensations of the heart. Oh! If the friends of my youth in Swisserland knew how frequently, during the silence of the night, I pass with them those hours which are allotted to sleep; if they were apprized that neither time nor absence can efface the remembrance of their former kindness from my mind, and that this pleasing recollection tends to dissipate my grief, and to cast the veil of oblivion over my woes; they would, perhaps, all rejoice to find that I still live among them in imagination, though I may be dead to them in reality.

A solitary man, whose heart is warmed with refined and noble sentiments, cannot be unhappy. While the stupid and vulgar bewail his fate, and conceive him to be the victim of corroding care and loathed melancholy, he frequently tastes the most delightful plea-

experienced such refined delights; and I have always enjoyed my chimeras much more than if they had been realized."

This is certainly the language of enthusiasm; but, ye stupid vulgar! who would not prefer the warm fancy of this amiable philosopher to your cold and creeping understandings!—Who would not willingly renounce your vague conversation, your deceitful felicities, your boasted urbanity, your noisy assemblies, puerile pastimes, and inveterate prejudices, for a quiet and contented life in the bosom of a happy family? who would not rather seek in the silence of the woods, or upon the daisied borders of a peaceful lake, those pure and simple pleasures of Nature, so delicious in recollection, and productive of joys so pure, so affecting, so different from your own?

that solitary and sedentary life as singing,
their songs they took occasion to celebrate
felicity. From hence a poem was invent-
fterwards improved, to a perfect image of
time, which, by giving us an esteem for
s of a former age, might recommend them
ient."

greeable though fictious descriptions of the
iocence and virtue, communicate joy and
o our hearts; and we bless the poet, who,
:acy of his felicity, contributes to render
appy as himself. Sicily and Zurich have
two of these benefactors to mankind. The
nature never appears more charming, the
ver heaves with such sweet delight, the
ir beats more pleasantly, the soul never
: perfect happiness, than is produced by
e *Idylls* of Theocritus and Gessner.
e easy simple modes the beauties of Na-
nade, by the assistance of the imagination,
forcibly on the heart. The mind, indeed,
ay by these agreeable images, often resigns
easily to the illusions of romance; but the
create generally amend the heart without
he understanding, and spread some of the
lowers along the most thorny paths of hu-

, the highest happiness upon earth, is seldom
rith perfect satisfaction, except in Solitude.
and indifference do not always afford le-
true leisure is frequently found in that in-
elaxation which divides a painful duty from
ble recreation, a toilsome business from the
eable occupations of literature and philoso-
Scipio was of this opinion when he said,
s never less idle than when he had most
nd that *he never was less alone than*
ne. Leisure is not to be considered a
tellectual torpidity, but a new incentive to
ivity: it is sought by strong energetic
as an end, but as a means of restoring
: *for whoever seeks* happiness in a situ-

ation merely quiescent, seeks for a phantom that will elude his grasp. Leisure will never be found in mere rest, but will follow those who seize the first impulse to activity; in which, however, such employments as best suit the extent and nature of different capacities, must be preferred to those which promise compensation without labour, and enjoyment without pain.

> How various his employments whom the world
> Calls idle, and who justly, in return,
> Esteems that busy world an idler too!
> Friends, books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
> Delightful industry! enjoy'd at home,
> And Nature in her cultivated trim,
> Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad:
> Can he want occupations who has these?
> Will he be idle who has much t' enjoy?
> Me, therefore, studious of laborious ease,

In towns, the Solitude which is necessary to produce this advantage cannot be conveniently practised. It seems, indeed, no very difficult task for a man to retire into his chamber, and, by silent contemplation, to raise his mind above the mean consideration of sensual objects; but few men have sufficient resolution to perform it; for, within doors, matters of business every moment occur, and interrupt the chain of reflection; and without, whether alone or in company, a variety of accidents may occasionally happen, which will confound our vain wisdom, aggravate the painful feelings of the heart, and weaken the finer powers of the mind.

Rousseau was always miserable during his residence at Paris. This extraordinary genius, it is true, wrote his immortal works in that agitated metropolis: but the moment he quitted his study, and wandered through the streets, his mind was bewildered by a variety of heterogeneous sentiments, his recollection vanished; and this brilliant writer and profound philosopher, who was so intimately acquainted with the

course through the troubled ocean of
the sails which give motion to the so
they become turbulent and impetuous
always in danger and generally runs a
petty cares and trifling vexations of life,
but short-lived disturbance to a heart
morse. Philosophy teaches us to forge
ness, to forbear idle speculations of a
licity, and to rest contented with pre
without refining away our existing
wishing that which is really good to b
Every thing is much better than we
mind too anxious in the expectation o
seldom satisfied, and generally mixes v
fruition a certain portion of discontent
of content must flow from a deliberate
our minds to learn what is good, and
resolution to seek for and enjoy it, how
portion may be.

The content, however, which men in
fidently expect to find in rural retiren
be acquired by viewing objects either
minate admiration or supine indifferen
without labour, and without a system o
wisely digested and arranged hopes f

e sun, and on the approach of day wander
ively along the fields, or retire to study.
rrite, I think, I vanquish indolence, banish
id luxury, and forget sensuality. From
il night I climb the barren mountains, tra-
humid vallies, seek the deepest caves, or
mpanied only by my thoughts, along the
ıy river. I have no society to distract my
men daily become less annoying to me;
them either far before or far behind me.
what is past, and contemplate on what is to
ıave found an excellent expedient to detach
rom the world. I cultivate a fondness for
f residence, and I am persuaded that I could
ny where except at Avignon. In my retreat
e, where I am at present, I occasionally find
ome, or Florence, as the one or the other
laces happens to please the prevailing dis-
my mind. Here I enjoy all my friends,
ose with whom I have actually lived, as
have long since entered the vale of death,
ıom I have no knowledge, but what their
rd."

ıaracter, however luxurious, ever felt the
ent at any splendid entertainment, as Rous-
rienced in his humble meal! "I return
rs he, "with tired feet, but with a contented
experience the calmest repose in resigning
the impression of objects, without exer-
ught, indulging imagination, or doing any
terrupt the peaceful felicity of my situation.
la ready spread on my lawn, and furnished
ashments. Surrounded by my small and
ıily, I eat my supper with healthy appetite,
ıut any appearance of servitude or depend-
noy the love and kindness by which we
. My faithful dog is not a subservient slave,
friend, from whom, as we always feel the
nation, I never exact obedience. The gaiety
ıd throughout the evening testifies that I
throughout the day; for, being seldom

pleased with others, and never, when visitors have disturbed me, with myself, I sit, during the whole evening of the day, when company has interrupted me, either grumbling or in silence: so at least my good housekeeper has remarked; and since she mentioned it, I have from my own observation found it universally true. Having thus made my humble and cheerful meal, I take a few turns round my little garden, or play some favourite air upon my spinette, and experience upon my pillow a soft content, more sweet, if possible, than even undisturbed repose."

At the village of Richterswyl, situated a few leagues from Zurich, and surrounded by every object the most smiling, beautiful, and romantic that Switzerland presents, dwells a celebrated Physician. His soul, like the scenery of Nature which surrounds him, is tranquil and sublime. His habitation is the temple of health, of friendship, and of every peaceful virtue. The village rises on the borders of the lake

which, at a still greater distance, are discovered the fertile and majestic Alps, twisted one among the other, and exhibiting, alternately, shades of the lightest and darkest azure; and in the back-ground high rocks, covered with eternal snows, lift their towering heads, and touch the skies. On the south side of this rich, enchanting, and incomparable scene, the amphitheatre is extended by another range of mountains reaching towards the west; and at the feet of these mountains, on the borders of the lake, lies the village of Richterswyl, surrounded by rich fallows and fertile pastures, and overhung by forests of firs. The streets of the village, which in itself is extremely clean, are neatly paved; and the houses, which are mostly built of stone, are painted on the outside. Pleasant walks are formed along the banks of the lake, and lead quite round the town, through groves of fruit trees, and shady forests, up to the very summit of the hills. The traveller, struck with the sublime and beautiful scenery that every where surrounds him, stops to contemplate with eager curiosity the increasing beauties which ravish his sight; and while his bosom swells with excess of pleasure, his suspended breath bespeaks his fear of interrupting the fulness of his delight. Every acre of this charming country is in the highest state of cultivation and improvement. Every hand is at work; and men, women, and children, of every age, and of every description, are all usefully employed.

The two houses of the Physician are each of them surrounded by a garden; and, although situated in the centre of the village, are as rurally sequestered as if they had been built in the bosom of the country. Through the gardens, and close beneath the chamber of my valued friend, runs a pure and limpid stream, on the opposite side of which, at an agreeable distance, is the high road; where, almost daily, numbers of pilgrims successively pass in their way to the Hermitage. From the windows of these houses, and from *every part of the gardens*, you behold, towards *the south, at the distance* of about a league, the ma-

jestic Ezelberg rear its lofty head, which is concealed in forests of deep green firs; while on its declivity hangs a neat little village, with a handsome church, upon the steeple of which the sun suspends his departing rays, and shews its career is nearly finished. In the front is the lake of Zurich, whose peaceful water is secured from the violence of tempests, and whose transparent surface reflects the beauties of its delightful banks.

During the silence of night, if you repair to the chamber windows of this enchanting mansion, or walk through its gardens, to taste the exhaling fragrance of the shrubs and flowers, while the moon, rising in unclouded majesty over the summit of the mountains, reflects on the smooth surface of the water a broad beam of light, you hear, during this awful sleep of Nature, the sound of the village clocks, echoing from the opposite shores; and, on the Richterswyl side, the shrill proclamation of the watchmen, blended occasionally with the barkings of the faith-

himself; but he devotes all the intermediate hours of every day to a sick and afflicted multitude, who daily attend him for advice and assistance. The benevolent exercise of his professional skill, indeed, engrosses almost every moment of his life, but it constitutes his highest happiness and joy. The inhabitants of the mountains of Switzerland, and of the vallies of the Alps, flock to his house, and endeavour in vain to find language capable of expressing to him the grateful feelings of their hearts for the favours they receive from him. Convinced of his affection, satisfied of his medical skill, and believing that the good Doctor is equally well acquainted with every subject, they listen with the deepest attention to his words, answer all his inquiries without the least hesitation or reserve, treasure up his advice and counsel with more solicitude than if they were grains of gold, and depart from his presence with more regret, comfort, hope, resignation, and virtuou feeling, than if they had quitted their Confessor at the Hermitage. It may perhaps be conceived that, after a day spent in this manner, the happiness which this friend to mankind must feel cannot in any degree be increased. But, when a simple, innocent, and ingenuous country girl, whose mind has been almost distracted by the fear of losing her beloved husband, enters his study, and seizing him with transport by the hand, joyfully exclaims, "Oh! Sir, my dear husband, ill as he was only two days since, is now quite recovered! Oh! my dear Sir, how, how shall I thank you!" this philanthropic character feels that transcending felicity, which ought to fill the bosom of a monarch in rendering happiness to his people.

Of this description is the country of Switzerland, where Doctor Hotze, the ablest physician of the present age, resides; a physician and philosopher, whose variety of knowledge, profound judgment, and great experience, have raised to an equal eminence with Tissot and Hirtzel, the dearest friends of my heart. It is *in this manner that he* passes the hours of his *life, with uniformity* and happiness. Surrounded,

except during the two hours I have already mentioned, by a crowd of unfortunate fellow-creatures, who look up to him for relief, his mind, active and full of vigour, never knows repose; but his labours are richly rewarded by the high and refined felicity which fills his heart. Palaces, alas! seldom contain such characters. Individuals, however, of every description may cultivate and enjoy an equal degree of felicity, although they do not reside among scenes so delightful as those which surround my beloved Hotze at Richterswyl, as those of the convent of Capuchins near Albano, or as those which surround the rural retreat of my Sovereign George the Third at Windsor.

Content can only be found in the tranquillity of the heart; and in Solitude the bosom gladly opens to receive this wished-for inmate, and to welcome its attendant virtues. While Nature smiles around us, decorated in all its beauties, the heart expands to the cheering scene; every object appears in the most

into white. To escape from the persecution of such characters, men even of fine talents and ingenuous dispositions must act like the fox of Saadi, the Persian poet. A person one day observing a fox running with uncommon speed to earth, called out to him, "Reynard, where are you running in so great a hurry? Have you been doing any mischief, for which you are apprehensive of punishment?"—"No, Sir," replied the fox; "my conscience is perfectly clear, and does not reproach me with any thing; but I have just overheard the hunters wish that they had a *camel* to hunt this morning."—"Well, but how does that concern you? You are not a *camel*."—"Oh, my good Sir," replied the fox, "are you not aware that sagacious heads have always enemies at their heels? and if any one should point me out to these sportsmen, and cry, *There runs a camel*, they would immediately seize me, without examining whether I was really the kind of animal the informer had described me to be." Reynard was certainly right in his conclusion; for men are in general wicked in proportion as they are ignorant or envious, and the only means of eluding their mischievous intentions is to keep out of their way.

The simplicity, regularity, and serenity which accompany retirement, moderate the warmest tempers, guard the heart against the intrusion of inordinate desires, and at length render it invulnerable to the shafts of malice and detraction; while the self-examination it necessarily imposes, teaches us, by exhibiting to our view our own defects, to do justice to the superior merit of others. The delightful solitudes of Lausanne exhibit every where captivating examples of domestic felicity. The industrious citizen, after having faithfully performed his daily task, is sure of experiencing, on his return at evening to his wife and children, real comfort and unalloyed content. The voice of slander, the neglect of ingratitude, the contempt of superiors, and all the mortifications attendant upon worldly intercourse, are forgot the moment he beholds his happy family ready with open arms

to receive him, and to bestow upon t
benefactor the fond caresses he so
With what exquisite delight his beati
their rapturous affection! If his mind
by the crosses of life, the ostentation
insolence of riches, the arrogance o
temper irritated and soured by the b
fraud, falsehood, or hypocrisy, he n
with those whom he cherishes and s
genial warmth re-animates his dejec
tenderest sentiments inspire his soul,
the freedom, the probity, and the inno
he is surrounded, tranquillize his mind
him to his humble lot. Oh! obser
who are placed in more elevated st
ye enjoy the confidence of statesmen,
companions of the great, the admire
the fair, the envied leaders of the
high birth, or of ample fortunes; for i
splendid homes be the seats of jealou
and the bosoms of your families st

...g, the well-
...gcous forest, the cooling grotto,
field, however, are not always neces-
s to despise or forget the consequence
he man who firmly keeps his course,
: to live according to his own taste
, cannot be affected by the little
r by the obloquy or injustice of man-
:e do voluntarily always affords us
ian that which we do by compulsion.
f the world, and the obligations of
iberal minds, and deprive them, even
all their splendour and fortune, of
seek so anxiously to obtain.
l, not only tranquillizes the heart,
d virtuous, and raises it above the
vy, wickedness, and conceited igno-
advantages still more valuable.
y, flies from the tumultuous crowd,
iexions of the world. It has been
t in Solitude man recovers from
:h had torn him from himself;
tion of what he once was, and
plores the nature, and discovers
e-born character: rejects ever-
ded by his ...

monies, where it is impossible to speak one's thoughts, where our sentiments must be adapted to those around us, where every person assumes a controul over us, and where we never have the smallest enjoyment of ourselves. "To enjoy ourselves," says she, "we must seek Solitude. It was in the Bastile that I first became acquainted with myself."

A courtier, fearful of every person around him, is continually upon the watch, and tormented incessantly by suspicion: but while his heart is thus a prey to corroding anxiety, he is obliged to appear contented and serene; and, like the old lady, is always lighting one taper to Michael the Archangel, and another to the Devil, because he does not know for which of them he may have most occasion. A man of a liberal, enlightened mind, is as little calculated to perform the office of *master of the ceremonies*, or to conduct the etiquette of *a court*, as a woman is to be a *religieuse*.

ch, disgusted by the vicious manners which ed the papal chair, retired into Solitude when only three-and-twenty years of age, and in n of that exterior, both with respect to per- dress, which forms so essential a part in the r of an accomplished courtier. Nature had d him with every pleasing attribute. His n struck observers so forcibly, that they as he passed along to admire and point out metry. His eyes were bright and full of fire; y countenance proclaimed the vivacity of his he freshest colour glowed upon his cheeks; ures were uncommonly expressive; and his ppearance was manly, elegant, and noble. ral disposition of his heart, increased by the imate of Italy, the fire of youth, the seduc- rms of the various beauties who resorted to al court, from every nation of Europe, and y the prevailing dissipation of the age, him, very early in life, to the society of

The decorations of dress deeply engaged ition; and the least spot or improper fold on nents, which were always of the lightest seemed to give him real uneasiness. Every ich appeared inelegant was carefully avoided, the fashion of his shoes; which were so ex- tight, and cramped him to such a degree, soon would have been deprived of the use feet, if he had not wisely recollected, that uch better to displease the eyes of the ladies make himself a cripple. To prevent the dress air from being discomposed, he protected it iety from the rudeness of the winds as he along the streets. Devoted, however, as he the service of *the sex* he maintained a rival for *literature*, and an inviolable attach- *moral sentiment*; and while he celebrated ms of his fair favourites in choice Italian, he his knowledge of the learned languages for *more serious* and important. Nor did he *e warmth of his* constitution, or the sensi-

is continually upon the watch, and tor
santly by suspicion: but while his h
prey to corroding anxiety, he is oblig
contented and serene; and, like the old l
lighting one taper to Michael the Ar
another to the Devil, because he does r
which of them he may have most occa
of a liberal, enlightened mind, is as little
perform the office of *master of the ce*
to conduct the etiquette of *a court*, as a
be a *religieuse*.

Liberty and leisure render a ration
mind indifferent to every other kind
It was the love of liberty and solitude wh
the riches and honours of the world
Petrarch. Solicited at an advanced peri
to act as secretary to several popes, und
ing offer of great emolument, he repli
when acquired at the expense of liberty
source of real misery. A yoke formed
silver is not less galling and restrictive th

elings to perform; not because he either hated ociety of men, or disliked advancement, but ie he detested the means he must necessarily used to gratify his ambition. Glory was his est wish, and he ardently endeavoured to ob- t: not, indeed, by the ways in which it is y obtained, but by delighting to walk in the unfrequented paths, and, of course, by retiring the world. The sacrifices he made to Solitude great and important; but his mind and his were formed to enjoy the advantages it affords superior degree of delight; a happiness which ed to him from his hatred of a profligate court, rom his love of liberty.

love of liberty was the secret cause which the mind of Rousseau so inveterate a disgust to y, and became in Solitude the spring of all his res. His *Letters* to Malesherbes are as re- ible for the discovery they make of his real dis- on, as his *Confessions*, which have been as misunderstood as his character. "I mistook great length of time," says he, in one of these , "the cause of that invincible disgust which I felt in my intercourse with the world. I at- ed it to the mortification of not possessing that and ready talent necessary to display in con- ion the little knowledge I possessed; and this ted an idea, that I did not hold that reputation opinion of mankind which I conceived I ed. But although, after scribbling many ridicu- lings, and perceiving myself sought after by all orld, and honoured with much more considera- an even my own ridiculous vanity would have

which, honour, fortune, and even fame itself
me as nothing. It is certain that this *spirit of*
is engendered less by pride than by indole
this indolence is incredible: it is alarmed
thing; it renders the most trifling duties of
insupportable. To be *obliged* to speak a
write a letter, or to pay a visit, are to me,
moment the obligation arises; the severest
ments. This is the reason why, although the
commerce of men is odious to me, the ple
private friendship are so dear to my hear
the indulgence of private friendships there
duties to perform; we have only to follow
ings of the heart, and all is done. This is th
also why I have so much dreaded to accept of
for every act of kindness demands an ackn
ment, and I feel that my heart is ungrateful
cause gratitude becomes a duty. The kind
ness, in short, which pleases me best, does

Appenzel; for those who have more than their wants require are *rich*; and those who are enabled to think, to speak, and to act as inclination may dictate, are *free*.

Competency and liberty, therefore, are the true sweeteners of life. That state of mind, so rarely possessed, in which a man can sincerely say, "*I have enough*," is the highest attainment of philosophy. Happiness does not consist in having much, but in having sufficient. This is the reason why kings and princes are seldom happy; for they always desire more than they possess, and are urged incessantly to attempt more than it is in their power easily to achieve. He who wants little has always enough. "I am contented," says Petrarch, in a letter to his friends, the Cardinals Talleyrand and Bologna: "I desire nothing more. I enjoy every thing that is necessary to life. Cincinnatus, Curtius, Fabricius, and Regulus, after having conquered nations, and led kings in triumph, were not so rich as I am. But I should always be poor, if I were to open a door to my passions. Luxury, ambition, avarice, know no bounds, and desire is an unfathomable abyss. I have clothes to cover me; victuals to support me; horses to carry me; lands to lie down or walk upon while I live, and to receive my remains when I die. What more was any Roman emperor possessed of!—My body is healthy; and, being engaged in toil, is less rebellious against my mind. I have books of every kind, which are to me inestimable treasures; they fill my soul with a voluptuous delight, untinctured with remorse. I have friends whom I consider more precious than any thing I possess, provided their counsels do not tend to abridge my liberty; and I know of no other enemies than those which envy has raised against me."

Solitude not only restrains inordinate desires, but discovers to mankind their real wants; and where a simplicity of manners prevails, the real wants of men *are not only few, but easily satisfied*; for, being ignorant *of those desires which luxury* creates, they can



cook-maid in wh
be disposed of, and they b
garden. If we were all,
delicious flavour of *moor-*
happy and contented as the
tain near the lake of Thun.

The man who confines hi
is more wise, more rich, a
any other mortal existing.
he acts is, like his soul, rep
true greatness; and, seeking
obscurity and peaceful reti
mind to the love of truth, and
ness in a contented heart.

Pope, when only twelve y
affecting and agreeable Ode on
which comprehends the very e
of philosophy.

ODE ON SOLI

Happy the man whose wish
A few paternal acres boun
Content to breathe hi

d sleep by night; study and ease
gether mix'd; sweet recreation!
innocence, which most does please,
With meditation.

let me live unseen, unknown,
us unlamented let me die;
from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

and tranquil life renders the indulgence of
leasures less dangerous. The theatre of sen-
hibits scenes of waste and brutality, of noisy
d tumultuous riot; presents to observation
s goblets, overloaded tables, lascivious danc-
ptacles for disease, tombs with faded roses,
he dismal haunts of pain. But to him who
detestation from such gross delights, the
nse are of a more elevated kind; soft, sub-
e, permanent, and tranquil.
h one day inviting his friend the Cardinal
to visit his retirement at Vaucluse, wrote to
you prefer the tranquillity of the country to
of the town, come here and enjoy yourself.
e alarmed by the simplicity of my table, or
ness of my beds. Kings themselves are fre-
disgusted by the luxury in which they live,
for comforts of a homely kind. Change of
lways pleasing; and pleasures, by occasional
ion, frequently become more lively. If, how-
u should not accord with these sentiments,
bring with you the most exquisite viands,
of Vesuvius, silver dishes, and every thing
he indulgence of your senses requires. Leave
me. I promise to provide you with a bed
est turf, a cooling shade, the music of the
les, figs, raisins, water drawn from the
springs; and, in short, every thing that the
Nature prepares for the lap of genuine plea

ho would not willingly renounce those things

[illegible] if we were all, alas! a
delicious flavour of *moor-cocks*, w
happy and contented as the simple p
tain near the lake of Thun.

The man who confines his desires
is more wise, more rich, and mor
any other mortal existing. The sy
he acts is, like his soul, replete wi
true greatness; and, seeking his fel
obscurity and peaceful retirement,
mind to the love of truth, and finds h
ness in a contented heart.

Pope, when only twelve years o
affecting and agreeable Ode on the sub
which comprehends the very essence
of philosophy.

ODE ON SOLITUD

Happy the man whose wish and c
A few paternal acres bound
Content[illegible]

ise man no longer thinks high offices and
lvancement worthy of his desires. A noble
as overwhelmed with tears on being obliged
of the consulship, because it would deprive
ie year of the opportunity of cultivating his
ncinnatus, who was called from the plough
reme command of the Roman legions, de-
enemies of his country, added to it new
made his triumphal entry into Rome, and
iration of sixteen days returned to his plough.
that the inmate of an humble cottage, who
to earn his daily bread by labour, and the
i spacious mansion, for whom every luxury
i, are not held in equal estimation by man-
t let the man who has experienced both
tions, be asked under which of them he
ost content. The cares and inquietudes of
are innumerably greater than those of the
In the former, discontent poisons every en
and its superfluity is only misery in dis-
e princes of Germany do not digest all the
poison which their cooks prepare, so well
nt upon the heaths of Limbourg digests his
t pie. And those who may differ from me
nion will be forced to acknowledge, that
eat truth in the reply which a pretty French
rl made to a young nobleman, who solicited
ndon her rustic state, and retire with him
" Ah! my Lord, the farther we remove
:lves, the greater is our distance from hap-

, by moderating the selfish desires of the
expelling ambition from the breast, be-
eal asylum to the disappointed statesman
ed minister; for it is not every public
rho can retire, like Neckar, through the
everlasting fame. Every person, indeed,
stinction, ought to raise his grateful hands
on being dismissed from the troubles of
, *to the calm repose* which the cultivation
ve fields, and the care of his flocks and

and the murmur of the [illegible] pleasure to the ear than the music of the compositions of the ablest masters poses more agreeably on the conserve an expanse of waters, on mountains rocks, than it does on all the glare o bles, and *perfide assepsys*. In short, joys in Solitude objects which were portable, and, reclining on the bosom easily renounces every vain delight. from Vaucluse to one of his friends, war against my corporeal powers, for my enemies. My eyes, which have guilty of so many follies, are myself view of a single woman, old, black, If Helen, or Lucretia had possessed would never have been reduced to su driven from the empire of the world penate these defects, she is faithful, industrious. She passes whole days shrivelled skin defying the hottest

common to persons who, ignorant of the
f the world, and the characters of men, love
e on, and recommend a contempt of, hu-
ness; but that rural innocence, the pure and
asures of Nature, and an uninterrupted re-
very seldom the companions of this boasted
Those who maintain this opinion assert,
though surrounded with difficulties, and ob-
nploy every art and cunning to attain his
with his success the pleasing power which
the character of his master, and fondly
the exercise of sovereignty. Enabled to
to destroy, to plant and to root up, to make
when and where he pleases, he may grub
ard, and plant an English grove on its site;
where hills never were seen; level emi-
the ground; compel the stream to flow as
tion shall direct; force woods and shrub-
grow where he pleases; graft or lop as it
his fancy; open views and shut out boun-
nstruct ruins where buildings never existed;
les of which he alone is the high priest; and
ıtages in which he may seclude himself at
It is said, however, that this is not a re-
he restraints he formerly experienced, but
nclination; for that a minister must be,
ıabits of his life, fond of command and so-
whether he continues at the head of an ex-
ıpire, or directs the management of a pow-

d most undoubtedly discover a great igno-
ıe world, and of the nature of man, to con-
t is necessary to renounce all the inclinations
ıan heart, in order to enjoy the advantages
. That which Nature has implanted in the
ast must there remain. If, therefore, a mi-
ıis retirement, is not satiated with the exer-
ver and authority, but still fondly wishes
and, let him require obedience from his
provided such a gratification is essential
ness, and tends to suppress the desire of

herds, afford. In France, however, when a minister who has incurred the displeasure of his sovereign, is ordered to *retire*, and thereby enabled to visit an estate which he has decorated in the highest style of rural elegance, this delightful retreat, alas! being considered a place of exile, becomes intolerable to his mind: he no longer fancies himself its master; is incapable of relishing its enchanting beauties; repose flies from his pillow; and, turning with aversion from every object, he dies at length the victim of spleen, petulance, and dejection. But in England it is just the reverse. There a minister is congratulated on retiring, like a man who has happily escaped from a dangerous malady. He feels himself still surrounded by many friends much more worthy than his adherents while in power; for while those were bound to him by temporary considerations of interest, these are attached to him by real and permanent esteem. Thanks, generous Britons! for the examples you have

these are common to persons who, ignorant of the manners of the world, and the characters of men, love to moralize on, and recommend a contempt of, human greatness; but that rural innocence, the pure and simple pleasures of Nature, and an uninterrupted repose, are very seldom the companions of this boasted Solitude. Those who maintain this opinion assert, that man, though surrounded with difficulties, and obliged to employ every art and cunning to attain his ends, feels with his success the pleasing power which attaches to the character of his master, and fondly indulges in the exercise of sovereignty. Enabled to create and to destroy, to plant and to root up, to make alterations when and where he pleases, he may grub up a vineyard, and plant an English grove on its site; erect hills where hills never were seen; level eminences to the ground; compel the stream to flow as his inclination shall direct; force woods and shrubberies to grow where he pleases; graft or lop as it shall strike his fancy; open views and shut out boundaries; construct ruins where buildings never existed; erect temples of which he alone is the high priest; and build hermitages in which he may seclude himself at pleasure. It is said, however, that this is not a reward for the restraints he formerly experienced, but a natural inclination; for that a minister must be, from the habits of his life, fond of command and sovereignty, whether he continues at the head of an extensive empire, or directs the management of a poultry-yard.

It would most undoubtedly discover a great ignorance of the world, and of the nature of man, to contend that it is necessary to renounce all the inclinations of the human heart, in order to enjoy the advantages of Solitude. That which Nature has implanted in the human breast must there remain. If, therefore, a minister, in his retirement, is not satiated with the exercise of power and authority, but still fondly wishes for command, let him require obedience from his *chickens, provided such* a gratification is essential *to his happiness, and* tends to suppress the desire of

again exposing himself to those tempests and shipwrecks which he can only avoid in the safe harbour of rural life. An ex-minister must, sooner or later, learn to despise the appearances of human greatness, when he discovers that true greatness frequently begins at that period of life which statesmen are apt to consider a dreary void: that the regret of being no longer able to do more good, is only ambition in disguise; and that the inhabitants of the country, in cultivating their cabbages and potatoes, are a hundred times happier than the greatest minister.

Nothing contributes more to the advancement of earthly felicity, than a reliance on those maxims which teach us to *do as much good as possible*, and *to take things just as we find them*; for it is certainly true, that no characters are so unhappy as those who are continually finding fault with every thing they see. My barber, at Hanover, while he was preparing to shave me, exclaimed with a deep sigh,

ise is contrary to human nature. In winter
ke an owl in the chimney-corner. In sum-
are running incessantly about the fields."
smiled at these observations. "These peo-
i he, "consider the pleasures of the world
preme good; and cannot bear the idea of
g them. I have friends whose society is
r agreeable to me: they are of all ages, and
country. They have distinguished themselves
ie cabinet and in the field, and obtained high
'or their knowledge of the sciences. It is
ain access to them; for they are always at
e; and I admit them to my company, and
em from it whenever I please. They are ne-
lesome, but immediately answer every ques-
them. Some relate to me the events of past
le others reveal to me the secrets of Nature.
h me how to live, and others how to die. Some
rivacity drive away my cares, and exhilarate
s; while others give fortitude to my mind,
me the important lesson how to restrain my
nd to depend only on myself. They open to
ort, the various avenues of all the arts and
and upon their information I safely rely in
gencies. In return for all these services,
y ask me to accommodate them with a con-
chamber in some corner of my humble ha-
where they may repose in peace: for these
re more delighted with the tranquillity of
nt than with the tumults of society."
the most precious gift of Heaven,

cordial drop Heav'n in our cup has thrown.
ke the bitter load of life go down."

o merit a distinguished rank among the ad-
of Solitude.
voluntarily unites itself with the aspect of
Nature. The view of a pleasing landscape
ie *heart beat with* the tenderest emotions.
ly mountain, and the silent grove, increase



ecstacy the charms of Na
school of true philosop
where the face of the
where the taste of its int
it new embellishments, th
certainly stronger in the
A nobleman who employ
estate, or in following the
pleasures of rural life wit
lady, who devotes her tim
grounds, to needle-work, o
structive interesting work.
deed, where the people, i
ments of the mind, the c
doubly valuable, and its del
learning which has of la
increased among the ladi
tainly to be attributed to
for, among those who pass t
we find much more true wi
than among the *beaux espri*

Minds, indeed, apparentl
mosphere of a metropolis,
rapture in th

eyes; and the charms of his mistress were assimilated with the beauties that surrounded him on every side. The view of an extensive and pleasing prospect softened his sorrows; and he breathed his sighs with exquisite delight amidst the rising flowers of his garden, and the rich fruits of his orchard.

Lovers constantly seek the rural grove to indulge, in the tranquillity of retirement, the uninterrupted contemplation of the beloved object which forms the sole happiness of their lives. Of what importance to them are all the transactions of the world, or, indeed, any thing that does not tend to indulge the passion that fills their breasts? Silent groves, embowering glades, or the lonely borders of murmuring streams, where they may freely resign themselves to their fond reflections, are the only confidants of their souls. A lovely shepherdess, offering her fostering bosom to the infant she is nursing, while at her side her well beloved partner sits dividing with her his morsel of hard black bread, is an hundred times more happy than all the fops in town: for love inspires the mind, in the highest degree, with all that is elevated, delightful, and affecting in nature; and warms the coldest bosoms with the greatest sensibility and the highest rapture.

Love's softest images spring up anew in Solitude. The remembrance of those emotions which the first blush of conscious tenderness, the first gentle pressure of the hand, the first dread of interruption, create, recurs incessantly! Time it is said extinguishes the flame of Love; but Solitude renews the fire, and calls forth those agents which lie long concealed, and only wait a favourable moment to display their powers. The whole course of youthful feeling again beams forth; and the mind—delicious recollection!—fondly retracting the first affection of the heart, fills the bosom with an indelible sense of those high ecstacies which a connoisseur has said, with as much truth as energy, proclaim, for the first time, that happy discovery, that fortunate *moment, when* two lovers first perceive each *mutual fondness.*



It was this noble and s
tht Wieland, in the warm
youth, felt for an amiab
lady of Zurich; for that
perfectly satisfied that the
begin with the first sigh, a
gree, with the first kiss.
lady when it was that Wiel
the first time? "Wieland,'
"did not kiss my hand for
years after our acquaintance

Young persons, in genera
Wieland, adopt the mystic
Yielding to the sentiments w
and less acquainted with its m
feel at an earlier age, in the
that irresistible impulse to
which the God of Nature ha
in the human breast.

A lady who resided in gre
mantic cottage upon the banks
had three innocent and lovely
was about fourteen years of
about nine

sisters said to her mother, "Oh, I remem-
dear little bird! I wish, mamma, you could
ne such a one to play with."—"Oh! no," re-
eldest sister, "I should like to have a little
lay with better than any thing. I could
ittle dog, take him on my knee, and hug him
arms. A bird affords me no pleasure; he
a little while on my finger, then flies away,
e is no catching him again: but a little dog,
it pleasure . . ."

I never forget the poor *Religieuse* in whose
nt I found a breeding-cage of canary-birds,
ive myself for having burst into a fit of laughter
scovery. It was alas! the suggestion of Na-
id who can resist what Nature suggests? This
wandering of religious minds, this celestial
of love, this premature effect of Solitude, is
fond application of one natural inclination
aperior to all others.

ice and tranquillity appear so favourable to
ligence of this pleasing passion, that lovers
ly quit the beloved object, to reflect in Soli-
her charms. Who does not recollect to have
the *Confessions* of Rousseau, the story related
ame de Luxemberg, of a lover who quitted
ence of his mistress, only that he might have
asure of writing to her. Rousseau replied to
e de Luxemburg, that he wished he had been
n; and his wish was founded on a perfect
dge of the passion: for who has ever been in
id does not know that there are moments when
is capable of expressing the fine feelings of
rt with much greater effect than the voice,
miserable organ of speech. The tongue, even
appiest elocution, is never so persuasive as the
g eyes, when lovers gaze with silent ecstacy on
her's charms.

rs not only express, but feel their passion with
ecstacy and happiness in Solitude than in any
tuation. What fashionable lover ever painted
on for a lovely mistress with such laconic ten-



scribed beneath it these v
fust."

It was at the feet of t
the celebrated retreat at V
posed his finest sonnets to
complain of the cruelty, o
Italians are of opinion, th
muse, his poetry soared fa
poet who ever wrote befor
in the Greek, the Latin,
"Ah! how soft and tende
heart!" they exclaim. "Pe
ed with its power: he has a
a fourth—the Grace of *delic*

Love, however, when in
or amidst the romantic scen
and, assisted by the ardent i
youth, frequently assumes a
character. Religious enthusi
termine disposition, forms, i
sublime and extraordinary co
of the heart. A youthful lo
when deprived of the smiles o
first declaration of love

ired mind of the fond female fancies her bosom
e the sanctuary of love, and conceives her affec-
for the youthful idol of her heart to be an ema-
on from heaven; a ray of the Divine Presence.
inary lovers, without doubt, in spite of absence,
e their souls, write by every post, seize all occa-
s to converse with, or hear from, each other;
oar more sublime and exalted female introduces
her romance of passion every butterfly she meets
, and all the feathered songsters of the groves;
, except in the object of her love, no longer sees
thing as it really is. Reason and sense no longer
le; the refinements of love direct all her move-
its; she tears the world from its poles, and the
from its axis; and, to prove that all she does
ight, establishes for herself and her lover a new
pel, and a new system of morality.
. lover, separated, perhaps for ever, from a mis-
s who has made the most important sacrifices to
happiness; who was his only consolation in afflic-
, his only comfort in calamity; whose kindness
ported his sinking fortitude; who remained his
hful and his only friend in dire adversity and
nestic sorrow; seeks, as his sole resource, a sloth-
Solitude. Nights passed in sleepless agonies; a
aste of life, a desire of death, an abhorrence of
society, and a love of dreary seclusion, drive him,
after day, wandering, as chance may direct,
ough the most solitary retirements, far from the
ed traces of mankind. Were he, however, to
nder from the Elbe to the lake of Geneva; were
to seek relief in the frozen confines of the North,
the burning regions of the West, to the utmost ex-
mities of earth or seas, he would still be like the
d described by Virgil:

"Stung with the stroke, and madding with the pain,
She wildly flies from wood to wood in vain;
Shoots o'er the Cretan lawn with many a bound,
The cleaving dart still rankling in the wound."

Petrarch, on returning to Vaucluse, felt with new



the feet of my bed, with
dent of the power of he
chilling dew over all my
through my veins towarc
had then entered my apar
would have beheld me as
mark of terror on my face.
of day, with trembling lir
bed, and hastily leaving my
created alarm, I climbed to
and ran wildly through the
incessantly on every side, t
had haunted my repose still
could find no asylum. Plac
where I fondly flattered myse
presented her continually to r
her sometimes issuing from
tree, from the concealed sourc
the dark cavity of a broken roc
insensible, and I neither knew
I went."

Solitude affords no remedy t
ject to be thus violently pert
Ovid has, with great

Rocks and forests afforded no comfort to his wounded heart. Love pursued his steps through every haunt, however savage and forlorn. The pure and limpid stream of Vaucluse, and the umbrageous woods which almost concealed the decorated dale in which the stream arose, appeared to him the only place likely to abate the fierceness of those fires which consumed his heart. The most frightful deserts, the deepest forests, the most inaccessible mountains, were to him the most agreeable abodes. But love accompanied him wherever he went, prevented his repose, and drove his soul back to Avignon.

Solitude also is equally adverse to the happiness of a lover, when the passion is not founded on principles of the purest virtue; for the imagination, indulging itself without restraint, foments the secret inclination of the senses, introduces the most voluptuous ideas, animates every desire, and inflames the heart. In such a state, the presence of the beloved object cannot, when the mind is vicious, be indulged without the greatest danger: but in a virtuous breast, when, by too fondly indulging the imagination in Solitude, the passion even takes a criminal turn in the heart, the presence of the beloved object, instead of being dangerous, subdues and destroys every forbidden desire. Absence, indeed, removes the idea of danger, and the lover's mind moves boldly on in all the flattering fancies of an agreeable and inspiring illusion, until the passion acquires a dangerous tendency in his breast.

The heart of Petrarch was frequently stimulated by ideas of voluptuous pleasure, even among the rocks of Vaucluse, where he sought an asylum from love and Laura. He soon, however, banished sensuality from his mind, and, by refining his passion, acquired that vivacity and heavenly purity which breathe in every line of those immortal lyrics he composed among the rocks. But the city of Avignon, in which the object thus tenderly beloved resided, was not sufficiently distant from the place of his retreat, and he visited it too frequently. *A passion*, indeed, like that which Petrarch felt, *leaves the* bosom, even when uncorrupted

along the plain, meanders through me
itself beneath the peaceful shades of

The tranquility of Solitude, howe
mind disposed to resign itself with ha
dispensations of Heaven, be found not
to the perturbations of love. A lov
has bereaved of the dear object of his
only those places which his favourite
sidera every other as desert and forlor
that death alone is able to stop the tear
Such an indulgence of sorrow, howev
called resignation to the will of God.
this description is attached solely to the
object of his increasing sorrows. Blind
fondly hopes that she may still return
hears her soft enchanting voice in ever
sees her lovely form approaching, and
pecting arms to clasp her once again to h
bing breast. But he finds, alas! his hop
the fancy-breathing form eludes his gra
vinces him that the delightful vision was o
and love-formed phantom of his sorr
mind. A sad remembrance of her dear
the only comfort

So often fills his arms; so often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears.
Oh! he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forget
That sacred hour, when, stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance soothes
With Virtue's kindest look his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture.

But these pleasures, alas! also vanish; the roses lose their bloom; then droop their heads—and die. He must, indeed, wrestle a long time with the rigours of his fate, have frequently extended his arms in vain to embrace the beloved object, have long fixed his eyes upon her cherished shade, and lost all hope of being re-united, before his mind can again exert its powers, or make any effort to counteract the feelings of his heart, and regain his former tranquillity. It is only from the constant exertion of sound reason and true philosophy that the cure of this disease can be expected.

It must afford infinite pleasure to every philosophic mind, to reflect on the victory which the virtuous Petrarch gained over the passion that assailed his heart. During his retreat into Italy from love and Laura, his friends in France used every endeavour to induce him to return. One of them wrote to him:—"What daemon possesses you?—How could you quit a country in which you indulged all the propensities of youth, and where the graceful figure which you formerly adorned with so much care, procured you so much unbounded admiration?—How can you live thus exiled from Laura, whom you love with so much tenderness, and whose heart is so deeply afflicted by your absence?"

Petrarch replied: "Your anxiety is vain: I am resolved to continue where I am. I ride here safely at anchor; and all the hurricanes of eloquence shall *never drive me from it.* How then can you expect *to persuade me to* change this resolution, merely by

last goal on the course of life. Ob
and important now occupy my th
bid, that, listening to your flatteri
should again throw myself into th
again put on a yoke which so seve
The natural levity of youth apolo
gree, for the indiscretions it cre
despise myself, if I could now be
either the bower of love or the th
Your suggestions, however, have
effect; for I consider them as th
of a friend upon my past misc
tudes of the gay and busy world
my mind; for my heart has ten
its fibres in this delightful Solitud
large, free and unconstrained, wi
care. In summer I repose upo
beneath the shade of some embow
ter along the enamelled borders
stream. At the approach of autu
and join the Muses' train. This

Petrarch, however, by these continued endeavou
to subdue the violence of his passion, acquired a su
limity and richness of imagination which distinguish
his character, and gave him an ascendancy over t
age in which he lived, greater than any of the *litera*
have since attained. To use the expression of the poe
he was capable of passing, with the happiest facilit

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe:"

and was enabled, as occasion required, to conceiv
the boldest enterprises, and to execute them with t
most heroic courage. He who languished, sighe
and even wept with unmanly softness, at the feet
his mistress, breathing only the tender and affectiona
language of gentle love, no sooner turned his though
towards the transactions of Rome, than he assume
a higher tone, and not only wrote, but acted, wit
all the strength and spirit of the Augustan age. M
narchs have relinquished the calls of hunger, and th
charms of rest, to indulge the tender luxuries h
love-lorn muse afforded. But at a more advance
age he was no longer a sighing minstrel, chauntin
amorous verses to a relentless fair; he was no longe
an effeminate slave, that kissed the chains of an im
perious mistress, who treated him with disdain: h
became a zealous republican, who spread by hi
writings the spirit of liberty throughout Italy, an



...ington o
little garden, which
mountain, and surrou
rose superior to the a
position, indeed, was
but in his tranquil mon
to an exquisite sensibil
delights of Solitude wi
find in his retreat to
the residence of calm
against all the tempests

The flame of love, the
entirely extinguished, n
refined by Solitude. Ma
tirpate the passions wh
planted in the human b
their proper ends.

To avoid such miseries
pleasures of retirement sh
amiable female, who, bet
of philosophy, will beguile
of conversation, all the ca

It has been said by a
"the presence of one thin
whose ha...

...ciety which does i...
...s to their hearts. To beings th...
...ed by the sincerest affection, and the closest friend...
ip, every thing that is said or done, every wish, an...
ery event, becomes mutually important. No jealou...
ar, no envious stings, disturb their happiness; faults
e pointed out with cautious tenderness and good
ature; looks bespeak the inclinations of the soul;
ery wish and every desire is anticipated; every
ew and intention assimilated; and, the sentiments
one conforming to those of the other, each rejoices
th cordiality at the smallest advantage which the
er acquires.

Thus it is that the Solitude which we share with
amiable object produces tranquillity, satisfaction,
heart-felt joy; and makes the humblest cottage
velling place of the purest pleasure.

We in the shades of retirement, while the mind
he heart are in harmony with each other, inspires
noblest sentiments; raises the understanding to
ghest sphere of intellect; fills the bosom wi...
ted benevolence; destroys all ...
meliorates and ...



drives away ill-humour. which men silently man and weak minds ordina complaints. A grumble proper sphere than when is his only asylum. Ill insupportable condition, falls into when soured by vexations which we daily our progress through life; the door against improper to avoid this scourge of ha

Vexations, indeed, of ev quieted in the silence of re of the world. A cheerful per, and well-regulated pass vexations from interrupting attainments, the deepest me uneasiness of life, have been the heart. It is true, that t much more rapid in women of a lively female flies immed that of a melancholy man a the yielding ha

smile in vain: to them the new-born flowers and the twittering groves, proclaiming the approach of spring, and the regeneration of vegetable nature, bring no charms: the garden's variegated hues irritate their feelings; and the silent retreats from which they once expected consolation only increase their pains. Such refined and exquisite feelings, the offspring of warm and generous passions, are real misfortunes; and the malady they engender requires to be treated with the mildest attention and the tenderest care.

But to minds of softer temper, Solitude possesses many powerful charms, although the losses they deplore are equally great. Such characters feel, indeed, a sense of their misfortune in its utmost possible extent, but they soften its acuteness by yielding to the natural mildness of their dispositions: they plant upon the fatal tomb the weeping willow and the ephemeral rose; they erect *mausolea;* compose funeral dirges; and render the very emblems of death the means of consolation. Their hearts are continually occupied by the idea of those whom their eyes deplore; and



drives away ill-humour.
which men silently ma
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Vexations, indeed, of e
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attainments, the deepest m
uneasiness of life, have bee
the heart. It is true, that
much more rapid in women
of a lively female flies imme
that of a melancholy man
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r the regimen of the mind. Vigorous minds
banish the most inveterate evils, or form
l shield against all the darts of fate, and,
g every danger, drive away those feelings
others are irritated and destroyed: they
n their eyes from what things are, to what
it to be; and with determined resolution
he bodies they are designed to animate;
ik minds surrender every thing committed
ire.

l, however, always follows what is most
to its ruling passion. Worldly men gene-
ght in gaming, feasting, and debauchery:
se who are fond of Solitude feel, from a
ness of its advantages, no enjoyments equal
s peaceful shades affords.

conclude my reflections upon the advantages
e to *the Heart*. May they give great cur-
seful sentiments, to consolatory truths, and
: in some degree to diffuse the enjoyment of
ss which is so much within our reach!

nerves shattered, —
stroyed, has not the courage to
confession, "I am tired of the wo
follies!"

The legions of fantastic fashiou
pleasure is obliged to sacrifice his
tional faculties of his mind, and
energies of his soul. Forced con
self to the performance of a tho
thousand mean absurdities, he
volous and absurd. The face
wears its true and genuine aspe
taste loses all relish for rational
stantial pleasure. The infatua
and his corrupted heart teems
vain imaginations.

The inevitable consequence
of entertainments and diversi
satisfaction He has drained
the last drop, who is at lengt
all his hopes are fled, who f
disgust mingled with ever
astonished at his own insen
possesses the magic of the e
and decorate the scene,

petition and tiresome narrative, creates disgust
y forces the smile of pity from the lips of his
l rivals. To the eye of wisdom, however,
served him through all the former periods of
sparkling in the mazes of folly, and rioting in
noisy circles of extravagance and vice, his cha-
always appeared the same.

languid, leaden-iteration reigns,
ever must, o'er those whose joys are joys
ght, smell, taste. The cuckoo-seasons sing
ame dull note to such as nothing prize,
what those seasons, from the teeming earth,
oating sense indulge. But nobler minds,
h relish fruits unripen'd by the sun,
their days various: various as the dyes
e dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.
inds of dove-like innocence posses:,
ghten'd minds, that bask in Virtue's beams,
ing hangs tedious . . . ."

wise man, in the midst of the most tumultuous
s, frequently retires within himself, and silent-
pares what he might do with what he is doing.
ded by, and even when accidentally engaged
excesses of intoxication, he associates only with
arm and generous souls whose highly elevated
re drawn towards each other by the most vir-
clinations and sublime sentiments. The silent
of the mind within itself, has more than once
rth to enterprizes of the greatest importance
lity; and it is not difficult to imagine, that
f the most celebrated actions of mankind were
pired among the sounds of music, or conceived
the mazes of the dance. Sensible and elevated
never commune more closely with themselves
those places of public resort in which the low
gar, surrendering themselves to illusion and
, become incapable of reflection, and blindly
emselves to be overwhelmed by the surround-
ent of folly and distraction.



schemes of pleasure, a
sources of amusement,
deed: he is their best,
these lazy and luxurious
destitute of those abilities
sacrifice of time, and, if p
relief? Certainly not. F
led from object to object
the assistance of others ha
want and greatest necessit
insensibly lost all power o
depend, for every object t
they feel, for every sentim
by whom they are attende
the rich, who are seldom
pleasures than those of sens
miserable of mankind.

The nobility and courtier
joyments appear vain and
who have not the opportuni
but I am of a different opini
day from Trianon to Versail
tance a number of people as
of the castle; and, on a pre

I to a French gentleman who stood near me.
r," he replied, with a very serious countenance,
is for the entertainment of the court." The most
are and indigent individuals may certainly be
h happier than these masters of mankind with
melancholy slaves and miserable entertainments.

But all, alas! would into fame advance,
rom fancied merit in this idle dance:
he tavern, park, assembly, mask, and play!
hose dear destroyers of the tedious day,
re call'd by fops, who saunter round the town,
leadid diversions, and the pill goes down;
here fools meet fools, and, stoic-like, support
ithout one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
t courts give nothing to the wise and good,
t scorn of pomp, and love of Solitude.
gh stations tumult, but not bliss, create;
one think the great unhappy, but the great.
ools gaze and envy; envy darts a sting
hich makes a swain as wretched as a king."

ireful condition! Is there then no occupation
however, no useful employment, no rational recre-
n sufficiently high and dignified for such charac-
? Are they reduced to the melancholy condition
ot being able to perform one good and virtuous
n during the intervals of suspended pleasure.
they render no services to friendship, to their
ntry, to themselves? Are there no poor and mi-
ble beings, to whose bosoms they might afford
itable comfort and relief? Is it, in short, impos-
for such characters in any way to improve them-
s in wisdom or in virtue?
e powers of the human mind are of greater ex-
than is generally imagined. He who, either from
or necessity, exercises them frequently, soon
s that the highest felicities of which our nature is
ible reside entirely *within* ourselves. The wants
we are, for the greater part, merely artificial;

should frequently find in our ow
variety of resources than all the c
capable of affording.

Amusement, indeed, may som
those places to which the sexes r
and to be seen. The eye may be o
by the sight of objects really agr
listen to observations truly flatteri
and sensible remarks now and th
ters equally amiable and interesti
among the group. We may forr
men of distinguished merit, wh
otherwise have had an opportuni
meet with women of amiable qual
able conduct, whose refined conv
ear with a delight equal to that
quisite beauty captivates the he
number of painful sensations m
ceiving these pleasures be purch
reason or disgust restrain from m
aipations of life, cannot see wi
conceit, the airy confidence, the
the bold loquacity, with whi
worldly pleasure proclaim a fel

Here aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball or play.
Completely dress'd in finery and grimace,
They shew their birth-day suits and public face.
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, like Lady Betty's hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
How anxiously they labour to be glad!"



Honour, fame, and pleasure are conceived to ac-
ompany an invitation to the board of luxury; al-
ough disease, with leaden sceptre, is known to pre-
de; and reproach and calumny are indiscriminately
st upon the purest characters. But he who feels
e least energy of mind, turns with aversion from
l society which tends to weaken its effect; and finds
e simplest fare, enjoyed with freedom and content
nidst a happy and affectionate family, ten thousand
nes more agreeable than the rarest dainty, and the
chest wine, with a society where he must sit cere-

True social pleasure is foun
fidence, on an affectionate and
of sentiments and opinions.
fined, and rational friendship,
of the world spiritless and disg
do we disencumber ourselves
society, for that close and sublii
our inclinations are free, our
sentiments unbiassed; where
and action, of pleasures and o
prevail; where the gentle han
along the paths of truth and
thought is anticipated before it
where advice, consolation, su
given and received in all the
misfortunes of life! The soul
of friendship, springs from it
and views the enlivening bear
to activity. The happy pair,
glance on the time passed,
the tenderest emotions, "O
have already experienced!—C
already felt." If the tear of
cheek of the one, the other

perience, is the misfortune of being separated by occasional absence or untimely death.

But human happiness is continually exposed to interruption. At the very moment, alas! when we vainly think ourselves the most secure, fate, by a sudden blow, strikes its unhappy victim even in our arms. All the pleasures of life then seem for ever extinguished, every object alarms our mind, and every place seems desert and forlorn. In vain are our arms extended to embrace our loved though lost companion; in vain do we invoke her return. Her well-known step still seems to beat upon the listening ear, and promise her approach; but suspended sense returns, and the delusive sounds are heard no more. A death-like silence reigns around, and involves us in the shades of dreary solitude, unconscious of every thing but our bleeding hearts. Wearied and dejected, we imagine ourselves no longer capable of loving or of being beloved; and life without love, to the heart that has once felt its pleasures, is more terrible than death. So sudden a transition from the highest happiness to the deepest misery overpowers the mind. No kind friend appears to assuage our sufferings, or seems capable of forming an adequate idea of our distress. The pangs, indeed, which such a loss inflicts, cannot be conceived, unless they have been felt. The only consolation of the unhappy sufferer is to live in Solitude, and his only wish to die alone. But it is under circumstances like these that Solitude enjoys its greatest triumph, and the afflicted sufferer receives the greatest benefits; for there is no sorrow, however great, no pang, however powerful, that it will not, when wisely indulged, at first soften, and at length subdue. The remedy, which Solitude "administers to a mind diseased," is slow and gradual; for the art of living alone requires so much experience, is subject to so many casualties, and depends so materially upon the temperament of the patient, that it is necessary we should attain a complete maturity *before any great advantages* can be derived from it. *But he who is able to* throw off the galling yoke of

prejudice, and possesses a natural esteem and fondness for retirement, will not be embarrassed as to the choice he ought to make under such circumstances. Indifferent to external objects, and averse from the dissipations of the world, he will rely on the powers of his mind, and will never be less alone than when he is in the company of himself.

Men of genius are frequently condemned to employments as disagreeable to the turn and temper of their minds, as the most nauseous medicine must be to an empty stomach. Confined to toil on a dry and disgusting subject, fixed to a particular spot, and harassed by subordinate duties, they relinquish all expectation of tranquillity on this side the grave. Deprived of enjoying the common pleasures of nature, every object increases their disgust. "It is not for us," they exclaim, "that the youthful zephyrs call forth the budding foliage with their caressing breath; that the feathered choir chant in enlivening strains

ndeed, been truly observed by a celebrated
r, that it is equally arrogant and erroneous
, that man is capable, by his own exertions,
g real felicity. He may, however, modify
l disposition of his soul, chastise his taste,
nclinations, ameliorate his sentiments, and
ne his passions; and thereby not only ren-
lf less sensible of the wants of life, but feel
ıfaction under the most untoward circum-

is certainly essential to happiness, and yet
circumstances and situations, under which
ion of it may be attended with tranquillity.
equently have I returned thanks to God,
lisposition has prevented me from going
and enabled me to recruit my weakened
n Solitude and silence!—Obliged to drag
he streets of the metropolis day after day
ıumber of years, feeble in constitution, weak
susceptible, on feeling the smallest cold, to
sensation as if knives were separating the
ı.the bone; continually surrounded, in the
my profession, with the most afflicting sor-
is not surprising that I should thank the
with tears of gratitude, on experiencing even
which a confinement by indisposition pro-
ı physician, if he possesses sensibility, must,
tiety to relieve the sufferings of others, fre-
'orget his own. But, alas! how frequently
'eel all the horrors of his situation, when he
)ned to attend patients whose maladies are
)e reach of medicine!—Under such circum-
the indisposition which excuses my attend-
l leaves me the powers of thought, affords
aratively a sweet repose; and, provided I
isturbed by the polite interruptions of cere-
visitors, I enjoy a pleasing solitude. One
r passed undisturbed at home in literary lei-
·ds to my mind more real pleasure than all the
fashionable entertainment are able to bestow
r *of being alone* is no longer felt either by



hand, and note dow
or the observations
before possessed; fo
less, but fatiguing, u
affords either to our
other men. This ha
quired; and then boo
and certain antidotes
this means a man be
finds his best and m
heart.

Pleasures of this kin
degree all those which
gence of the senses.
generally speaking, sig
profound deductions of
sions of the imagination
for the perfect enjoymen
knowledge nor extraord
Such are the pleasures whi
pleasures equally within t
learned, and not less exqu
solely from the mind. M

the sprightly aberrations of our boyish days, the wanton stories of early youth, our plays and pastimes, and all the little hopes and fears of infancy, with fond delight. Oh! with what approving smiles and soft regret, the aged cast their eyes upon those happy times when youthful inclination prompted all their actions, when every enterprise was undertaken with lively vigour, and executed with undaunted courage; when difficulties were sought, merely for the purpose of surmounting them! Let us compare what we were formerly with what we are at present; or rather, by giving our thoughts a freer range, reflect on the various events we have experienced or observed; upon the means that the Almighty employs to raise or sink the prosperity of empires; upon the rapid progress made, even in our time, in every art and science; upon the diffusion of useful knowledge, and the destruction of dangerous prejudices; upon the empire which barbarism and superstition have gained, notwithstanding the exertions of genius and reason to prevent them: upon the sublime power of the human mind and its inefficient productions: and languor will instantly disappear, and tranquillity, peace, and good-humour prevail.

These advantages may in solitude be attained and relished at every period of our lives; at the most advanced age, as well as during the vigour of youth. He who to an unbroken constitution joins a free and contented mind, and assiduously cultivates the powers of his understanding, will, if his heart be innocent, at all times enjoy the purest and most unalterable pleasures. Employment animates all the functions of the soul, and calls forth their highest energies. It is the secret consciousness which every person of a lively imagination possesses, of the powers of the mind, and the dignity they are capable of attaining, that creates that noble anxiety and ardour which carries their efforts to the sublimest heights. But if, either by duty or situation, we maintain too close an intercourse with society, if we are obliged, in spite of inclination, to submit to frivolous and fatiguing dis-

sipations, it is only by quitting the tumult, and entering into silent meditation, that we feel that effervescence, that desire to break from bondage, to fly from past errors, and avoid in future every noisy and tumultuous pleasure.

The mind never feels with more energy and satisfaction that it lives, that it is rational, great, active, free, and immortal, than during those moments in which it excludes idle and impertinent intruders.

Of all the vexations of life, there are none so insupportable as those insipid visits, those annoying partialities, which occupy the time of frivolous and fashionable characters, "My thoughts," says Rousseau, "will only come when they please, and not when I choose;" and therefore the intrusions of strangers, or of mere acquaintances, were always extremely odious to him. It was for this reason alone that this extraordinary character, who seldom experienced an hour of tranquillity, felt such indignation against the

'or when men are able to depend on them-
ɔne, the soul, tossed about by the tempests
:quires new vigour; learns to bear with cou-
r avoid with address, those dangerous rocks
. vulgar minds are inevitably wrecked; and
continually new resources, by which the
ists, with stoic courage, the rigours of its

minds always conceive it most safe to adopt
nents of the multitude. They never venture
s an opinion upon any subject until the ma-
.ve decided; and blindly follow the senti-
' the many, whether upon men or things,
roubling themselves to inquire who are right,
hich side truth preponderates. A love of
d truth, indeed, is seldom found, except in
ɔ have no dread of Solitude. Men of dissi-
:ver protect the weak, or avenge the op-
If the various and powerful hosts of knaves
are your enemies; if you have been injured
property by injustice, or traduced in your
alumny, you must not fly for protection and
› men of light and dissipated characters; for
merely the organs of error, and the conduit
›rejudice.

ıowledge of ourselves is in Solitude more
d effectually acquired than in any other
for we there live in habits of the strictest
with our own bosoms. It is certainly pos-
men to be deliberate and wise even amidst
ımultuous folly of the world; especially if
ciples be well fixed before they enter on
of life; but integrity is undoubtedly more
served in the innocent simplicity of Solitude,
ıe corrupted intercourses of society. In the



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and to examine ou
worldly-minded ma
this self-examination
bability be painful
judges of himself b
others may have ex
such a scrutiny, beh
miserable slave of ha
ting himself with scru
possible grace, to the ty
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sequiously following t
daring to resist pursui
highly to approve. He
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fear of himself, or arise
to others; that he only
and infinite ch

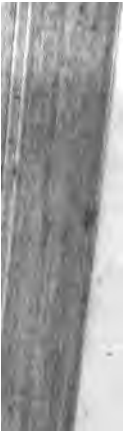
heart. How small a portion of true philosophy, with an enlightened understanding, will render it humble and compliant! But in the mists of prejudice, dazzled by the intellectual glimmer of false lights, every one mistakes the true path, and seeks for happiness in the shades of darkness, and in the labyrinths of obscurity. The habits of retirement and tranquillity can alone enable us to make a just estimate of men and things; and it is by renouncing all the prepossessions which the corruptions of society have implanted in the mind, that we make the first advances towards the restoration of reason, and the attainment of felicity.

We have hitherto only pointed out one class of the general advantages which may be derived from rational Solitude, but there are many others which apply still more closely to men's business and bosoms. Who, alas! is there, that has not experienced its comforting influence in the keenest adversities of life? Who is there that does not seek relief from its friendly shades in the languors of convalescence, in the pangs of affliction, and even in that distressful moment, when death deprives us of those whose company was the charm and solace of our lives? Happy are they who know the advantages of a religious retirement, of that holy rest in which the virtues rivet themselves more closely to the soul, and in which every man, when he is on the bed of death, devoutly wishes he had lived.

But these advantages become more conspicuous, when we compare the manner of thinking which employs the mind of a solitary philosopher with that of a worldly sensualist; the tiresome and tumultuous life of the one with the ease and tranquillity of the other; the horrors which disturb the death-bed of vice, with the calm sigh which accompanies the expiring soul of virtue. This is the awful moment in which we feel how important it is to commune morally with ourselves, and religiously with our Creator; to enable *us to bear the sufferings* of life with dignity, *and the pains of death* with ease.

The sick, the sorrowful, and the discontented, may find equal relief in Solitude; it administers a balm to their tortured souls, heals the deep and painful wounds they have received, and in time restores them their pristine health and vigour. The deceitful shrine in which the intoxication of sensuality involved health and happiness disappears, and they behold, in the place of imaginary joys, those objects only which afford real pleasure. Prosperity arrays every object in the most glowing and delightful colours; but to adversity every thing appears black and dismal. Nor are the errors of these contrary extremes discovered until the moment when the curtain drops, and dissipates the illusion: the deceitful dream continues until the imagination is silenced. The unhappy then perceive that the Almighty was watching over them, even when they conceive themselves entirely abandoned: the happy then discover the vanity of those pleasures and amusements to which they surrendered

tude easy and familiar to our minds. How willingly do we renounce the world, and become indifferent to all its pleasures, when the insidious eloquence of the passions is silenced, and our powers are debilitated by vexation or ill health! It is then we perceive the weakness of those succours which the world affords. How many useful truths, alas! has the bed of sickness and sorrow instilled even into the minds of kings and princes! truths which, in the hour of health, they would have been unable to learn amidst the deceitful counsels of their pretended friends. The time, indeed, in which a valetudinary is capable of employing his powers with facility and success, in a manner conformable to his designs, is short, and runs rapidly away. Those only who enjoy robust health can exclaim, "Time is my own:" for he who labours under continual sickness and suffering, and whose avocations depend on the public necessity or caprice, can never say that he has one moment to himself. He must watch the fleeting hours as they pass, and seize an interval of leisure when and where he can.



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since produced his trea
this profound writer, so
pressions, that he appears
escape ...

others would not feel; who are dispirited by every occurrence which does not produce immediate satisfaction and pleasure; who are incessantly tormented by the illusions of fancy; who are unhinged and dejected the moment prosperity is out of their view; who repine at what they possess, from an ignorance of what they really want; whose minds are for ever veering from one vain wish to another; who are alarmed at every thing, and enjoy nothing; are not formed for society, and, if Solitude have no power to heal their wounded spirits, are certainly incurable.

Men who in other respects possess rational minds and pious dispositions, frequently fall into low spirits and despair; but it is in general almost entirely their own fault. If it proceed, as is generally the case, from unfounded fears; if they love to torment themselves and others on every trivial disappointment or slight indisposition; if they constantly resort to medicine for that relief which reason alone can bestow! if they fondly indulge, instead of repressing, these idle fancies; if, after having endured the most excruciating pains with patience, and supported the greatest misfortunes with fortitude, they neither can nor will learn to bear the puncture of the smallest pin, or those trifling adversities to which human life is unavoidably subject; they can only attribute their unhappy condition to their own misconduct; and, although they might, by no very irksome effort of their understandings, look with an eye of composure and tranquillity on the multiplied and fatal fires issuing from the dreadful cannon's mouth, will continue shamefully subdued by the idle apprehensions of being fired at by popguns.

All these qualities of the soul, fortitude, firmness, and stoic inflexibility, are much sooner acquired by silent meditation than amidst the noisy intercourses of mankind, where innumerable difficulties continually oppose us; where ceremony, servility, flattery, and fear, contaminate our dispositions; where every *occurrence opposes our* endeavours; and where, for *this reason, men of the* weakest minds, and most con-

tracted notions, become more active and popular, gain more attention, and are better received, than men of feeling hearts and liberal understandings.

The mind, in short, fortifies itself with impregnable strength in the bowels of solitary retirement against every species of suffering and affliction.—The frivolous attachments which, in the world, divert the soul from its proper objects, and drive it wandering, as chance may direct, into an eccentric void, die away. Contented, from experience, with the little which nature requires, rejecting every superfluous desire, and having acquired a complete knowledge of ourselves, the visitations of the Almighty, when he chastises us with affliction, humbles our presumptuous pride, disappoints our vain conceits, restrains the violence of our passions, and makes us sensible of our insanity and weakness, are received with composure, and felt without surprise. How many important truths do we here learn, of which the worldly-minded man has no

sand times to my surrounding friends, "*Oh! leave me to myself!*" Her departed spirit still hovers around me: the tender recollection of her society, the afflicting remembrance of her sufferings on my account, are always present to my mind. What mildness and affability! Her death was as calmed and resigned as her life was pure and virtuous. During five long months the lingering pangs of dissolution hung continually around her. One day, as she reclined upon her pillow, while I read to her "*The Death of Christ*," by Rammler, she cast her eyes over the page, and silently pointed out to me the following passage: "My breath grows weak, my days are shortened, my heart is full of affliction, and my soul prepares to take its flight." Alas! when I recal all those circumstances to my mind, and recollect how impossible it was for me to abandon the world at that moment of anguish and distress, when I carried the seeds of death within my bosom, when I had neither fortitude to bear my afflictions, nor courage to resist them, while I was yet pursued by malice, and traduced by calumny; I can easily conceive, in such a situation, that my exclamation might be, "*Leave me to myself.*" To a heart thus torn by too rigorous a destiny from the bosom that was opened for its reception, from a bosom in which it fondly dwelt, from an object that it dearly loved, detached from every object, at a loss where to fix its affection or communicate its feelings, Solitude alone can administer comfort.

The rich and the poor, the happy and the miserable, the healthy and the sick, in short, all descriptions of persons, whatever may be their stations or their circumstances in life, will experience infinite advantages in a religious retirement from the world. It is not, alas! in the temples of pleasure, in those meetings where every one drains the cup of folly to its lowest dregs, in those coteries where vulgar gaiety resorts, in brilliant assemblies, or at luxurious boards, that the mind *acquires those* refined and exalted notions *which restrain the sensual* appetites, ennoble the plea-

sures of life, bring futurity to view, and banish, from a short and transitory existence, an inordinate fondness for the dissipations of the world. It is in Solitude alone that we are capable of averting our eyes from those dangerous scenes, and casting them towards the celestial Providence which protects us. It is only during the silent hour of pious meditation that we recur to the consolatory idea, to the bland and satisfactory sentiment, that the eye of the Almighty is for ever tenderly viewing the actions of his creatures, kindly superintending all our concerns, and, by his power and goodness, directing our ways. The bright image of our Creator appears to us in Solitude on every side. Emancipated from the dangerous fermentation of the passions, we contemplate with seriousness and vigour, with freedom and with confidence, the attainment of supreme felicity, and enjoy in thought the happiness we hope ultimately to reach. In this holy meditation every ignoble sentiment, every

he last moments of life, it is certain that we all
re had passed our days in greater privacy and
e, in stricter intimacy with ourselves, and in
communion with God. Penned by the recol-
of our errors, we then clearly perceive that
were occasioned by not having shunned the
of the world, and by not having watched with
at care over the inclinations of our hearts.
e the sentiments of a solitary man, who has
his life in pious conference with God, to those
occupy a worldly mind, forgetful of its Creator,
crificing its dearest interests to the enjoyment
moment; compare the character *of a wise man*,
eflects in silence on the importance of eternity,
hat of *a fashionable being*, who consumes all
e at ridottos, balls, and assemblies; and we
hen perceive that Solitude, dignified retirement,
friendships, and rational society, can alone af-
ne pleasure, and give us what all the vain en-
nts of the world will never bestow, consolation
h, and hope of everlasting life. But the bed



... the mind, and perve
qualities of the heart. His
horses, and his liveries, su
magnificence every thing su
in the superb and extrava
Britain. The fortune he p
the variety of lavish expendi
exceeded his income, and 'l
to the necessity of borrowi
different ways, near forty thc
part of which he employed
sity in relieving the distresse
panions; for his heart ove
and compassion; but this ex
was ever alive to the misfo
length awakened to his own
and his mind driven, by t
condition of his affairs, to the
Retiring to a common brotl
men of the town, and passe
company with apparent go
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ast moments of life, it is certain that we all
ad passed our days in greater privacy and
n stricter intimacy with ourselves, and in
nmunion with God. Pressed by the recol-
our errors, we then clearly perceive that
occasioned by not having shunned the
he world, and by not having watched with
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ie sentiments of a solitary man, who has
life in pious conference with God, to those
spy a worldly mind, forgetful of its Creator,
cing its dearest interests to the enjoyment
nent; compare the character of *a wise man*,
ts in silence on the importance of eternity,
of a fashionable being, who consumes all
t ridottos, balls, and assemblies; and we
perceive that Solitude, dignified retirement,
ndships, and rational society, can alone af-
pleasure, and give us what all the vain en-
of the world will never bestow, consolation
nd hope of everlasting life. But the bed
iscovers most clearly the difference between
man, who has quietly passed his days in re-
templation, and *the man of the world*,
ghts have only been employed to feed his
d gratify his desires. A life passed amidst
some dissipations of the world, even when
ry the commission of any positive crime,
alas! very differently from that which has
in the bowers of Solitude, adorned by in-
nd rewarded by virtue.

xample teaches more effectually than pre-
:uriosity is more alive to recent facts than
strations, I shall here relate the history of
amily and fashion, who a few years since
lf in London; from which it will appear,
possessed even of the best feelings of the
be rendered extremely miserable, by suf-
principles to be corrupted by the practice
id.

rable Mr. Damer, the eldest son of Lord



...sive dissipation
ties of his mind, and per
qualities of the heart. H
horses, and his liveries,
magnificence every thing
in the superb and extra
Britain. The fortune he
the variety of lavish expen
exceeded his income, and
to the necessity of borrow
different ways, near forty th
part of which he employed
ality in relieving the distres
panions; for his heart ov
and compassion; but this e
was ever alive to the misf
length awakened to his ow
and his mind driven, by t
condition of his affairs, to the
Retiring to a common broth
men of the town, and passe
company with apparent goo
bered gaiety; but, when the
he requested of them ...

mind. But the gratitude he felt for the temporary oblivion which these intercourses afforded, sometimes ripened into feelings of the warmest friendship. A celebrated actress of the London theatre, whose *conversations* had already drained him of considerable sums of money, requested of him, only three days before his death, to send her five and twenty guineas. At that moment he had only ten guineas about him; but he sent her, with an apology for his inability to comply immediately with her request, all he had, and soon after borrowed the remainder of the money, and sent it to her without delay. This unhappy young man, shortly before the fatal catastrophe, had written to his father, and disclosed to him the distressed situation he was in; and the night, the very night on which he terminated his existence, his affectionate parent, the good Lord Milton, arrived in London, for the purpose of discharging all the debts, and arranging the affairs, of his unhappy son. Thus lived and died this destitute and dissipated man!—How different from that life which the innocent live, or that death which the virtuous die!

I hope I may be permitted in this place to relate the story of a young lady, whose memory I am extremely anxious to preserve; for I can with great truth say of her, as Petrarch said of his beloved Laura, "the world was unacquainted with the excellence of her character: for she was only known to those whom she has left behind to bewail her loss." Solitude was all the world she knew; for her only pleasures were those which a retired and virtuous life affords. Submitting with pious resignation to the dispensations of Heaven, her weak frame sustained, with steady fortitude, every affliction of mortality. Mild, good, and tender, she endured her sufferings without a murmur or sigh; and, although naturally timid and reserved, disclosed the feelings of her soul with all the warmth of filial enthusiasm. Of this description was the superior character of whom I *now write; a character* who convinced me, *by her fortitude under the severest misfortunes*, how

much strength Solitude is capable of conve
the mind even of the feeblest being. Diffider
own powers, she listened to the precepts of
parent, and relied with perfect confidence
goodness of God. Taught by my experien
mitting to my judgment, she entertained fo
most ardent affection: and convinced me,
professions, but by actions, of her sincerit
lingly would I have sacrificed my life to ha
her; and I am satisfied that she would as
have given up her own for me. I had no
but in pleasing her, and my endeavours for
pose were most gratefully returned. A rose
favourite flower, and she presented one to m
daily during the season. I received it from
with the highest delight, and cherished it
richest treasure. A malady of almost a
kind, a hæmorrhage in the lungs, suddenly d
me of the comfort of this beloved child, a

i. So long and so severe an attack was
ry to the conquest: she had been the sub-
tim of ill health from her earliest infancy;
s was almost gone when we left Swisser-
idence which she quitted with her usual
of temper, and without discovering the
gret; although a young man, as handsome
on as he was amiable in the qualities of
ne object of her first, her only affection, a
afterwards put a period to his existence.
few happy days we passed at Hanover,
endered herself universally respected and
e amused herself by composing religious
hich were afterwards found among her
in which she implores death to afford her
elief from her pains. During the same
wrote also many letters, always affecting,
ntly sublime. They were couched in ex-
the same desire speedily to re-unite her
he Author of her days. The last words
ar, my beloved child uttered, amidst the
al agonies, were these—"To-day I shall
ys of heaven."

worthy of this bright example should we
er having seen the severest sufferings sus-
female in the earliest period of life, and
est constitution, we permitted our minds
cted by misfortunes which courage might
to surmount! a female who, under the
inexpressible torments, never permitted
omplaint to escape from her lips, but sub-
silent resignation to the will of Heaven,
-meeting with reward hereafter. She was
, invariably mild, and always compas-
he miseries of others. But *we*, who have
eyes the sublime instructions which a cha-
virtuous and noble has here given us; *we*,
er, aspire to a seat in the mansions of the
fuse the smallest sacrifice, make no en-
stem with courage the torrent of adver-
equire that degree of patience and resig-

above the low considerations of the
a strength to your power which yo
to be impossible. You now think
into the deepest abyss of suffering a
the time will soon arrive, when y
yourselves in that happy state in
verges from earth, and fixes its atte
You will then enjoy a calm repose,
pleasures equally substantial and subli
in lieu of tumultuous anxieties for life
comfortable hope of immortality. Ble
blessed, is he who knows the value o
tranquillity, who is capable of enjoy
of the groves, and all the pleasures o
The soul then tastes celestial delight,
deepest impressions of sorrow and de
its strength, collects new courage, and
fect freedom. The eye then looks wi
the transient sufferings of disease; the
feels a dread of being alone: and we
vate, during the remainder of our lives
round even the tomb of death.

These reflections upon the general

practised merely from a sense of duty. The
rgy afford instruction to the ignorant and consola-
ı to the afflicted. The lawyers protect the inno-
ıt and vindicate the injured. The physicians visit
sick, and administer relief to their complaints,
ether real or imaginary; but not, as they would
innate, from charitable feelings, and for the sake
humanity. Instruction, consolation, protection,
d health, are in such cases afforded not from any
rticular bias of the heart towards their respective
jects, but from a sense of duty which the professors
law, divinity, and physic, respectively entertain;
luty imposed upon them by their peculiar stations
society; and which it would be disgraceful in them
t to perform. The words, "*your known humanity*," words which always hurt my feelings, when
y introduce the subjects of the letters I daily re-
ive, are nothing but words of ceremony, a common
ıehood, introduced by flattery, and supported only
custom. Humanity is a high and important vir-
e, founded on a nobleness of soul of the first spe-
es: and how is it to be known whether a man per-
rms certain actions from this warm and generous
otive, or from a cold sense of duty? Good works
rtainly do not always proceed from motives com-
etely virtuous. The bosom of a man whose mind
constantly immersed in the corrupted currents of
e world, is generally shut against every thing that
truly good: he may, however, sometimes do good
ithout being virtuous; for he may be great in his
ctions, though little in his heart. Virtue is a quality
uch more rare than is generally imagined; and
nerefore the words *humanity*, *virtue*, *patriotism*,
ıd many others of similar kinds, should be used
ith greater caution than they usually are in the in-
rcourses of mankind. It is only upon particular
ccasions that they ought to be called forth; for by
aking them too familiar, their real import is weak-
ned, and the sense of those excellent qualities they
xpress, in a great degree destroyed. Who would
t blush to be called learned or humane, when he

nation, which a strict examination of our own hearts, and a silent communion with God, would certainly afford.

Sensible and unfortunate beings! the slight misfortunes by which you are now oppressed, and driven to despair (for light, indeed, they are, when compared with mine), will ultimately raise your minds above the low considerations of the world, and give a strength to your power which you now conceive to be impossible. You now think yourselves sunk into the deepest abyss of suffering and sorrow; but the time will soon arrive, when you will perceive yourselves in that happy state in which the mind verges from earth, and fixes its attention on heaven. You will then enjoy a calm repose, be susceptible of pleasures equally substantial and sublime, and possess, in lieu of tumultuous anxieties for life, the serene and comfortable hope of immortality. Blessed, supremely

ised merely from a sense of duty. The ord instruction to the ignorant and consola- e afflicted. The lawyers protect the inno- vindicate the injured. The physicians visit and administer relief to their complaints, real or imaginary; but not, as they would from charitable feelings, and for the sake ality. Instruction, consolation, protection, h, are in such cases afforded not from any bias of the heart towards their respective ut from a sense of duty which the professors ivinity, and physic, respectively entertain; ıposed upon them by their peculiar stations r; and which it would be disgraceful in them rform. The words, "*your known huma-* vords which always hurt my feelings, when ɔduce the subjects of the letters I daily re- e nothing but words of ceremony, a common , introduced by flattery, and supported only m. Humanity is a high and important vir- ıded on a nobleness of soul of the first spe- i how is it to be known whether a man per- rtain actions from this warm and generous ɔr from a cold sense of duty? Good works do not always proceed from motives com- virtuous. The bosom of a man whose mind ntly immersed in the corrupted currents of d, is generally shut against every thing that ;ood: he may, however, sometimes do good being virtuous; for he may be great in his though little in his heart. Virtue is a quality

Virtue, for ever frail as fair below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crov
Nor touches on the world without a
The world's infectious: few bring ba
Immaculate, the manners of the mor
Something we thought is blotted; we
Is shaken; we renounc'd, returns age
Each salutation may let in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former fa
Nor is it strange: light, motion, come
All scatter us abroad: thought, outwa
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies o
In fume and dissipation; quits her el
And leaves the breast unguarded to t

Virtue, indeed, of whatever description cannot be the produce of good example, examples are very rarely seen in the spring from a conviction, which silent r aspires, that goodness is superior to ever session, and alone constitutes the true l life. The greater variety, therefore, of tions, are generally performed in the sti

him, and extend his benevolence in various ways, without being seen by the world, or known by those on whom his favours are conferred.

Virtuous actions are certainly more easily and more freely performed in Solitude than in the world. In Solitude no man blushes at the sight of Virtue, nor fears to make her the beloved companion of his thoughts, and the sacred motive of his actions: but in the world she drags on an obscure existence, and, every where neglected, seems afraid to shew her face. The world is the school of vice, and its intercourse the most baneful species of education. Men possessed of the best inclinations are there surrounded by such a multitude of snares, and beset with such a variety of dangers, that error is daily unavoidable. Many men, who play high and conspicuous characters on the theatre of the world, are totally devoid of virtuous inclinations; others with excellently good dispositions, are totally incapable of performing any thing great or praiseworthy. Before we engage in the hurrying business of the day, we are perhaps kind, impartial, candid, and virtuous; for then the current of our tempers has not been disturbed or contaminated; but it is impossible, even with the greatest vigilance, to continue through the day perfect masters of ourselves, oppressed as we are with incumbent cares and vexations, tortured by a variety of unavoidable distractions, and obliged to conform to a thousand disagreeable and disgusting circumstances. The folly therefore of mystic minds was in forgetting that their souls was subjected to a body, and aiming, in consequence of that error, at the highest point of speculative virtue. The nature of the human character cannot be changed by living in a hermitage; but the exercise of virtue is certainly easier in those situations where it is exposed to the least danger, and then it loses all its merit. God created many hermits too weak to save themselves when plunged into the abyss, because he rendered them strong enough not to fall into it.

I *shall here subjoin* an excellent observation by a *celebrated Scotch Philosopher*: "It is the peculiar

is his chief aim: leaving [illegible]
cumbent on him to do, his mind is at
leaves the event to Providence. *His wi*
heaven, and his record is on high. Su
the approbation of God, and the testimon
conscience, he enjoys himself, and des
umphs of guilt. In proportion as such
ciples rule your heart, you will become
of the world, and will forbear complai
discouragements."

The first aim and only end of the Philo
may be found in this Treatise upon Solitu
commend this noble independence to the
mankind. It is not my doctrine that me
side in deserts, or sleep like owls in the h
of trees; but I am anxious to expel from
the excessive fear which they too frequen
of the opinion of the world. I would, a
consistent with their respective stations in
them independent: I wish them to break
fetters of prejudice, to imbibe a just cont
vices of society, and to seek occasionall
Solitude, where they may so far enlarge
of thought and action, as to be able to

ever is dangerous in our commerce with mankind. Perhaps, though virtue may appear, at first sight, to contract the bounds of enjoyment, you will find, upon reflection, that, in truth, it enlarges them: if it restrain the excess of some pleasures, it favours and increases others: it precludes you from none but such as are fantastic and imaginary, or pernicious and destructive. The rich proprietary loves to amuse himself in a contemplation of his wealth; the voluptuary in his entertainments; the man of the world with his friends and his assemblies; but the truly good man finds his pleasures in the scrupulous discharge of the august duties of life. He sees a new sun shining before him; thinks himself surrounded by a more pure and lively splendour; every object is embellished; and he gaily pursues his career. He who penetrates into the secret causes of things, who reads in the respectable obscurity of a wise Solitude, will return us public thanks. We immediately acquit ourselves more perfectly in business; we resist with greater ease the temptations of vice; and we owe all these advantages to the pious recollection which Solitude inspires, to our separation from mankind, and to an independence of the world."

Liberty, leisure, a quiet conscience, and a retirement from the world, are therefore the surest and most infallible means of acquiring a virtuous mind. The passions then need no longer be restrained, nor the fervour of the imagination damped; the evils of public example lose their effect, and we smile at the dangers by which we were before so justly alarmed. Domestic life is then no longer, as in the gay world, a scene of languor and disgust, the field of battle to every base and brutal passion, the dwelling-place of envy, vexation, and ill-humour: Peace and happiness inhabit the bosoms of those who avoid the sources of impure delight, and shed their benign and exhilarating influence on all around. He who shuns the contaminated circle of vice, who flies from the insolent behaviour *of proud stupidity*, or prosperous villany, *who has discovered* the vanity of worldly pur-

others shed them," said a German lady t
without appearing conscious that it w
possible to say or do any thing more ge
tue like this affords more real content
than all the enjoyments of the world, wh
sought to consume the tedious irksome h
drown the anxious cares which molest
its votaries. Although Vice is continuall
silken nets, and involving within her gl
such multitudes of every rank and station
a villain in existence whose mind does
acknowledge that Virtue is the corner
Temple of Felicity, as well in the habit
world as in the bowers of Solitude; and t
over every seductive desire, whether pr
proaching, and to conquer vice by the pr
ful pleasure, is a victory of the noblest kin
by virtue, and rewarded by happiness. H
man who carries with him into Solitude
mind which such a victory procures, for
be able to preserve it in its genuine purit
service would it be to leave the world, a
tranquillity of retirement, while misan
[illegible]

nkind: we must learn to shun the
d, without relinquishing our wishes

: of the virtue we acquire in Soli-
n ability to appreciate things ac-
l value, without paying any regard
he multitude. When Rome, after
: pirates, removed Lucullus from
ny, in order to give the command
ıd resigned by this act the govern-
: to the discretion of a single man,
beat his breast as a token of grief
with the honour, and exclaimed,
tinually to be involved in endless
uch happier should I have been had
ıknown, or my merits concealed!
y in the field of battle? Must my
ieved from this weight of armour?
ɔe from the envy that pursues me,
re with content and tranquillity to
rural Solitude, with my wife and
oke truth in the language of disi-
ad not yet learned really to esteem
ıssessed of ambition and the lust of
r did he yet contemn that which,
e republic, every Roman who was
d, esteemed more than all other
ius Curius, the noblest Roman of
ressed the sentiments which Pom-
aving vanquished several warlike
rhus out of Italy, and enjoyed three
of a triumph, he retired to his cot-
', and there cultivated with his own
ıis little farm, where, when the am-
.e Samnites arrived to offer him a
;old, he was found, seated in his
ressing turnips. The noble recluse
t, and gave the ambassadors this an-
ıt can be satisfied with such a supper,
d: and I think it more glorious to
s of it, than to possess it myself."

...rvice of man
Every man of candour, rel
pities the condition of virtuo
the best of sovereigns are n
fears and jealousies. Their fe
of a laborious and contented h
sures are neither so pure nor
they even experience the same
leyed content. The provisions
are course, but to his appetite t
bed is hard, but he goes to it
labours of the day, and sleeps
straw than monarchs on their b

CHAP. VI.

The Advantages of Solitu

THE advantages of Solitude a
rank, to fortune, or to circumst
breezes, magnificent forests, richly
and that endless variety of beautif
the birth of Spring

long pent up in cities, no rural object can be pre
sented which will not delight or refresh some of hi
senses."

Exiles themselves frequently experience the advan
tages and enjoyments of Solitude. Instead of th
world from which they are banished, they form, i
the tranquillity of retirement, a new world for them
selves; forget the false joys and fictitious pleasure
which they followed in the zenith of greatness, habi
tuate their minds to others of a nobler kind, mor
worthy the attention of rational beings; and to pas
their days with tranquillity, invent a variety of inno
cent felicities, which are only thought of at a distanc
from society, far removed from all consolation, fa
from their country, their families, and their friends.

But exiles, if they wish to ensure happiness in re
tirement, must, like other men, fix their minds upo
some one object, and adopt the pursuit of it in such
a way as to revive their buried hopes, or to excite th
prospect of approaching pleasure.

Maurice, Prince of Isenbourg, distinguished himsel

Instead of palliating remedies, l
knife and the caustic, search the
and work an immediate and ra

Perpetual banishment, like ni
certainly strengthens the power
ables the sufferer to collect suffi
his misfortunes. Solitude, inde
situation to those exiles who a
the pleasing sympathies of the
experience pleasures that were
from that moment forget those t
flourishing and prosperous cond

Brutus, when he visited the l
his retreat to Mitylene, found h
est felicities of which human nat
devoting his time, as before h
study of every useful science.
the example this unexpected sc
on his return, that it was Brutus
not Marcellus whom he left bel
lus Numidicus had experience

solved rather to perish than behold their country unjustly deprived of so much merit: but this magnanimous Roman, whom no persuasion could induce to do wrong, declined to increase the confusion of the commonwealth by encouraging resistance, conceiving it a duty he owed to the laws, not to suffer any sedition to take place on his account. Contenting himself with protesting his innocence, and sincerely lamenting the public phrensy, he exclaimed, as Plato had done before during the distractions of the Athenian commonwealth, "If the times should mend, I shall recover my station; if not, it is a happiness to be absent from Rome;" and departed without regret into exile, fully convinced of its advantages to a mind incapable of finding repose except on foreign shores, and which at Rome must have been incessantly tortured by the hourly sight of a sickly state and an expiring republic.

Rutilius, also, feeling the same contempt for the sentiments and manners of the age, voluntarily withdrew himself from the corrupted metropolis of the republic. Asia had been defended by his integrity and courage against the ruinous and oppressive extortion of the publicans. These noble and spirited exertions, which he was prompted to make not only from his high sense of justice, but in the honourable discharge of the particular duties of his office, drew on him the indignation of the Equestrian Order, and excited the animosity of the faction which supported the interests of Marius. They induced the vile and infamous Apicius to become the instrument of his destruction. He was accused of corruption! and, as the authors and abettors of this false accusation sat as judges on his trial, Rutilius, the most innocent and virtuous citizen of the republic, was of course condemned; for, indeed, he scarcely condescended to defend the cause. Seeking an asylum in the East, this truly respectable Roman, whose merits were not only overlooked, but traduced, by his ungrateful country, was every where received with profound veneration and unqualified *applause*. He had, however, before *the term of his exile expired*, an opportunity of ex-

is a memorable exception to th
and contented exiles. This elo
been publicly proclaimed, "
Country," who had pursued
daunted perseverance, in defian
of a desperate faction, and th
of hired assassins, sunk into
under a sentence of exile. T
stitution had long been impaire
and fatigue; and the terrors
pressed his mind, that he lost al
came, from the deep melancholy
him, totally incapable of adopti
pursuing spirited measures. E
manly conduct he disgraced an
vidence intended to render his
determined where to go, or wh
with effeminate sighs and childis
now no longer enjoy the luxuri
splendour of his rank, or the cha
Weeping over the ruins of his

gratitude would be effaced by the contempt and
on to which a benefactor, whom he had shame-
abandoned, thus meanly exposed his character.
as himself, whose mind was bent on magnificence
money, and who, by his temporizing talents,
voured to preserve the friendship of all parties
ut enlisting in any, blushed for the unmanly
ct of Cicero; and, in the censorial style of Cato,
d of his own plausible dialect, severely re-
hed him for continuing so meanly attached to
rmer fortunes. Solitude had no influence over
nd so weak and depressed as to turn the worst
f every object to its view. He died, however,
greater heroism than he lived, "Approach, old
r!" cried he, from his litter, to Popilius Lœnas,
rmer client and present murderer, "and, if you
the courage, take my life."

hese instances," says Lord Bolingbroke, "shew,
a change of place, simply considered, can
r no man unhappy; so the other evils which
bjected to exile, either cannot happen to wise
rtuous men, or, if they do happen to them,
t render them miserable. Stones are hard, and
of ice are cold, and all who feel them feel
; but the good or the bad events which fortune
upon us, are felt according to the qualities that
ot they, possess. They are in themselves in-
nt and common accidents, and they acquire
th by nothing but our vice or our weakness.
ne can dispense neither felicity nor infelicity,
we co-operate with her. Few men who
happy under the loss of an estate, would be
r in the possession of it; and those who deserve
joy the advantages which exile takes away,
not be unhappy when they are deprived of
."

exile, however, cannot hope to see his days
quietly away in rural delights and philosophic
e, except he has conscientiously discharged those
which he owed to the world, and given that
le of rectitude to future ages, which every

character exhibits who is as great after his fall as he was at the most brilliant period of his prosperity.

CHAP. VII.

The Advantages of Solitude in Old Age, and on the Bed of Death.

THE decline of life, and particularly the condition of *old age*, derive from Solitude the purest sources of uninterrupted enjoyment. Old age, when considered as a period of comparative quietude and repose, as a serious and contemplative interval between a transitory existence and an approaching immortality, is perhaps, the most agreeable condition of human life; a condition to which Solitude affords a secure harbour against those shattering tempests to which the frail bark of man is continually exposed in the short but

The levity of youth, by this communion large and high, will be repressed, and the depression which sometimes accompanies old age entirely removed. An unceasing succession of gay hopes, fond desires, ardent wishes, high delights, and unfounded fancies, form the character of our early years; but those which follow are marked with melancholy and increasing sorrows. A mind, however, that is invigorated by observation and experience, remains dauntless and unmoved, amidst both the prosperities and adversities of life. He who is no longer forced to exert his powers, and who, at an early period of his life, has well studied the manners of men, will complain very little of the ingratitude with which his favours and anxieties have been requited. All he asks is, that the world will let him alone: and having a thorough knowledge, not only of his own character but of mankind, he is enabled to enjoy the comforts of repose.

It is finely remarked by a celebrated German, that there are political as well as religious Carthusians, and that both orders are sometimes composed of most excellent and pious characters. "It is," says this admirable writer, "in the deepest and most sequestered recesses of forests that we meet with the peaceful sage, the calm observer, the friend of truth, and the lover of his country, who renders himself beloved by his wisdom, revered for his knowledge, respected for his veracity, and adored for his benevolence; whose confidence and friendship every one is anxious to gain; and who excites admiration by the eloquence of his conversation, and esteem by the virtue of his actions, while he raises wonder by the obscurity of his name, and the mode of his existence. The giddy multitude solicit him to relinquish his Solitude, and seat himself on the throne; but they perceive inscribed on his forehead, beaming with sacred fire, *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo;* and, instead of being his seducers, become his disciples." But, alas! this extraordinary character, whom I saw some years *ago in Westerwik*, who inspired me with filial re-

verence and affection, and whose animated countenance announced the superior wisdom and happy tranquillity of his mind, is now no more. There did not perhaps at that time exist in any court a more profound statesman: he was intimately acquainted with all, and corresponded personally with some of the most celebrated sovereigns of Europe. I never met with an observer who penetrated with such quick and accurate sagacity into the minds and characters of men, who formed such true opinions of the world, or criticised with such discerning accuracy the actions of those who were playing important parts on its various theatres. There never was a mind more free, more enlarged, more powerful, or more engaging; or an eye more lively and inquisitive. He was the man, of all others, in whose company I could have lived with the highest pleasure, and died with the greatest comfort. The rural habitation in which he lived was simple in its structure, and modest in

which at length became so acute, that he frequently raved wildly, or fainted away under the excess of his pains.

It is observed by one of our refined critics, that "all Rousseau wrote during his old age is the effect of madness." "Yes," replied his fair friend, with greater truth, "but he raved so pleasantly, that we are delighted to run mad with him."

The mind becomes more disposed to seek its "Guardian Angel and its God," the nearer it approaches the confines of mortality. When the ardent fire of youth is extinguished, and the meridian heat of life's short day subsides into the soft tranquillity and refreshing quietude of its evening, we feel the important necessity of devoting some few hours to pious meditation before we close our eyes in endless night; and the very idea of being able to possess this interval of holy leisure, and to hold this sacred communion with God, recreates the mind, like the approach of spring after a dull, a dreary, and a distressing winter.

Petrarch scarcely perceived the approaches of old age. By constant activity he contrived to render retirement always happy, and year after year rolled unperceived away in pleasures and tranquillity. Seated in a verdant arbour in the vicinity of a Carthusian monastery, about three miles from Milan, he wrote to his friend Settimo with a simplicity of heart unknown in modern times. "Like a wearied traveller, I increase my pace in proportion as I approach the end of my journey. I pass my days and nights in reading and writing: these agreeable occupations alternately relieve each other, and are the only sources from whence I derive my pleasures. I lie awake and think, and divert my mind by every means in my power; and my ardour increases as new difficulties arise. Novelties incite, and obstacles sharpen, my resistance. The labours I endure are certain, for my hand is tired of holding my pen: but whether I shall reap the harvest of my toils I cannot tell. I *am anxious to transmit my* name to posterity: but if

I am disappointed in this wish, I am satisfied the age in which I live, or at least my friends, will know me, and this fame will satisfy me. My health is so good, my constitution so robust, and my temperament so warm, that neither the advance of years, nor the most serious occupation, have power to conquer the rebellious enemy by which I am incessantly attacked. I should certainly become its victim, as I have frequently been, if Providence did not protect me. On the approach of spring, I take up arms against the flesh, and am even at this moment struggling for my liberty against this dangerous enemy."

A rural retreat, however lonely or obscure, contributes to increase the fame of those great and noble characters who relinquish the world at an advanced period of their lives, and pass the remainder of their days in rational Solitude: their lustre beams from their retirement with brighter rays than those which shone around them in their earliest days, and on the

mind, and that he had very improperly his duties, by discovering in his *Confes-* oral defects and vicious inclinations of "Such a work written by a man of vir- ue, "would render him an object of ab- at Rousseau, whose writings are calcu- tivate the wicked, proves, by his story of *Vole*, that he possesses a heart of the . It is evident, from many passages in ion, that it was vanity alone which guided d from many others, that he felt himself e was disclosing falsehoods. There is hort, throughout the work, that bears the uth; and all it informs us of is, that Warens was the original from which he haracter of Julia. These unjustly cele- *fessions* contain, generally speaking, a fine words, and but very few good f, instead of rejecting every opportunity ; himself in life, he had engaged in some profession, he might have been more world than he has been by the publica- angerous writings."

nparable criticism upon Rousseau merits ; for, in my opinion, it is the only one The *Confessions* of Rousseau is a work t proper for the eye of youth; but to me ne of the most remarkable philosophic that the present age has produced. The d enchanting colours in which it is writ- least merits. The most distant posterity with rapture, without inquiring what age le author had attained when he gave to is last proof of his sincerity.

ever advanced, is capable of enjoying e. A virtuous old man passes his days gaiety, and receives, in the happiness m the benedictions of all around him, rd for the rectitude and integrity of his ır the mind reviews with joyful satisfac- *rable and self*-approving transactions;

nor does the near prospect of the tomb give fearful emotion to his undismayed and steady soul.

The Empress Maria Theresa has caused her own mausoleum to be erected, and frequently, accompanied by her family, visits with serenity and composure, a monumental depository, the idea of which conveys such painful apprehension to almost every mind. Pointing it out to the observation of her children, "ought we to be proud or arrogant," says she, "when we here behold the tomb in which, after a few years, the poor remains of royalty must quietly repose?"

There are few men capable of thinking with so much sublimity. Every one, however, is capable of retiring, at least occasionally, from the corruptions of the world; and, if during this calm retreat, they shall happily learn to estimate their past days with propriety, and to live the remainder in private virtue and public utility, the tomb will lose its menacing

Divine Nature fills the heart with religious devotion; and the sublime effect of religion is tranquillity. When the mind is once touched with the true precepts of our holy religion, the vanities of the world lose their charms, and the bosom feels the miseries and sorrments of humanity with diminished anguish. All around is calm and quiet. The tumultuous din of society appears like thunder rolling at a distance: and the pious recluse joyfully exclaims, in the words of the poet,

"Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed,
The world's a stately bark on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of Death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager Ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursu'd, each other's prey,
As wolves for rapine: as the fox for wiles;
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all."

When Addison perceived that he was given over by his physicians, and felt his end approaching, he sent for Lord Warwick, a young man of very irregular life and loose opinions, whom he had diligently but vainly endeavoured to reclaim, but who by no means wanted respect for the person of his preceptor, and was sensible of the loss he was about to sustain. When he entered the chamber of his dying friend, Addison, who was extremely feeble, and whose life at that moment hung quivering on his lips, observed a *profound silence.* The youth, after a long and *awful pause, at length* said, in low and trembling

accents, "Sir, you desired to see me: signify your commands, and be assured I will execute them with religious fidelity." Addison took him by the hand, and with his expiring breath replied, "Observe with what tranquillity a Christian can die." Such is the consolation which springs from a due sense of the principles, and a proper practice of the precepts, of our holy religion: such is the high reward a life of simplicity and innocence bestows.

Religion's force divine is but display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid;
To succour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart when terror strikes the sight
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise,
To triumph at misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those who came to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away

nd clear sky may afford him, than at his
)ily eluded such a multitude of dangers.
s consecrated to God in Solitude, are not
)st important, but when we are habituated
/ communion, the happiest of our lives.
we silently elevate our thoughts towards
uthor of our being, we recur to a contem-
urselves; and being rendered sensible of
approach, not only in idea, but in reality,
of eternal felicity, we retire, without re-
the noisy multitude of the world. A phi-
ew and complete knowledge of the nature
:ies creep by degrees upon the mind; we
our characters with greater severity; feel
ibled force the necessity of a reformation;
with substantial effect on the glorious end
we were created. Conscious that human
acceptable to the Almighty mind only in
as they are prompted by motives of the
ue, men ought benevolently to suppose that
d work springs from an untainted source,
formed merely for the benefit of mankind;
actions are exposed to the influence of a
secondary causes, and cannot always be
production of an unbiassed heart. Good
wever, from whatever motive they arise,
nvey a certain satisfaction and complacency
nd. But when the real merit of the per-
to be actually investigated, the inquiry must
, whether the mind was not actuated by
ews, by the hope of gratifying a momentary
)y the feelings of self-love, rather than by
ithies of brotherly affection? and these subtle
rtant questions are certainly discussed with
utiny, and the motives of the heart explored
loped with greater sincerity, during those
ien we are alone before God than in any
ation.

. . . . . Safety dwells
from multitude. The world's a school

Few are the faults we flatter when al
Vice sinks in her allurements; is ungi
And looks, like other objects, black b
Night is fair Virtue's immemorial frie
By night the atheist half believes a G

Firm and untainted virtue, indeed, e
easily and efficaciously acquired, as by p
precepts of Christianity in the bowers
Religion refines our moral sentiments, di
heart from every vain desire, renders
under misfortunes, humble in the prese
and steady in the society of men. A l
the practice of every virtue, affords us a
for all the hours we have consecrated
and enables us in the silence of Solitude
pure hands and chaste hearts in pious
our Almighty Father!

How "low, flat, stale, and unprofita
the uses of this world," when the mind,
ing beyond this lower sphere, indulges t
the pleasures which result from a life c
and virtue may be faintly analagous to

although they agreeably flatter our imaginations, shed at present but a glimmering light upon this awful subject, and must continue, like dreams and visions of the mind, until the clouds and thick darkness which surround the tomb of mortality no longer obscure the bright glories of everlasting life; until the veil shall be rent asunder, and the Eternal shall reveal those things which no eye hath seen, no ear hath heard, and which passeth all understanding. For I acknowledge, with awful reverence, and silent submission, that the knowledge of eternity is to the human intellect like that which the colour of crimson appeared to be in the mind of a blind man, who compared it to the sound of a trumpet. I cannot, however, conceive, that a notion more comfortable can be entertained, than that eternity promises a constant and uninterrupted tranquillity; although I am perfectly conscious that it is impossible to form an adequate idea of the nature of that enjoyment which is produced by a happiness without end. An everlasting tranquillity is, in my imagination, the highest possible felicity, because I know of no felicity upon earth higher than that which a peaceful mind and contented heart afford.

Since, therefore, internal and external tranquillity is, upon earth, an incontestible commencement of beatitude, it may be extremely useful to believe, that a rational and qualified seclusion from the tumults of the world may so highly rectify the faculties of the human soul, as to enable us to acquire in "blissful Solitude" the elements of that happiness we expect to enjoy in the world to come.

He is the happy man, whose life e'en now,
Shews somewhat of that happier life to come:
Who, doom'd to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleas'd with it, and, were he free to choose
Would make his fate his choice: whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one

Content, indeed, to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home,
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects more illustrious in her view;
And occupy'd as earnestly as she,
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures for she knows them not;
He seeks not hers, for he has prov'd them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like such rare birds
Pursuing gilded flies, and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a Heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be reveal'd.

SOLITUDE.

PART II.



SOLITUDE;

OR, THE

US INFLUENCE OF A TOTAL SE-
:LUSION FROM SOCIETY

UPON THE

D AND THE HEART.

CHAP. I.

Introduction.

)E, in its strict and literal acceptation, is unfriendly to the happiness, and foreign to if mankind. An inclination to exercise the eech, to interchange the sentiments of the lulge the affections of the heart, and to re- elves, while they bestow on others, a kind id support, drives men, by an ever active, irresistible impulse, from Solitude to so- teaches them that the highest temporal are capable of enjoying, must be sought able union of the sexes, and in a friendly with their fellow-creatures. The pro- ductions of reason, the highest flights of inest sensibilities of the heart, the happiest of science, and the most valuable produc- are feebly felt, and imperfectly enjoyed, in id cheerless region of Solitude. It is not less rock, or to the passing gale, that we torily communicate our pleasures and our e heavy sighs which incessantly transpire acant bosoms of the solitary hermit and isanthropist, indicate the absence of those *ts which ever accompany* congenial senti- *utual affection.* The soul sinks under a



Unhappy he! who
Society, cut off, is le
Amid this world of d

Society, however, althou
us, as it were, by the fing
means of reaching our high
felicity, is so pregnant wit
entirely on ourselves, whet
instinctive propensity shall
or misery.

"
. . . . all have
But such as to themselv
Our faults are at the bo
Error, in acts of judgme
Of endless sorrow . . .

The pleasures of Society,
other kind, must to be pure
perate and discreet. While
sensibility cherishes, reason n
be the object of our course.
happiness in a vague, despite-

Who give each appetite too loose a rein,
Push all enjoyment to the verge of pain;
Impetuous follow where the Passions call,
And live in rapture, or not live at all;"

ill, instead of lasting and satisfactory fruition, meet
nly with sorrowful disappointment. This mode of
eking society is not a rational indulgence of that
atural passion which Heaven, in its benevolence to
an, has planted in the human heart; but merely a
.ctitious desire, an habitual pruriency, produced by
estless leisure, and encouraged by vanity and dissi-
ation. Social happiness, true and essential social
appiness, resides only in the bosom of love and in
e arms of friendship: and can only be really en-
yed by congenial hearts and kindred minds, in the
omestic bowers of privacy and retirement. Affec-
onate intercourse produces an inexhaustible fund of
elight. It is the perennial sunshine of the mind.
Vith what extreme anxiety do we all endeavour to
nd an amiable being with whom we may form a
nder tie and close attachment, who may inspire
e with unfading bliss, and receive increase of happi-
ess from our endearments and attention! How
reatly do such connexions increase the kind and
enevolent dispositions of the heart! and how greatly
o such dispositions, while they lead the mind to the
njoyment of domestic happiness, awaken all the
irtues, and call forth the best and strongest energies
f the soul! Deprived of the chaste and endearing
ympathies of love and friendship, the species sink into
rass sensuality or mute indifference, neglect the im-
rovement of their faculties, and renounce all anxiety
o please; but incited by these propensities, the sexes
nutually exert their powers, cultivate their talents,
all every intellectual energy into action; and, by en-
eavouring to promote each other's happiness, mutu-
lly secure their own.

"As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So man from Friendship wisdom and delight;

Twins tied by Nature; if they part, they die.
Hast thou no mind to set thy friend abroach?
Good sense will stagnate: thoughts shut up, want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet *speech* had been denied:
It ventilates our intellectual fires,
And burnishes the mental magazine;
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use.
'Tis converse qualifies for Solitude,
As exercise for salutary rest.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies or damps all *undivided* joy.
Joy flies monopolists; it calls for *two*.
Rich fruit! Heaven-planted; never pluck'd by *one*.
Needful auxiliaries are our *friends*, to give
To social man true relish of himself."

Adverse circumstances, however, frequently pre-

The present age, however, is not likely to produce any such unnatural characters, for the manners of e whole world, and particularly of Europe, were rver, perhaps, more disposed to company. The ge for public entertainments seems to have infected l the classes of society. The pleasures of private fe seem to be held in universal detestation and con-mpt; opprobrious epithets defame the humble en-yments of domestic love; and those whose hours :e not consumed in unmeaning visits, or unsocial arties, are regarded as censors of the common con-uct of the world, or as enemies to their fellow-crea-ures: but although mankind appear so extremely ocial, they certainly were never less friendly and af-ectionate. Neither rank, nor sex, nor age, is free rom this pernicious habit. Infants, before they can vell lisp the rudiments of speech, are initiated into he idle ceremonies and parade of company; and can carcely meet their parents or their playmates with-ut being obliged to perform a punctilious salutation. Formal card-parties, and petty treats, engross the ime that should be devoted to healthful exercise and manly recreation. The manners of the metropolis are imitated with inferior splendour, but with greater absurdity, in the country: every village has its routs and its assemblies, in which the curled darlings of the place blaze forth in feathered lustre and awkward magnificence; and while the charming simplicity of one sex is destroyed by affectation, the honest virtues of the other by dissolute gallantry, and the passions of both inflamed by vicious and indecent mirth, the grave elders of the districts are trying their tempers and impoverishing their purses at sixpenny whist and cassino.

" . . . , . . . All deem
One moment unamus'd a misery
Not made for feeble man; all call aloud
For every bauble drivell'd o'er by sense,
For rattles and *conceits of* every cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joys,

To drag them through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day."

The spirit of dissipation has reached even the vagrant tribe. The gypsies of Germany suspend their predatory excursions, and on one previously-appointed evening in every week, assemble to enjoy their guilty spoils in the fumes of strong waters and tobacco. The place of rendezvous is generally the vicinity of a mill, the proprietor of which, by affording to these wandering tribes an undisturbed asylum, not only secures his property from their depradations, but, by the idle tales with which they contrive to amuse the ear, respecting the characters and conduct of his neighbours, furnishes himself with new subjects of conversation for his next evening's coterie.

Minds that derive all their pleasures from the levity and mirth of promiscuous company, are seldom able to contribute in any high degree to their own

ke the purchase; few the price will pay:
this makes friends such *miracles* below.

wearied pleasurist, sinking under the weight
ays upon his spirits, flies to scenes of public
r private splendour, in fond, but vain expec-
that they will dispel his discontent, and recre-
mind; but he finds, alas! that the fancied asy-
fords him no rest. The ever-craving appetite
time grows by what it feeds on; and the worm,
levoured his delight amidst the sylvan scenery
ade, still accompanies him to crowded halls of
e and festivity. While he eagerly embraces
bject that promises to supply the direful va-
f his mind, he exhausts its remaining strength;
s the wound he is so anxiously endeavouring
; and by too eagerly grasping at the phantom
e, loses, perhaps for ever, the substantial power
g happy.

, whose minds are capable of higher enjoy-
always feel these perturbed sensations, when,
into a fashionable party, they find nothing to
curiosity, or interest their feelings; and where
e pestered by the frivolous importunities of
or whom they cannot entertain either friend-
esteem. How, indeed, is it possible for a sen-
ind to feel the slightest approbation, when a
ab, enamoured of his own eloquence, and swoln
e pride of self-conceited merit, tires, by his lo
se nonsense, all around him?

great Leibnitz was observed by his servant fre-
r to take notes while he sat at church; and the
ic very rationally conceived that he was mak-
ervations on the subject of the sermon: but it
s consistent with the character of this philoso-
o conclude, that he was indulging the powers
own capacious and excursive mind, when those
preacher ceased to interest him. Thus it hap-
hat while the multitude are driven from Soli-
society, by being tired of themselves, there
e, *and those* not a few, who seek refuge in



Tantalus, always in view
The activity of such chara
end; they are perpetually i
any progress: they spur o
and then complain of the
because they have made no
they "take no note of time
follows year, only to increa
bright beam of Aurora wa
turbed repose, it is only to
they are to drag through the
of seasons produces no cha
positions; and every hou
equal indifference and disco

The pleasures of society,
are attended with such unl
cious consequences, to men
rupted hearts, who only foll
of indulging the follies, and
which they have given birth

a society, while it adds firmness to the character, gives a fashion to the manners; and opens immediately to the view, the delightful models of wisdom and integrity. It is only in such society, that man can rationally hope to exercise, with any prospect of success, that *latent principle*, which continually prompts him to pursue the *high felicity* of which he feels his nature capable, and of which the Creator has permitted him to form a faint idea.

"In every human heart there lies reclin'd
Some atom pregnant with ethereal mind;
Some plastic power, some intellectual ray,
Some genial sun-beam from the source of day;
Something that warms, and, restless to aspire,
Wakes the young heart, and sets the soul on fire;
And bids us all our inborn powers employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy."

Sorrow frequently drives its unhappy victims from Solitude into the vortex of society as a means of relief;

of retirement are dreary and disgu

To all those, indeed, whom Vic
guilt, and whose bosoms are stun
remorse, Solitude is doubly terri
from its shades to scenes of worl
hope of being able to silence the
violated conscience in the tumult
attempt!

"Guilt is the source of Sorrow!
Th' avenging fiend that follows t
With whips and stings. The blest
But rest in everlasting peace of
And find the height of all their be

Solitude, indeed, as well as rel
presented in such dismal, disag
those who were incapable of tas
enjoying its advantages, that man
from all their schemes of happine
to alleviate the bitterness of some

its uninterrupted quietude will enable them to expatiate on the fulness of their felicity; and they will turn their eyes with soft compassion on the miseries of the world, when compared with the blessings they enjoy.

Strongly, therefore, as the *social principle* operates in our breast; and necessary as it is, when properly regulated, to the improvement of our minds, the refinement of our manners, and the amelioration of our hearts; yet some portion of our time ought to be devoted to rational retirement: and we must not conclude that those who occasionally abstain from the tumultuous pleasures, and promiscuous enjoyments of the world, are morose characters, or of peevish dispositions; nor stigmatize those who appear to prefer the calm delights of Solitude to the tumultuous pleasures of the world, as unnatural and anti-social.

"Whoever thinks, must see that man was made
To face the storm, not languish in the shade:



ments; but to
of retirement a

To all those,
guilt, and who
remorse, Solitu
from its shades
hope of being a
violated conscie
attempt!

"Guilt is the so
Th' avenging fie
With whips and
But rest in everl
And find the hel

Solitude, indeed
presented in such
those who were in
enjoying its advan
from all their schem
to alleviate the bitte
or temporary adver

The inclination to retire, in cases of this de-
, arises from a fear of meeting the reproaches
gard of an unpitying and reflecting world,
from that erect spirit which disposes the mind
ojoyment.

lisgust arising from satiety of worldly plea-
equently induces a temporary desire for Soli-
he dark and gloomy nature, indeed, of this
on, is such as neither the splendours of a
nor the light of philosophy, are able to irra-
d dispel. The austere and petulant Heracli-
ndoned all the pleasures and comforts of
in the vain hope of being able to gratify
ontented mind, by indulging an antipathy
his fellow-creatures: flying from their pre-
e retired, like his predecessor Timon, to a
untain, where he lived for many years among
ts of the desart, on the rude produce of the



minded men prevent
from feeling these moti
ing the sweets of unmo
sures are pursued in p
ent goals: and the real,
retirement is a charac
seems to prove the truth
tion, that he who is rea
be either more or less tha
while the wise and virt
an uncommon and trans
ter, the vicious and the
weight, and sink even l
Retirement gives additio
of those who seek it fro
ence, but loosens the feel
only seek it from novelty

To render Solitude ser
mind, and the sensibilitie
equal, and reciprocally re
of intellect, when joined
its possessor into all the tu
and when mingled with
him to the cloister

ivate benefits of their fellow-creatures; and they
ist every opposing obstacle with courage, and bear
ery adversity with fortitude, under those cheering
ntiments, and proud delights, which result from the
rsuits of active charity and benevolence, even
ough their career be thwarted by those whose ad-
ntages they design to promote. The exhilarating
a of being instrumental in affording relief to suffer-
humanity, reconciles every difficulty, however
at; prompts to new exertions, however fruitless;
d sustains them in those arduous conflicts, in which
who aspire to promote the interest, and improve
happiness of mankind, must occasionally engage,
ecially when opposed by the pride and profligacy
the rich and great, and the obstinacy and caprice
the ignorant and unfeeling. But the most virtuous
d steady minds cannot always bear up against "a
of troubles, or, by opposing, end them:" and,

the soul: but they had happily enriched their minds with notions far superior to all those whic[h] flow from the corrupted scenes of vitiated pleasure[s]; and they found, in Solitude, a soft and tranquil pl[ea]sure, which invited their perturbed minds, and at l[ength] hallow their feelings into calm repose. These [characters] were betrayed for a time by the circumst[ances] which surrounded their exalted stations into [an] excess of enjoyment; but they were able to reti[re] to the simple occupations, and to enjoy the tranquil [amusements] of retirement, with as much satisfaction [as] they had formerly pursued the political intrigues of [the] cabinet, the hostile glories of the field, or the softer [indulgence] of peaceful luxury; and were thereby ren[dered] capable of deriving comfort and consolatio[n] from t[hat] source which seems only to heighten and [exaspe]rate the miseries of those whose minds are total[ly] absor[bed] in the dissipations of life.

The motives, indeed, which lead me[n] eith[er]

of their fellow-creatures; and they
sing obstacle with courage, and bear
with fortitude, under those cheering
proud delights, which result from the
ve charity and benevolence, even
eer be thwarted by those whose ad-
sign to promote. The exhilarating
trumental in affording relief to suffer-
reconciles every difficulty, however
o new exertions, however fruitless;
n in those arduous conflicts, in which
promote the interest, and improve
mankind, must occasionally engage,
pposed by the pride and profligacy
reat, and the obstinacy and caprice
nd unfeeling. But the most virtuous
cannot always bear up against "a
or, by opposing, end them;" and,
porary adversities, will arraign the
ndition, and sigh for the shades of
illity. How transcendant must be
f a great and good minister, who,
ously attended to the important bu-
e, and disengaged himself from the
some occupation of official detail,
l in the calm of some delightful re-
of taste, and thoughts of fancy and
change, indeed, both of scene and
olutely necessary, not only in the
tant employments, but even in the
ions and idle amusements of life.
from contrast. The most charming
ortion of its power to delight, by
beheld. Alternate Society and So-
ary to the full enjoyment both of
he world and the delights of retire-
wever, asserted by the celebrated
was far from being inactive, that
n of the original purity of our na-
height of human happiness is in
illity. Tranquillity, indeed, is the

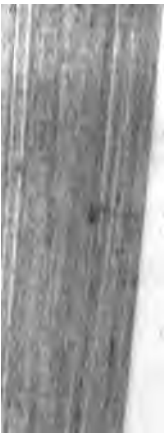
the foaming billows, and antici
he hopes to enjoy when he
shore! Even kings grow we
slavery, and nobles sicken und
All, in short, feel less delight i
of worldly pursuits, however
they may be, than in the idea
relinquish them, and retire to

"..... some calm
The world forgetting by th

The restless and ambitious P
and tranquillity would be the
enterprising conquests. Fred
vered, perhaps unintentionall
satisfactory the idea of tranqu
when, immediately after he ha
important victory, he exclaime
"Oh that my anxieties may
emperor Joseph also displaye
this passion for tranquillity and
asking the famous German p



sations with his friends, he frequently acknow-
, that of all arts the most difficult was that of
g; and he expressed himself on that favourite
with a degree of warmth which could be the
only of experience. "How often," was he
omed to say, "is it the interest of four or five
ers to combine together to deceive their so-
n? Secluded from mankind by his exalted
y, the truth is concealed from his knowledge;
only see with their eyes; he hears nothing but
misrepresentations. He confers the most im-
ıt offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces
ost virtuous and deserving among his subjects;
y such infamous acts the best and wisest princes
ld to the venal corruption of their courtiers."
t estimate of greatness and the assurance of im-
l fame, improve our relish for the pleasures of
ment.



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vate condition af
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princes to whom h
world. It is seld
business have form
themselves, and in
regret the want of
letters and of dev
sources in solitude,



conversations with his friends, he frequently acknowledged, that of all arts the most difficult was that of reigning; and he expressed himself on that favourite topic with a degree of warmth which could be the result only of experience. "How often," was he accustomed to say, "is it the interest of four or five ministers to combine together to deceive their sovereign? Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity, the truth is concealed from his knowledge; he can only see with their eyes; he hears nothing but their misrepresentations. He confers the most important offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects; and by such infamous acts the best and wisest princes are sold to the venal corruption of their courtiers." A just estimate of greatness and the assurance of immortal fame, improve our relish for the pleasures of retirement.

Zenobia, the celebrated queen of Palmyra and the East, a female whose superior genius broke through the servile indolence imposed on her sex by the climate and manners of Asia, the most lovely as well as the most heroic of her sex, who spread the terror of her arms over Arabia, Armenia, and Persia, and kept even the legions of the Roman empire in awe, was, after the two great battles of Antioch and Emesa, at length subdued, and made the illustrious captive of the emperor Aurelian; but the conqueror, respecting the sex, the beauty, the courage, and endowments of the Syrian queen, not only preserved her life, but presented her with an elegant villa at Tibur or Tivoli, about twenty miles from Rome; where, in happy tranquillity, she fed the greatness of her soul with the noble images of Homer, and the exalted precepts of Plato; supported the adversity of her fortunes with fortitude and resignation; and learnt that the anxieties attendant on ambition are happily exchanged for the enjoyments of ease, and the comforts of philosophy.

Charles the Fifth resigned the government of the *empire to his brother, the* king of the Romans; and



...s, he wa
of the monastery
of St. Jerome, nc
and observed to
a spot to which
pleasure. The it
and he determin
retreat. It was
watered by a sma
grounds covered w
of the soil, as well
was esteemed the
tion in Spain. Son
he had sent an arc
ment to the monast
he gave strict orde
should be such as
than his former dig
rooms; four of them
naked walls; the oth
were hung with bro
most simple manner:
the ground, with a do
of which Charles hims

These instances of resignation and retirement, to which many others might have been added, sufficiently prove, that a desire to live in free leisure, independent of the restraints of society, is one of the most powerful affections of the human mind; and that Solitude, judiciously and rationally employed, amply compensates all that is sacrificed for the purpose of enjoying it.

But there are many other sources from whence an anti-social disposition may arise, which merit consideration. That terrible malady, the *hypochondria*, frequently renders the unhappy sufferer, not only averse to society in general, but even fearful of meeting an human being; and the still more dreadful malady, *a wounded heart*, increases our antipathy to mankind. The fear of undeserved calumny also sometimes drives weak and dejected minds into the imaginary shelter of obscurity; and even strong and honest characters, prone to disclose their real sentiments, are disgusted at the world, from a consciousness of its being unable to listen temperately to the voice of truth. The obstinacy with which mankind persist in habitual errors, and the violence with which they indulge inveterate passions, a deep regret for their follies, and the horror which their vices create, drive us frequently from their presence. The love of science, a fondness for the arts, and an attachment to the immortal works of genius, induce, I trust, not a few to neglect all anxiety to learn the common news of the day, and keep them in some calm, sequestered retreat, far from the unmeaning manners of the noisy world, improving the genuine feelings of their hearts, and storing their minds with the principles of true philosophy. There are others, though I fear they are few, who, impressed by a strong sense of the duties of Religion, and feeling how incompatible with their practice are most, if not all, the factitious joys of social life, retire from the corrupted scene, to contemplate, in sacred privacy, the attributes *of a Being* unalterably pure, and infinitely *good; to impress upon* their minds so strong a

sense of the importance of obedience to the divine will, of the value of the reward promised to virtue, and the terrors of the punishment denounced against crimes, as may overbear all temptations which temporal hope or fear can bring in their way, and enable them to bid equal defiance to joy and sorrow; to turn away at one time from the allurements of ambition, and press forward at another against the threats of calamity.

The dejection occasioned by the *hypochondria*, renders the mind not only averse from, but wholly incapable of, any pleasure, and induces the unhappy sufferer to seek a solitude by which it is increased. The influence of this dreadful malady is so powerful, that it destroys all hope of remedy, and prevents those exertions by which alone, we are told, it can be cured.

> To cure the mind's wrong bias—Spleen,
> Some recommend the bowling-green;
> Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
> Fling but a stone, the Giant dies;
> Laugh, and be well. Monkies have been
> Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
> And kittens, if the humour hit,

to him like a pestilent congregation of

spirit takes the lonely grove:
visits all the sylvan scenes,
remote, a melancholy moon
head, serene and shorn of beams,
e and there the glimmering thro' the trees
ore awful darkness.

that his frame is totally unstrung, and that
incapable of beating in any pleasant unis-
he feelings of his healthful friends, he
o sorrowful decay. Every object around
s to be at enmity with his feelings, and
eless and discoloured to his disordered
gentle voice of pity grates his ears with
ollow sounds, and seems to reproach him
ing tones. Stricken by this dreadful ma-
amentable effects of which a cruel and
vorld too often ridicule and despise, and
tearing open the wound it has occasioned,
spirit flies from every scene of social joy
ing pleasure, seeks, as a sole resource, to
rows in solitary seclusion, and awaits, in
ifference, the stroke of death.

uck deer, with some deep wound oppress'd,
n to die, the arrow in his breast;
d in shades, and wasting day by day,
bleeds, and pants his life away.

neous opinions, perverse dispositions, and
prejudices of the world, are sometimes the
ch induce men to retire from society, and
olitude the enjoyments of innocence and
reless of a commerce with those for whom
ntertain no esteem, their minds naturally
wards those scenes in which their fancy
fairest forms of felicity. He, indeed,
and independent spirit is resolved to pur-

mit his mind to think for itself, who disdains to form his feelings, and to fashion his opinions, upon the capricious notions of the world; who is too candid to expect that others should be guided by his notions, and sufficiently firm not to obey implicitly the hasty notions of others; who seeks to cultivate the just and manly feelings of the heart, and to pursue truth in the paths of science, must detach himself from the degenerate crowd, and seek his enjoyments in retirement. For to those who love to consult their own ideas, to form opinions upon their own reasonings and discernment, and to express only such sentiments as they really feel, a society whose judgments are borrowed, whose literature is only specious, and whose principles are unfounded, must not only be irksomely insipid, but morally dangerous. The firm and noble-minded disdain to bow their necks to the slavish yoke of vulgar prejudice, and appeal, in support of

e noble productions of superior intellect,
d vigorous flights of fancy, the brilliant
f a sublime imagination, and the refined
the heart, as fancied conceits or wild delu-
e who examine them by a better standard
f fashion or common taste, fly with delight.
n of envy, however, although it is perpe-
he existence of the passion, is only transi-
the objects of its tyranny; and the merit
fallen the victim of its rage, is frequently
e hand of Truth, and placed on the throne
pplause. A production of genius, how-
rs of its author were deafened, during his
clamours of calumny, and hisses of igno-
eviewed with impartiality when he dies,
l by the acclamations of ingenious applause.
ch which the life of a great and good man
lly casting on his mean and degenerate con-
, is silenced by his death. He is remem-
in the character of his works; and his
s with the successive generations, which
nts and opinions contribute to enlighten

ll merit, as its shade, pursue;
a shadow, proves the substance true:
'd wit, like Sol eclipse'd, makes known
ding body's greatness, not its own.
st the sun too powerful beams displays,
up vapours which obscure its rays;
those clouds at last adorn its way,
ew glories, and augment the day.

ory of the celebrated English philosopher,
se, affords, perhaps, a stronger instance of
s to which wit and learning are exposed
malicious shafts of envy, ignorance, and
, than that of any other author. The tax,
common to authors of every description,
quently falls the heaviest on the highest
is profound philosopher and elegant his-



ever, I confess, discouraged;
that time been breaking o
England, I had certainly re
town in the former kingdom
and never more returned to
as this scheme was not now
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solved to pick up courage a
this interval, he published,
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period from the death of Cl
volution. This performanc
displeasure to the *whigs*, a
It not only rose itself, but
fortunate brother. "But t

oncerning the Principles of Morals, the other part of his *Treatise on Human* st anew; and he flattered himself, from ts he received from his bookseller, and ıdlings of Dr. Warburton, that his works ning to be esteemed in good company. by these symptoms of a rising reputation, d, in the year 1752, at Edinburgh, where ıd, his *Political Discourses*, which met success; but, on publishing, in the same ndon, his *Inquiry concerning the Prin- forals*, which, in his own opinion, was, itings, historical, philosophical, or literary, ly the best, it came, to use his own words, and unobserved into the world." In the the Faculty of Advocates chose him their n office from which he received little or ınt, but which gave him the command of ary. He formed, about this period, the ing the History of England; but, being rith the notion of continuing a narrative riod of seventeen hundred years, he com- h the accession of the House of Stuart; hen he thought the misrepresentation of u chiefly to take place; and he acknow- ıe was extremely sanguine in his expecta- success of this work. "I thought," says was the only historian that had at once esent power, interest, and authority, and popular prejudices; and, as the subject every capacity, I expected proportional ut miserable was my disappointment; ed by the cry of reproach, disapproba- ın detestation. English, Scotch, and Irish, ry, churchman and sectary, freethinker ist, patriot and courtier, united in their the man who had presumed to shed the r for the fate of Charles the First, and Strafford; and, after the first ebullitions were over, what was still more mortify- seemed to sink into oblivion. Mr. Mil-



me messages not to be ...
ever, I confess, discouraged;
that time been breaking ou
England, I had certainly ret
town in the former kingdom,
and never more returned to
as this scheme was not now
sequent volume was consid
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cept only that Dr. Hurd wr
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rility of the Warburtonian
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volution. This performan
displeasure to the *whigs*,
It not only rose itself, but
fortunate brother. "But
"I had been taught by exp
were in possession of bes

callous against the impression of *public folly*, and continued very peaceably and contentedly in his retreat at Edinburgh, to finish, in two volumes, the more early part of the English History, which he gave to the public in 1761, with tolerable, and with but tolerable success.

This is the melancholy history of the literary career of the celebrated Hume, as appears from the short sketch he made of *his own life*, while he calmly waited, under an incurable disorder, the moment of approaching dissolution: a work which proclaims the mildness, the modesty, and the resignation of his temper, as clearly as his other works demonstrate the power and extent of his mind. The history, indeed, of every man, who attempts to destroy the reigning prejudices, or correct the prevailing errors, of his age and country, is nearly the same. He who has the happiness to see objects of any description with greater perspicacity than his contemporaries, and presumes to disseminate his superior knowledge, by the unreserved publication of his opinions, sets himself up as a common mark for the shafts of envy and resentment to pierce, and seldom escapes from being charged with wicked designs against the interest of mankind. A writer, whatever his character, station, or talents may be, will find that he has a host of malevolent inferiors ready to seize every opportunity of gratifying their humbled pride, by attempting to level his superior merits, and subdue his rising fame. Even the compassionate few, who are ever ready to furnish food to the hungry, clothing to the naked, and consolation to the afflicted, seldom feel any other sensation than that of jealousy, on beholding the wreath of merit placed on the brows of a deserving rival. The Ephesians, with republican pride, being unable to endure the reproach which they felt from the pre-eminency of any individual, banished, to some other state, the citizen who presumed to excel the generality of his countrymen. It would be, in some measure, adopting this egregious and tyrannical folly, were I to exhort the man whose merits transcend those who are his equal in rank, or station, to break



tenderness, to correct their e
view even their vices with pity,
friendly attention, a mutual c
will, is not only an important n
of increasing the sum of earthl
deed, difficult to prevent an ho
ing forth with generous indigna
ful hypocrites, who, by speciou
tices, obtain the false characte
good, and obtrude their flimsy an
upon the unthinking world, as
sentiments of truth and virtue.
arises in a generous and ardent
noble action calumniated, or a us
attacked, is not easily restrained
should be checked and regulated
gree of caution than even if they
and praise-worthy; for, if they are
quency, their natural violence may
mon charities of the mind, and con
ness and love of virtue into a mour
or virulent detestation of mankind.

The Dreams [illegible]

He pitied man. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And, strange to tell! he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as Reason can control
The lawless powers.

Let not the man, whose exalted mind, improved
y study and observation, surveys with a discrimi-
ating eye the moral depravities and mental weak-
esses of human nature, submit to treat his envious
aperiors with inveterate anger, and undistinguishing
venge. Their envy is a tribute of approbation to
is greatness. Let him look with the gentle eye of
ity upon those who err rather from the wicked sug-
estions of others, than from the malevolence of their
wn hearts: let him not confound the weak and in-
ocent reptile with the scorpion and the viper: let
im listen, without emotion, to the malignant bark-
gs and envious hissings that every where attend the
otsteps of transcendant merit: let him disregard,
ith philosophic dignity, the senseless clamours of
ose noisy adversaries, who are blinded by preju-
ice, and deaf to the arguments of sense and reason:
et him rather, by a mild and forbearing temper, en-
eavour to make some impression on their hearts;
nd if he should find their bosoms susceptible, he may
ope in time to convince them of their errors, and,
ithout violence, or compulsion, bring back their de-
aded understandings to a sense of truth, and the prac-
ice of virtue: but, if experience convince him that
very endeavour to reform them is fruitless and vain,
et him—

Neglect the grumblers of an envious age,
Vapid in spleen, or brisk in frothy rage;
Critics, who, ere they understand, defame;
And seeming friends, who only do not blame;
And puppet prattlers, whose unconscious throat
Transmits what the pert witling prompts by rote:
Let him neglect this blind and babbling crowd,
To enjoy the favour of the wise and good.



... person to C
honourable peace with the Car
should he inevitable, to fit out
leys at his own expense. Dion
the magnificence of his spirit:
that it made them appear little;
all events, Dion was to be crus
that purpose, no calumny that
They represented to the king, th
falsely meant to make himself m
that means to obtain the kingdom
dren. There was, moreover, a
cause of their hatred to him—hi
manners, and the sobriety of his
young and ill-educated king throu
debauchery, and were the shame
wrong-directed passions. Their ex
had no taste for luxurious enjoym
of course; and as he refused to p
in their vices, they resolved to str
tues; to which they gave the name
are supposed to resemble them.
ners they called pride; his freedom
lence; his declining to join in the

Men, in proportion as their minds are dignified with noble sentiments, and their hearts susceptible of refined sensibility, feel a justifiable aversion to the society of such characters, and shrink from the scenes they frequent; but they should cautiously guard against the intrusion of that austerity and moroseness with which such a conduct is but too apt to inspire the most benevolent minds. Disgusted by the vices and follies of the age, the mind becomes insensibly impressed with a hatred towards the species, and loses, by degrees, that mild and humane temper which is so indispensably necessary to the enjoyment of social happiness. Even he who merely observes the weak or vicious frailties of his fellow-creatures with an intention to study philosophically the nature and disposition of man, cannot avoid remembering their defects with severity, and viewing the character he contemplates with contempt, especially if he happens to be the object of their artifices, and the dupe of their villanies. Contempt is closely allied with hatred; and hatred of mankind will corrupt, in time, the fairest mind: it tinges, by degrees, every object with the bile of misanthropy; perverts the judgment; and at length looks indiscriminately with an evil eye on the good and bad; engenders suspicion, fear, jealousy, revenge, and all the black catalogue of unworthy and malignant passions: and when these dreadful enemies



that I saw Medusa's serpents wreathing t
folds among the black and matted locks
shevelled hair: while his red and fiery e
like malignant meteors through the obscu
impending eye-brows. Mischief was his a
his greatest luxury, and his highest joy.
discord among his neighbours, and to tea
closing wounds of misery, was his only
His residence was the resort of the disorde
ceptacle of the vicious, and the asylum of
Collecting around him the turbulent and di
of every description, he became the patro
tice, the persecutor of virtue, the protector
the perpetrator of malice, the inventor of
propagator of calumny, and the zealous ch
cruelty and revenge; directing, with mali
the barbed shafts of his adherents equally
comforts of private peace and the blessing
tranquillity. The bent and inclination of
had been so aggravated and confirmed by
tiplying villanies of his life," that it was
for him to refrain one moment from the
them, without feeling uneasiness and disco
he never appeared perfectly happy, but

osition, and want of judgment in his choice of
nds. He never discovered that he was giving
y his all to wolves and ravens. Whilst these vul-
s were preying on his liver, he thought them his
friends, and that they fed upon him out of pure
and affection. After they had gnawed him all
d, ate his bones bare, and whilst there was any
ow in them, sucked it carefully out, they left
cut down to the roots and withered; and so far
relieving him, or assisting him in their turns,
d not so much as know or look upon him. This
s him turn a common labourer; and, dressed in
ain garment, he tilled the earth for hire; ashamed
new himself in the city, and venting his rage
at the ingratitude of those who, enriched, as they
been, by him, now proudly passed along without
ing him. But although such a character is not
s despised and neglected, no provocation, how-
great, can justify the violent and excessive in-
ves which he profanely bellowed forth from the
th of Hymettus: "This spot of earth shall be my
habitation while I live; and when I am dead,
epulchre. From this time forth, it is my fixed
ation to have no commerce or connexion with
kind; but to despise them, and avoid it. I will
no regard to acquaintance, friendship, pity, or
passion. To pity the distressed, or to relieve the
ent, I shall consider as a weakness; nay, as a
e; my life, like that of the beasts of the field,
be spent in solitude; and Timon alone shall be
on's friend. I will treat all besides as enemies
betrayers. To converse with them were profa-
n! to herd with them, impiety! Accursed be
ay that brings them to my sight! I will look
men, in short, as no more than so many statues
ass or stone; will make no truce, have no con-
on with them. My retreat shall be the boundary
parate us for ever. Relations, friends, and coun-
are empty names, respected by fools alone. Let
on only be rich, and despise all the world beside.
rring idle praise and odious flattery, he shall be



a man pursuing an the names, and u
tinguish them, I would throw pitch
to increase it; or, if the winter
whelm another, who, with outstrete
beg me to assist him; I would plung
in the stream, that he might never
shall I be revenged of mankind.
law, and this hath Timon ratified.
however, that all might know how I
because that, I know, will make th
The moral to be drawn from thi
celebrated Grecian philosopher, i
ger to which the best and most ben
may be exposed, by an indiscreet
indulgence of those painful feelings
baseness and ingratitude of the worl
the heart. There are, however, t
having received ill treatment from
in their bosoms a splenetic misanth
and equally unjust to the ministrie
their fellow-creatures. Indulging

There are, however, a class of a very different d
scription, who, unoppressed by moody melancholy
untinctured by petulance or spleen, free from resen
ment, and replete with every generous thought an
manly sentiment, calmly and contentedly retire fro
society, to enjoy, uninterruptedly, a happy communio
with those high and enlightened minds, who have ador
ed by their actions the page of history, enlarged b
their talents the powers of the human mind, and i
creased by their virtues the happiness of mankind.

He who would know Retirement's joy refin'd,
The fair recess must seek with cheerful mind;
No cynic's pride, no bigot's heated brain,
No frustrate hope, nor love's fantastic pain,
With him must enter the sequestered cell,
Who means with pleasing Solitude to dwell;
But equal passions let his bosom rule;

Of fancy neither lessen nor enlarge
The images of things, but paint, in all
Their genuine hues, the features whic
In nature, there opinions will be tru
And action right . . . . . .

It is, indeed, not the least of those
which humane and generous characters d
litude, that by enabling them to form a ju
timate of men and things, it becomes the
against misanthropy. The deformed fe
being out of their view, and seldom in
plation, they regard the vicious with a
and while they are endeavouring to cor
defects, they are taught to treat the de
with candour, to observe their virtues
and their vices without rancour. The
tellectual faculties of the soul are invig
larged by the habits of reflection whi
creates. Its benign influence, indeed
knowledged not only by philosophers,
roes, but by all who, endeavouring, by
of genius, and the exercise of benevol



In Nature's fairest form, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship, as the candid blush
Of him who strives with fortune to be just:
The graceful tear, that streams for others' woes?
Or the mild majesty of private life,
Where peace with ever-blooming olive crowns
The gate; where honour's liberal hands effuse
Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
Of innocence and love protect the scene?

A rational solitude, while it corrects the passions, proves the benevolent dispositions of the heart, inases the energies of the mind, and draws forth its ant powers. The Athenian orator, Callistratus, was plead in the cause which the city of Oropus had deding: and the expectation of the public was greatly sed, both by the powers of the orator, which were n in the highest repute, and the importance of the al. Demosthenes hearing the governors and tutors ee among themselves to attend the trial, with much portunity prevailed on his master to take him to ar the pleaders. The master having some acquaintce with the officer who opened the court, got his ang pupil a seat, where he could hear the orators thout being seen. Callistratus had great success, d his abilities were extremely admired. Demosnes was fired with a spirit of emulation. When saw with what distinction the orator was conducted me, and complimented by the people, he was struck ll more with the power of that commanding eloence which could carry all before it. From this ne, therefore, he bade adieu to the other studies and ercises in which boys are engaged, and applied himf with great assiduity to declaiming, in hopes of being e day numbered among the orators. Satyrus, the tyer, who was an acquaintance of his, and to whom lamented, after having been for some time called the bar, "that though he had almost sacrificed his alth to his studies, he could gain no favour with the ople," promised to provide him with a remedy, if *would repeat some speech in Euripides or Sopho*

cles. When Demosthenes had finished his recitation, Satyrus pronounced the same speech; and he did it with such propriety of action, and so much in character, that it appeared to the orator quite a different passage; and Demosthenes now understanding how much grace and dignity of action adds to the best oration, quitted the practice of composition, and building a subterraneous study, repaired thither, for two or three months together, to form his action, and exercise his voice; and, by this means, formed that strong, impassioned, and, irresistible eloquence, which rendered him the glory of Athens, and the admiration of the world. Most of the exalted heroes both of Greece and Rome, who devoted their attention to arts and to arms, acquired their chief excellency in their respective pursuits, by retiring from public observation, and cultivating their talents in the silence of Solitude. St. Jerome, the most learned of all the Latin fathers, and son of the celebrated Eusebius, retired from the

h latent paths, unmark'd by vulgar eye,
re who wish to pass unheeded by?
ealm Retirement's sacred pleasures move,
ar contemplative, or friend they love:
by spleen or contemplation led,
r ambitious giddy heights to tread;
ot inglorious spend their peaceful day,
Science, lovely star! directs their way?
here not something good from such as these?
ful product from the man of ease?
all the muse no social merit boast?
her vigils to the public lost?
lay pride may scorn her silent toil,
e the fruits which bless her happy soil:
very plant of useful produce grows,
cience springs, and there Instruction flows;
rue Philosophy erects her school,
plans her problems, and there forms her

very seed of every heart began,
ll that eases life and brightens man.

dern Julian, the justly celebrated Frederick,
russia, derives the highest advantages from
sed retirement at Sans Souci, where he con-
s means of hurling inevitable destruction
e enemies of his country; listens to and re-
ith all the anxiety of a tender parent, the
s, and injuries of his meanest subjects, and
his excursive mind, by revising and correct-
mortal works for the admiration of posterity.
y, poetry, and politics, are the successive
his attention; and, while he extends his
d strengthens his understanding, by the study
: wisdom, he ameliorates his heart by the
offerings of the muses, and increases the
ength by the wise and economical manage-
is resources. An awful silence, interrupted
gentle airs, with which it is refreshed, per-
delightful retreat. It was during the twi-
autumnal evening that I visited this solemn



free and unchecked, except by respect a
through the humble unostentatious retre
traordinary man. All characters, howe
illustrious they may be, who wish to
prehensive view of things, and to shin
est spheres of virtue, must learn the
glory under the discipline of occasional

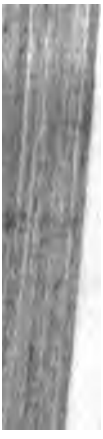
Solitude is frequently sought from an
extend the knowledge of our talents and
those with whom we have no opportunit
mediately acquainted; by preparing wit
and closer application, for the inspectio
temporaries, works worthy of the fame
xious to acquire: but it seldom happens, a
whose labours are most pregnant with in
delight, have received, from the age or cou
they lived, or even from the companion
they associated, the tribute of kindness
that is justly due to their merits. The v
stigmatized and traduced by the envy,
local prejudices of a country, for whos
instruction it was particularly intended,
ceives from the generous suffrages of
unprejudiced strangers, the highest tribut
Even those pretended friends under wh

f that which my contemporaries had acquired, than very tongue babbled, and every pen was brandished gainst me: those who had before appeared to be my arest friends, instantly became my deadliest enemies: the shafts of envy were industriously directed gainst me from every quarter: the critics, to whom sy poetry had before been much more familiar than heir psalms or their prayers, seized, with malignant elight, every opportunity of traducing my morals; nd those with whom I had been most intimate, were he most eager to injure my character, and destroy my ame." The student, however, ought not to be discouraged by this instance of envy and ingratitude. He who, conscious of his merit, learns to depend only n himself for support, will forget the injustice of the world, and draw his comfort and satisfaction from more infallible sources: like the truly benevolent and great, he will confer his favours on the public without the expectation of a return; and look with perfect indifference upon all the efforts his treacherous friends, or open enemies, are capable of using. He will, like Petrarch, appeal to posterity for his reward; and the justice and generosity of future ages will preserve his memory, and transmit his fame to succeeding generations, heightened and adorned in proportion as it has been contemporaneously mutilated and depressed.

The genius of many noble-minded authors, particularly in Germany, are obscured and blighted by the thick and baneful fogs with which ignorance and envy overwhelm their works. Unable to withstand the incessant opposition they meet with, the powers of the mind grow feeble and relaxed; and many a fair design and virtuous pursuit is quitted in despair. How frequently does the desponding mind exclaim, "I feel my powers influenced by the affections of the heart. I am certainly incapable of doing to any individual an intentional injury, and I seek with anxiety every opportunity of doing good; but, alas! my motives are perverted, my designs misrepresented, my endeavours counteracted, my very person ridiculed, and my character defamed." There are, indeed, those whose con-

rage and fortitude no opposition can damp, and no adversity subdue; whose firm and steady minds proceed with determined resolution to accomplish their designs in defiance of all resistance; and whose fulgent talents drive away the clouds of surrounding darkness, like fogs before the sun. Wieland, the happy Wieland, the adopted child of every Muse, the favourite pupil of the Graces, formed the powers of his extraordinary mind in a lonely and obscure retreat, the little village of Biberach, in the circle of Suabia, and thereby laid the foundation for that indisputable glory he has since attained. In solitude and silence he enriched his mind with all the stores that art and science could produce, and enabled himself to delight and instruct mankind, by adorning the sober mien of philosophy, and the lively smiles of wit, with the true spirit and irresistible charms of poetry. Retirement is the true parent of the great and good, and the kind nurse of Nature's powers. It is to occasional retire-

ossibly be conceived, and produces the most
ate of human happiness, by instilling into the
most virtuous propensities, and inspiring the
h its finest energies: but fanaticism must,
nhappy: for it proceeds from a subversion
itself, is formed on a perversion of reason,
lation of truth; it is the vice of low and lit-
standings, is produced by an ignorance of
ature, a misapprehension of the Deity, and
practised without a renunciation of real vir-
passion for retirement, which a sense of re-
orces, rises in proportion as the heart is pure,
ind correct; but the disposition to Solitude,
naticism creates, arises from a wild enthusi-
n of inspiration, and increases in proportion
rt is corrupt, and the mind deranged. Re-
he offspring of Truth and Love, and the pa-
nevolence, Hope, and Joy: but the monster
n is the child of Discontent, and her fol-
e Fear and Sorrow. Religion is not confined
d closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement;
the gloomy retreats of Fanaticism, by which
vours to break those chains of benevolence
l affection that link the welfare of every in-
with that of the whole. The greatest honour
ay to the Author of our being, is by such a
ehaviour as discovered a mind satisfied with
sations. But this temper of mind is most
be attained by a rational retirement from the
pleasures of the world. "Although," says
ed preacher, "an entire retreat from the
uld lay us aside from the part for which Pro-
hiefly intended us, it is certain that, without
l retreat, we must act that part very ill.
ll be neither consistency in the conduct, nor
the character, of one who sets apart no share
e for meditation and reflection. In the heat
e of life, while passion is every moment
false colours on the objects around us, nothing
ewed in a *just light*. If you wish that Rea-
exert her native power, you must step aside



should that man discharge
who never suffers his passio
without interruption, in th
This incessant stir may be c
causes of life. It raises that
xit which will be ever send
fulness of rashness and folly.
gies religious retreat with wor
and master of himself. He is
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conversant among higher ob
the world with manly tranquill
ciples which he has formed, a
ever may befal him. As he wi
retreat cannot sustain any char
neither can he enjoy the world
Of the two classes of men who a
ligent of this duty, the *men of p*
of business, it is hard to say
point of enjoyment, from that n
every moment appears to be los
of the vivacity of amusement.
of gaiety with

ly retreat: not led by religion or reason, but by disappointed hopes, and exhausted spirits, ensive conclusion that "all is vanity." If un- pted intercourse with the world wears out the *f pleasure,* it no less oppresses the *man of bu-* and ambition. The strongest spirits must at sink under it. The happiest temper must be by incessant returns of the opposition, the in- acy, and the treachery of men: for he who lives in the bustle of the world, lives in a perpetual e. Here an enemy encounters; there a rival nts him: the ingratitude of a friend stings him ur, and the pride of a superior wounds him the In vain he flies for relief to trifling amusements. may afford a temporary opiate to care, but they micate no strength to the mind; on the contra- y leave it more soft and defenceless when mo- n and injuries renew their attack. Let him rishes for an effectual cure to all the wounds the world can inflict, retire from intercourse pen to intercourse with God. When he enters s closet, and shuts the door, let him shut out at ne time all intrusion of worldly care, and dwell ; objects divine and immortal. Those fair pros- f order and peace shall there open to his view, form the most perfect contrast to the confusion isery of this earth. The celestial inhabitants d not; among them is neither ingratitude, nor nor tumult. Men may harass one another; but kingdom of God concord and tranquillity reign er. From such objects there beams upon the of the pious man a pure and enlivening light; is diffused over his heart a holy calm. His agi- spirits reassumes its firmness, and regains its

The World sinks in its importance; and the f mortality and misery loses almost all its weight. *reen pastures* open, and the *still waters* flow l him, beside which *the Shepherd of Israel* his flock. The disturbances and alarms so for- le to those who are engaged in the tumults of *rld, seem to him* only like thunder rolling afar

The disposition to solitude, however
kind or complexion it may be, is gre
by the temper and constitution of the
as by the frame and turn of the min
of those causes proceeds, perhaps, by
sible degrees, and varies in its form
each individual; but though gradual
it at length reaches its point, and confi
of it in habits of rational retreat, or unm

The motives which conduce to a lo
might without doubt, be assigned to ot
a discussion of all the refined operatio
mind may be exposed, and its bent and
termined, by the two great powers of
Reflection, would be more curious th
linquishing all inquiry into the prim
causes of human action, to those who
useless subtilties of metaphysics, and
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produce this disposition to enjoy the
tional retirement, or encounter the mi
tional solitude, we shall proceed to shew
which may result from the one, in c
may be contrasted with the advantages

of the heart, or strengthening the powers of the mind, generally renders men less able to discharge the duties and endure the burdens of life. The wisest and best formed system of retirement is, indeed, surrounded with a variety of dangers, which are not, without the greatest care and caution, easily avoided. But in every species of total Solitude, the surrounding perils are not only innumerable, but almost irresistible. It would, however, be erroneous to impute all the defects which may characterize such a recluse merely to the loneness of his situation. There are original defects implanted by the hand of Nature in every constitution, which no species of retirement or discipline can totally eradicate: there are certain vices, the seeds of which are so inherent, that no care, however great, can totally destroy. The advantages or disadvantages arising from retirement, will always be proportionate to the degrees of virtue and vice which prevail in the character of the recluse. It is certain that an occasional retreat from the business of the world will greatly improve the virtues, and increase the happiness of him on whom nature has bestowed a sound understanding and a sensible heart; but when the heart is corrupt, the understanding weak, the imagination flighty, and the disposition depraved, Solitude only tends to increase the evil, and to render the character more rank and vicious; for whatever be the culture, the produce will unavoidably partake of the quality of the seeds and the nature of the soil; and Solitude, by allowing a weak and wicked mind leisure to brood over its own suggestions, re-creates and rears the mischief it was intended to prevent.

" . . . Where Solitude, sad nurse of care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
There madness enters: and the dim-ey'd fiend,
Lorn Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of Nature; earth becomes
A dreary desert; and the heavens frown above.



With anxious flutterings w
From other cares absolve
Finds in itself a theme to
And finds it miserable, or

To enable the mind, howev
judgment of the probable co
it is, perhaps, necessary to ha
of its advantageous and det
consequences vary with the su
rates; and the same species
one character would be injur
another of the highest benefit
same person, indeed, may, at di
disposition changes, experience,
stances of retirement, very differ
however, it is, that an occasional
multitudes intercourses of society,
well-arranged retirement, cannot
have pointed out the train of virt
producing, and to have been silent
talogue of vices that may result fr
sion, would have been the more

rated poet has finely described this class of unhappy beings in the following lines:

"Then look'd, and saw a lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
Of ever listless loiterers, that attend
No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend.
Thee, too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness."

To preserve the proper strength, both of the body and the mind, labour must be regularly and seasonably mingled with rest. Each of them require their suited exercise and relaxations. Philosophers, who aim at the attainment of every superior excellency, do not indulge themselves in ease, and securely and indolently wait for the cruelties of fortune to attack them in their retirement; but, for fear she should surprise them in the state of inexperienced and raw

He, therefore, who does not possess sufficient
vity to keep the body and mind in proper exe
he who is unacquainted with the art of varyi
amusements, of changing the subjects of his co
plation, and of finding within himself all the ma
of enjoyment, will soon feel Solitude not onl
densome, but insupportable. To such a cha
Solitude will not only be disagreeable, but dang
for the moment the temporary passion which
him from society has subsided, he will sink in
guor and indifference; and this temper is alwa
favourable to moral sentiment. The world, pe
with all its disadvantages, is less likely to be inj
to such a man, than the calm and silent sha
unenjoyed retirement.

Solitude also, particularly when carried to
treme, is apt to render the character of the
rigid, austere, and inflexible, and, of course, u
to the enjoyments of society. The notions h

repossessions engendered by Solitude uniformly
ant.

litude, while it establishes a dangerous confidence
e powers and opinions of its votaries, not only
as on the characters, the errors, and imperfections
produced and fostered, but recommends them
gly to their esteem. How frequently do we ob-
, even in persons of rank and fortune, who
e continually on their own estates, a haughty
ier, and arbitrary disposition, totally incompa-
with that candid conduct, that open-minded be-
our, that condescending urbanity, that free spirit,
h mark the character of the polite and liberal-
ed gentleman, and render him the veneration and
ht of all around him! "Obstinacy and pride,"
Plato, "are the inevitable consequences of a so-
y life;" and the frequency of the fact certainly
ies the observation. Retired, secluded charac-

their recondite pursuits. The con
versation, and usual entertainmen
treat with high, but unjustifiat
blinded by fogs of pride, and ide
rendered incapable of discerning t

The correction of this dispositi
been thought of so much importar
of morals, and to the manners of
tion, that scholars in general have
the highest strains of eloquence, b
powerful preachers of Germany, f
the politest city in the empire, to g
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mingle with the habits of their prof
tend to sully the brightness of their
orator invokes them to shake off
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few of them are free, and which m
tise when in unlettered company; a
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ever be unhappy: for it proceeds from a subversio
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and a violation of truth; it is the vice of low and li
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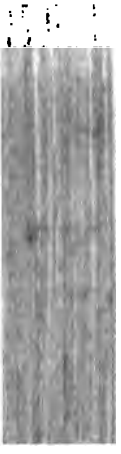
each other. The high admiration whi
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prehensive knowledge both of books
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every object that does not lie withi

imagination and almost divine intellect, which rendered him the idol of his age, and the admiration of succeeding generations. On his return from Syracuse, to which place he had been invited by Dionysius the younger, he visited Olympia, to be present at the performance of the Olympic games; and he was placed in the seat appropriated to foreigners of the highest distinction, but to whom he was not personally known. Some of them were so pleased with the ease, politeness, wisdom, and vivacity of his conversation, that they accompanied him to Athens, and, on their arrival in that city, requested him to procure them an interview with Plato. But how pleasing and satisfactory was their surprise, when, on his replying with a smile, "*I am the person whom you wish to see,*" they discovered that this affable and entertaining companion, with whom they had travelled without discerning his excellency, was the most learned and profound philosopher at that time existing in the world! The studious and retired life of this extraordinary character had not decreased his urbanity and politeness, nor deprived him of the exercise of those easy and seducing manners which so entirely engage the affection and win the heart. He wisely prevented seclusion from robbing him of that amenity and unassuming ease so necessary to the enjoyment of society. Like those two eminent philosophers of the present day, the wise Mendelsohn, and the amiable Garve, he derived from Solitude all the benefits it is capable of conferring, without suffering any of those injuries which it too frequently inflicts on less powerful minds.

Culpable, however, as studious characters in general are, by neglecting to cultivate that social address, and to observe that civility of manners, and urbane attention, which an intercourse not only with the world, but even with private society, so indispensably requires, certain it is, that men of fashion expect from them a more refined good breeding, and a nicer attention to the forms of politeness, than all their endeavours can produce. The fashionable world, in-

deed, are blameable for their constant attempts to deride the awkwardness of their more erudite and abstracted companions. The severity with which they treat the defective manners of a scholastic visitor, is a violation of the first rules of true politeness, which consist entirely of a happy combination of good sense and good nature, both of which dictate a different conduct, and induce rather a friendly concealment than a triumphant exposure of such venial failings. The inexperienced scholastic is entitled to indulgence, for he cannot be expected nicely to practise customs which he has had no opportunity to learn. To the eye of polished life, his austerity, his reserve, his mistakes, his indecorums, may, perhaps, appear ridiculous; but to expose him to derision on this subject, is destructive to the general interests of society, inasmuch as it tends to repress and damp endeavours to please. How is it possible that men who devote the greater portion of their time to the solitary and abstracted pursuits of literature, can possess that promptitude of thought, that vivacity of expression, those easy manners, and that varying humour, which prevail so agreeably in mixed society, and which can only be acquired by a constant intercourse with the world? It was not only cruel, but unjust, of the Swedish courtiers to divert themselves with the awk-

of the heart, or strengthening the powers of the mind, generally renders men less able to discharge the duties and endure the burdens of life. The wisest and best formed system of retirement is, indeed, surrounded with a variety of dangers, which are not, without the greatest care and caution, easily avoided. But in every species of total Solitude, the surrounding perils are not only innumerable, but almost irresistible. It would, however, be erroneous to impute all the defects which may characterize such a recluse merely to the loneness of his situation. There are original defects implanted by the hand of Nature in every constitution, which no species of retirement or discipline can totally eradicate: there are certain vices, the seeds of which are so inherent, that no care, however great, can totally destroy. The advantages or disadvantages arising from retirement, will always be proportionate to the degrees of virtue and vice which prevail in the character of the recluse. It is certain that an occasional retreat from the business of the world will greatly improve the virtues, and increase the



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distinguished genius, and from whose endow-
mankind might receive both instruction and
The loss, in such a case, to the individual is,
, trifling; his comforts may possibly be in-
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d of man, however powerful and informed it
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ctted by a collision with other minds, and po-
by the manners of the world. An acquaint-
ith the living characters and manners of the
teaches the mind to direct its powers to their
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ject. The perspicuity of his style, and the
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ergy to his thoughts; and, while the reader
is heart bounding with delight, he finds his
mpregnated with instruction. These high ad-
es resulted entirely from his having studied the
and gained an accurate knowledge of man.
An author, indeed, may acquire an extraordi-
nd of knowledge in Solitude; but it is in So-
lone that he can learn how to render it useful.
he can instruct the world, he must be enabled
its fooleries and vices with calm inspection;
emplate them without anger, as the unavoida-
sequences of human infirmity; to treat them
nderness; and to avoid exasperating the feel-
those whose depravity he is attempting to
. A moral censor, whose disposition is kind
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dge, or talents, however great they may be,
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pear as if he were receiving himself the in-
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of letters, however awkward the habits of so-
may have rendered them, would, I am con-
be, in general, if not always, treated with
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requires, and with that indulgence and affa-
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, and so arrogantly expect! How is it possi-
those who are vigilantly anxious to depress the



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which, under the deepest adversity,
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such cold materials, and ashy em
travagant and ridiculous.

The delight which the heart experi
forth the fulness of its feelings, with h
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raries, will bear no comparison w
thrill through the exulting bosom o

owever, those who live secluded lives very seldom ossess: but, much as they may in general disdain to ractise this high virtue, it is necessary that they hould know that it tends more to ennoble the senti- nents of the mind, and to raise the feelings of the eart, than their most successful researches to discover omething before unheard of in the regions of science, nd which they pursue with as much avidity as if ruth were liable to decay, unless sustained by the aid f novelty.

It is justly and beautifully said by one of the apo- ryphal writers, that *A faithful friend is the me- dicine of life.* A variety of occasions happen, when, o pour forth the heart to one whom we love and rust, is the chief comfort, perhaps the only relief we an enjoy. Miserable is he who, shut up within the arrow inclosure of selfish interest, has no person to whom he can at all times, with full confidence expand his soul. But he who can only feel an affection for uch as listen continually to the suggestions of vanity, nd applaud indiscriminately the imaginary prodigies f his wit, or never contradict the egotism of his opi- nions, is totally unfit for friendship, and utterly un- worthy of respect. It is men of learning and of re ired habits, who are most likely to adopt this disen- gaging disposition. There are, I am sorry to say it, many men, distinguished in the paths of science, who affect to possess the most refined sensibility, and whose tongues are continually proclaiming the virtues of benevolence, but who, when they are called upon to practise those virtues in behalf of some distressed companion, turn a deaf ear to the appeal, form some poor excuse for not interfering, and, if pressed to come forward with some promised assistance, deny to afford it, because the unhappy sufferer has neglected to approve of some extravagant conjecture, or to adopt all the visionary notions and Utopian systems they may have framed. He who neglects to perform the common charities of life, becau e his idle vanity may have been offended by the neglect or indifference of *his companions, will* never find, and cannot be-



pleasantly troublesome on all oc
of conciliating the least regard o
approach is dreaded as much as
mine. Every man of real genin
ambition of gratifying vanity l
because he will immediately pe
of gaining the hearts of his audit
himself to their ridicule, and lose
esteem.

The disadvantages, however,
racters have been described to ex
of solitary seclusion, and by neg
of society, must not be indiscrim
is the morose and surly pedant, w
solitary study, and endeavours to
for genius in opposition to Natu
mean and unworthy arts of jeslo
dishonest praise. Far different th
honourable life of him who, devo
of a strong understanding, and th
feeling heart, is enabled, by his
nius, to direct the taste of the age
spirit, to look on his equals witho
superiors with admiration: and.

enables him to increase his stores of useful
edge; whose discriminating powers enable him
cidate the subject he explores: who feels as
delight in promoting the beneficial discoveries
ers, as in executing his own; and who regards
fessional contemporaries, not as jealous rivals,
generous friends, striving to emulate each other
noble pursuits of science, and in the laudable
f endeavouring to improve the morals of man-

racters of this description, equally venerable
appy, are numerous in Europe, both within
without the shades of academic bowers, and
examples which, notwithstanding the tribe of
and absurdities Solitude occasionally engenders,
induce men of worldly pleasures to repress the
thies they are in general inclined to feel against
n of studious and retired lives.

CHAP IV.

Influence of Solitude on the Imagination.

E powers of imagination are great; and the
produced by them, under certain circumstances,
the minds of men of warm and sensible tempers,
rdinary and surprising. Multitudes have been
d, by perturbed imaginations, to abandon the
d cheerful haunts of men, and to seek, in dreary
tion, comfort and repose. To such extremes
is faculty, when distorted, hurried its unhappy
ts, that they have endured the severest mortifi-
, denied themselves the common benefits of Na-
exposed themselves to the keenest edge of win
cold, and the most scorching rays of summer's
and indulged their distempered fancies in the
t chimeras. These dreadful effects appear, on
view, to be owing to some supernatural cause,
hey agitate our senses, and confuse the under-



...ss, all his gloor
appeared to him ir
torture his senses,
in his natural cha
tempered fancy con
existed in his unsu
desires.

. . . . From
Which Fancy ho
Of youth oft swa
That sheds a bale
Of reason, till no
And only lives to
A furious band, th
And all is uproar.
Pants with delirion

Solitude excites and s
imagination to an unc
enfeebles the effect of th
son. The office of the
to examine with nice dis
tention, to compare th...

ys itself in raising unsubstantial images, and pour-ying the form of things unknown in Nature, and eigh to truth. It has, indeed, like memory, the wer of reviving in the mind the ideas which, after ving been imprinted there, have disappeared; bet differs from that faculty by altering, enlarging, di-rsifying, and frequently distorting, the subjects of power.

It bodies forth the form of things unknown,
And gives to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name.

But the irregular and wild desires which seize upon e mind through the avenues of an untamed fancy, id disordered imagination, are not exclusively the oduce of Solitude. The choice of wisdom or folly offered to us in all places, and under every circum-mce; but the mind of man is unhappily prone to at which is least worthy of it. I shall therefore en-avour to shew, by some general observations, in hat instances Solitude is most likely to create those ghts of imagination which mislead the mind, and rrupt the heart.

Imagination is said to be the simple apprehension corporeal objects when they are absent, which ab-nce of the object it contemplates, distinguishes this culty from *sensation*, and has occasioned some me-physicians to call it *recorded sensation*. Upon due regulation, and proper management, of this eat and extraordinary power of the mind, depends, a great measure, the happiness or misery of life. ought to consist of a happy combination of those as we receive through the organs of bodily sense, d those which we derive from the faculties of moral reception; but it too frequently consists of a capri-us and ill-formed mixture of heterogeneous images, ich, though true in themselves, are false in the y they are applied. Thus a person, the circulation whose blood in any particular member is suddenly pped, *imagines* that needles are pricking the dis-



and dependencies,
paths of error. Th
gant opinions which
innumerable. The
pulse with eagerness,
her splendid throne,
act, indeed, reciproca
nation pours a conco
mind, and easily disre
gruities. The voice o
incapable of being hea
favourite image is an
glowing fire of the Pa
control or regulate, mu
ray, which inflames the
the fervour of Enthusia
vagance of Superstition
furious frenzies of Fanati

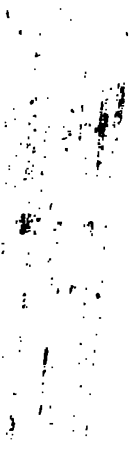
The powerful tumult
Pants in the breast, a

Enthusiasm is that ext

tself in raising unsubstantial images, and pour-
the form of things unknown in Nature, and
to truth. It has, indeed, like memory, the
of reviving in the mind the ideas which, after
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...y will sometimes give
He who has nothing exte
must find pleasure in his
conceive himself what he i
with what he is? He the
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mind dances from scene to s
in all combinations, riots in d
fortune, with all their boun
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all other intellectual gratifica
mind, in weariness or leisure,
favourite conception, and feast
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fasten on the mind, and life pas
ture or of anguish. This is o
Solitude."

These observations ha

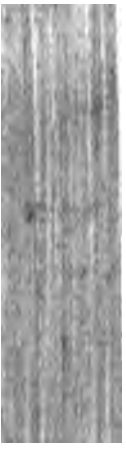
ple are apt to treat him either with blind admiration, cool contempt, only because they are incapable of mprehending his real character; and, while some w to him as an extraordinary genius, others rail at n as an unhappy lunatic. The powers of enthu- sm, however, when founded upon proper princi- es, so strengthen and invigorate the faculties of the nd, as to enable it to resist danger undismayed, and surmount difficulties that appear irresistible. Those, deed, who have possessed themselves of this power any extraordinary degree, have been considered as *spired*, and their great achievements conceived to ve been directed by councils, and sustained by ener- es of a divine or super-mundane nature. Certain is, that we owe to the spirit of enthusiasm whatever great in art, sublime in science, or noble in the man character; and the elegant and philosophic ord Shaftesbury, while he ridicules the absurdities



conceive himself what he
with what he is? He t
futurity, and culls from al
which for the present mo
amuses his desires with
confers upon his pride a
mind dances from scene
in all combinations, riots
fortune, with all their t
time some particular train
all other intellectual gra
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truth. By degrees the r
she grows first imperious,
fictions begin to operate
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Solitude."

These observations brin

an is afforded to others, have often flattered themlves with a persuasion of an immediate intercourse ith the Deity, and frequent communication with his vine Spirit. Their minds being thus prepared, whatver groundless opinion comes to settle itself strongly pon their fancies, is an illumination from the Spirit God; and whatever odd action they find in themlves a strong inclination to do, that impulse is conuded to be a call or direction from Heaven, and ust be obeyed; it is a commission from above, and ey cannot err in executing it. This species of enthuasm, though arising from the conceit of a warm and ver-weening brain, works, when it once gets footing, ore powerfully on the persuasions and actions of men an either reason or revelation, or both together; en being forwardly obedient to all the impulses they ceive from themselves." The fantastic images, ineed, which the wildness of his imagination creates, bdues his reason, and destroys the best affections of is heart, while his passions take the part of their fuous assailants, and render him the victim of his vi-



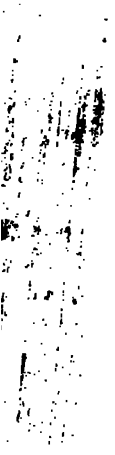
hypocritical appearances of
as a champion of a religiou
tion, and endanger its safety
of the reign of his Britannic
erful and illustrious King G
parliament was passed to re
residing in England from th
which had been imposed or
An extension of the same
Scotland was also said to b
The report spread an immec
country; societies were for
Protestant Faith; comm
persed, and, in short, every
the seal of the people. Th
neglected by government,
the more liberal minded in
their effects. A furious sp
tion soon shewed itself, an
outrageous acts of violence
burgh, Glasgow, and elsew
vild not think it advisable
force, the just and benevole
ture were laid aside. The

the senate; and his extraordinary conduct in the house, the frequent interruption he gave to the business of parliament, as well as the unaccountable manner in which he continually brought in and treated matters relative to religion and the danger of popery, and the impetus with which he divided the house upon questions wherein he stood nearly or entirely alone, were passed over, along with other singularities in his dress and manners, rather as subjects of pleasantry than of serious notice or reprehension. On Monday, the 29th of May, 1780, a meeting was held at Coachmakers' Hall, pursuant to a public advertisement, in order to consider of the mode of presenting a petition to the House of Commons. Lord George Gordon took the chair; and, after a long inflammatory harangue, in which he endeavoured to persuade his hearers of the stupid and alarming progress that popery was making in the kingdom, he proceeded to observe, that the only way to stop it, was going in a firm, manly, and resolute manner to the house, and shewing their representatives, that they were determined to preserve their religious freedom with their lives; that, for his part, he would run all hazards with the people; and if the people were too lukewarm to run all hazards with him, when their conscience and their country called them forth, they might get another president; for that he would tell them candidly, he was not a lukewarm man himself; and that, if they meant to spend their time in mock debate, and idle opposition, they might get another leader. This speech was received with the loudest applause, and his lordship then moved the following resolution: "That the whole Body of the Protestant Association do attend in St. George's Fields, on Friday next, at Ten o'Clock in the Morning, to accompany their President to the House of Commons at the delivery of the Protestant Petition;" which was carried unanimously. His lordship then informed them, that if less than twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens attended him on that day, he would not present their petition. Accordingly, on Friday, the 2d of June, 1780, at ten in the forenoon, several thou-



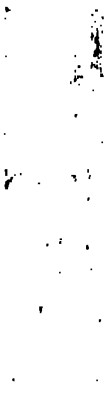
for the repeal of this obnoxious
sulted in the most indecent and in
took possession of all the avenue
of both houses of parliament, whi
ed to force open, and committi
the persons of the members. No
or the remaining members obt
until a military force arrived.
journed to the 19th of June. E
tacle of calamity and horror w
age or country, as that which the
exhibited on the evening and the
this seditious congregation. Th
produced by the real or pretc
simple individual, sufficiently
this dangerous quality, when as
flame the passions of the multi
it is worthy observation, that w
tained among his followers the
patriot, of a man without the s
of being, in short, the most wi
established religion of the co
deigned his holy fervours, and

...ician possessed the greates
of mind: and had obtained so complete
over his passions, that he declared to a frie
before his death, that he could not recoll
instance, during the whole course of his lif
they had been improperly disturbed. Th
which was perfectly suited to the character
ligion he professed, the tenets of which l
practised, he maintained on all occasions;
there any thing in his general conduct or ma
betrayed to his most familiar friends the least
sity towards enthusiasm: and yet, distant as t
cion must be, under these circumstances, that h
ever be under the influence of superstition, i
known, that while he was a student at Edi
where he was distinguished for the mildnes
manners, and the regularity of his conduct, he o
n an eccentric sally of fanaticism, ran almost
alked through the streets of that city, warnin
habitants of the impending wrath of Heaven;
rting them in the most solemn manner
proaching danger



with which he acquired t
cessary at that time in Italy
for which he was intended,
is said to have been born w
his right shoulder, and to
designed by Heaven to pro
holy sign. His disposition wa
prehension quick, his feeling
his imagination vivid, and
warm. A careless and unr
the propensities of youth hac
of vicious habits and libertine
Solitude, to which a fit of
brought him to a recollection
flect upon the dangerous tend
duct. His mind started with
scene his retrospection present
resolved to quit the company o
to reform the profligacy of his
racter, and to save, by penitence
soul. These serious reflections w
on his dejected mind, that he fe
kind of devotion, more resembl
gion. First

...y attention, declined his p
, and quitting his house, sought a sanctuary
ce of the Bishop of Assisi. The diocesan
ely sent to the father of the fugitive, and,
ing him upon the subject of his right to provi
safety of his son, he turned calmly to the so
red him to reply. The son immediately to
tattered garments which he then wore, and ca
a with scorn and indignation at the feet of his
ed parent, exclaimed, "*There, take back*
property. You were, indeed, my eart
er; but henceforth I disclaim you; for I o
ther, but him who is in heaven." The Bish
really or affectedly delighted with this unna
nt of the young enthusiast, threw his own ma
er the saint, and exhorted him to persevere
y resolution, and to cherish with increasing a
ne divine inspiration of his pious mind. Th
youth, animated by the warm approbation
iop, proceeded in his religious course, an
ing the city, retired into the deepest sec
ent forest, to indulge



own ideas, encourages to a
and eccentric sallies of the i
an opportunity to indulge, w
straint, the delightful musin
will soon lose all relish for e
neglect every employment w
gratification of such an ench
propensity. During the qui
Imagination usurps the thro
feeble faculties of the mind o
voice becomes despotic. If t
cised on the agreeable app
the various entertainments p
any of the elegant arts, are c

. . . . Then the ine
Diffuses its enchantment
Of sacred fountains, and
And vales of bliss: the
Bends from his awful th
And smiles: the Passion

leaves of superstition o'er:
Where wonders upon wonders ever grow
Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and w
Visions of devils into monkies turn'd,
That, hot from hell, roar at a finger burn'
Bottles of precious tears that saints have w
And breath a thousand years in phials kept;
Sunbeams sent down to prop one friar's sta
And hell broke loose to make another laugh
Obedient fleas, and superstitious mice;
Confessing wolves, and sanctifying lice; a
Harass'd by watchings, abstinence, and chain
Strangers to joys, familiar grown with pains;
To all the means of virtue they attend
With strictest care, and only miss the end.
For thus, when Reason stagnates in the brain,
The dregs of Fancy cloud its purest vein.

even of strong natural understandings, highl
ved by education, have, in some instances, no
ble to resist the fatal effects of intens
nd long continued



susceptible of the injurious habit
the contagion of example, and
sion. This may, perhaps, in a
for the similarity of dispositio
cloisters, and other institutions,
entirely to the company of each
example and habit do, indeed,
primingly powerful. A French
great esprit, and undoubted vera
a convent of nuns, where the sist
numerous, one of these secluded
with a strange impulse to mew lik
others of the nuns in a short time
amples; and that at length this ma
sity became general throughout
whole sisterhood joined, at stat
practice of mewing, and contin
hours. But of all the extraordinar
of the sex, none can exceed that
latus to have happened in one of th
many, during the fifteenth century,
who had long been secluded from
was seized with the strange propen

...centric cast. Exclude
... social communications which Nature
h no means of gratifying the understa
ising the senses, or interesting the affections,
es at large into unknown spheres, and endea
find in ideal forms entertainment and de
gelic visions, infernal phantoms, amazing p
, the delusions of alchemy, the frenzies of p
hy, and the madness of metaphysics, fill the
ared brain. The intellect fastens upon some
l idea, and fosters it with the fondest affecti
its increasing magnitude subdues the remaini
ers of sense and reason. The slightest retrospe
the conduct of the solitary professors of eve
ous system, proves the lamentable dangers
they expose their mental faculties, by exclu
emselves from the intercourses of rational s
From the prolific womb of Solitude, sprun
mysterious ravings and senseless doctrines
w Platonists. The same cause devoted th
and anchorites of the Christian church to
sticism. Fakirs, Bram...

gree, by the false philosophy which at that period overspread the heathen world, introduced various doctrines of salvation, and new schemes of faith. Bigotry, a species of superstition never known before, took place in men's affections, and armed them with new jealousies against each other: barbarous terms and idioms were every day invented; monstrous definitions imposed, and hostilities, the fiercest imaginable, exercised on each other by the contending parties. Fanaticism, with all the train of Visions, Prophecies, Dreams, Charms, Miracles, and Exercises, succeeded; and spiritual feats, of the most absurd and ridiculous nature, were performed in monasteries, or up and down, by their mendicant or itinerant priests, and ghostly missionaries. Solitude impressed the principles upon which these extravagances were founded, with uncommon force on the imagination; and the mind, working itself into holy fervours and inspirations, gave birth to new extravagances. The

beauty, a quick and lively mind, and an uncommon tenderness of heart. Her parents, who were honest and industrious villagers, placed her as a menial servant in the house of a neighbouring gentleman, with whom she lived for five and thirty years, in the practice of the most exemplary piety and extraordinary virtue, at least according to the accounts which he gave from time to time of her conduct. During the time she resided with this gentleman, his groom, finding the kitchen door fastened, had the curiosity to peep through the key-hole, where he discovered the pious maid, in a paroxysm of Divine extasy, performing the humble office of spitting a capon. The agitation of this holy spirit so affected the mind of the astonished youth, that, it is said by the Ursaline sister, who has written the life of this great luminary of French sanctity, under the title of *The School for the Love of God*, he became immediately enamoured with the beauties of religion, and renouncing the pomps and vanities of the world, entered into a monastery, at the same time that his holy companion thought proper to withdraw from future observation into the convent of Vannes, where she devoted the remainder of her life, and died, as it is reported, of an excess of Divine love. The youthful days of Armelle had been passed in almost total Solitude; for her occupation at the house in which she was placed by her parents, was confined entirely to the kitchen, and she had scarcely any other intercourse than with its furniture. It appears, however, from the history of her life, that she was from her childhood excessively fond of reciting an *ave* or *pater noster*; and while occupied in tending the flocks, her original employment, amused herself in telling her rosary, "by which means," says the Ursaline sister, "she made, even in her pastoral state of simplicity and ignorance, such great advances in Divine love, that the first moment she was allowed to pay her adoration to the Crucifix, the fervency of her pious passion burst *forth with such extasy, that she eagerly snatched the holy object to her arms*, and embraced it with a



ther. It has been long the s
Superstition and Enthusiasm a
of delusion: Superstition, on th
men with immoderate zeal to t
points of religion; and Enthusi
recting their whole attention to
mystical communications with
while neither the one nor the oth
regard to the great moral duties
But, running with intemperate
two great abuses of religion, me
observe that there are extremes o
them, into which they are in haza
themselves. Thus the horror of Sup
times reached so far as to produce
external institutions; as if it were
gion to subsist in the world without
or public acknowledgment of God.
pened, that some who, in the main,
to the cause of goodness, observing
devout turn have at times been
warm affections into

...ion of its richest and most val
To him who has acquired the happy art
In Solitude the charms of Nature, and o
the powers of Fancy without impairing th
Reason,

. . . . . Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the
The breathing marble, and the sculptur'd
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim
His happy breast enjoys. For him the Spri
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the mo
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wi
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling
ascends, but when

On Nature's face, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that Eternal Majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye, then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous powers?
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of Man. We feel within ourselves
His energy Divine: He tells the heart
He meant, He made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of Life and Being; to be great like Him,

home and forlorn. The dawning sun and heaven-lighted day give no pleasure to the sickened senses of the unhappy sufferer. His only pleasure is to "commune with his own grief;" and for this purpose he seeks some gloomy glen,

> "Where bitter boding Melancholy reigns
> O'er heavy sighs and care disordered thoughts."

But a mind thus disposed, however it may for a time console its sorrow, by retiring from the world, thereby becomes more weak and helpless. Solitude, in such cases, increases the disorder, while it softens its effects. To eradicate the seeds of this dreadful malady, the imagination should be impressed with some new, contrary, and more powerful bias than those which sway the mind, which can only be turned from its course of thought by shifting the objects of its meditation, and giving entrance to new desires. A melancholy mind, therefore, should be weaned by degrees from its disposition to Solitude, should be agreeably interrupted in its musings, and be induced to relish the varying pleasures of the world. But, above all, those scenes and subjects which have any connexion, however remotely, with the cause of the complaint, must be cautiously avoided. The seeds of this dreadful malady are, in general, very deeply planted in the constitution of the patient, however accidental the circumstances may be which call it forth; and therefore the mind, even when relieved from its oppression, is, if left to itself, always in danger of relapsing into its former habit. This circumstance alone is sufficient to shew how unfriendly Solitude must be to the cure of this complaint. If, indeed, the patient be so far gone as to leave no hope of recovery; if his desponding heart be incapable of any new impression; if his mind foregoes all custom of thought; if he refuses to partake of any healthful exercise, or agreeable recreation; and the soul sinks day after day into deeper dejection, and threatens *Nature with madness*, or with death, Solitude is the

only resource. When melancholy seizes, to a certain degree, the mind of an Englishman, it almost uniformly leads him to put a period to his existence; while the worst effect it produces on a Frenchman, is to induce him to turn Carthusian. Such dissimilar effects, proceeding from the operation of the same cause, in different persons, can only be accounted for from the greater opportunities which there is in France than in England to hide the sorrows of the mind, from the inspection of the world. An English hypochondriast would, perhaps, seldom destroy himself, if there were in England any monastic institution, to which he could fly from the eye of public observation.

The mind in proportion as it loses its proper tone, and natural elasticity, decreases in its attachments to society, and wishes to recede from the world and its concerns. There is no disorder of the mind, among [redacted] various causes by which it may be affected, [redacted] activity so entirely as me[redacted]

rous consequences from every occurrence. These
ly perceptions, which increase as the feelings be-
more indolent, and the constitution more mor-
bring on habitual uneasiness and chagrin upon
mind, and render every injury, however small
trifling it may be, irksome and insupportable.
tled dejection ensues; and the miserable patient
s every scene in which his musings may be liable
terruption; the few enjoyments he is yet capa-
f feeling in any degree impeded; or which may
upon him to make the slightest exertion; and,
withdrawing himself from society into Solitude,
cts the exercises and recreations by which his
se might be relieved. Instead of endeavouring
lighten the dark gloom which involves his mind
subdues his soul, by regarding with a favourable
ll that gives a true value and high relish to men
and minds and lively dispositions, he fondly
ws the phantom which misleads him, and thereby
himself more deeply into the moody fanes of
redisable melancholy: and if the bright rays of
nd happiness penetrate by chance into the obscu-
of his retreat, instead of feeling any satisfaction
the perception of cheerfulness and content, he
rels with the possessors of them, and converts
enjoyments into subjects of grievance, in order
rment himself.

afavourable, however, as a dreary and disconso
Solitude certainly is to the recovery of a mind
ering under this grievous affliction, it is far pre-
ble to the society of licentious companions, and
rild scenes of inebriating dissipation. Worldly
sures, and sensual gratifications of every descrip-
when intemperately pursued, only drive a me-
holy mind into a more abject state of dejection.
from rational recreation, and temperate pleasures
e, that an afflicted mind can receive amusement
delight. The only scenes by which the muddied
ent of his mind can be cleared, or his stagnated
m of pleasure refreshed, must be calm, cheerful,
temperate, not gay. Melancholy is of a relaxe

from collecting them ...
their natural habits of reflection! But
ing to reclaim a melancholy mind, it
attend to the feelings of the heart, as w
culiar temper of the mind. A gloomy,
quiet mind, is highly irritated, and its di
increased, by the company and conver
whose senseless bosoms are incapable
griefs it endures, or the complaints it m
deed, is another cause which drives m
sons from Society into Solitude; for
there whose tenderness leads them to sy
a brother in distress, or to contribut
eradicate the thorns which rankle in his
characters, in whose bosoms Nature
impenetrable shield of unvarying he
those whose minds are engrossed by
uninterrupted prosperity, can form n
cret but severe agonies which shake t
letudinary men; nor feel any compas
tures which accompany a wounded ar
until the convulsive frame proclaims
lady, or increasing melancholy sacrifi
the altar of self-destruction. The gay

nd attentive eye of real friendship the feelings of the eart; but to the careless and indifferent multitude of ommon acquaintances, the countenance may wear the ppearance not only of composure, but even of gaiety, hile the soul is inwardly suffering the keenest anish of unutterable woe. The celebrated Carlini, a rench actor of great merit, and in high reputation ith the public, for the life, whim, frolic, and vivacity ith which he nightly entertained the Parisian audiences, applied to a physician, to whom he was not personally known, for advice, and represented to him that e was subject to attacks of the deepest melancholy. he physician advised him to amuse his mind by scenes f pleasure, and particularly directed him to frequent he Italian Comedy; "for," continued he, "your disemper must be rooted indeed, if the acting of the lively arlini does not remove it."—"Alas!" exclaimed the nhappy patient, "I am the very Carlini whom you ecommend me to see: and while I am capable of filling Paris with mirth and laughter I am myself the ejected victim of melancholy and chagrin."

Painful as it may be to a person who is labouring nder the oppression of melancholy, to associate with hose who are incapable of sympathizing with his feelngs, or who neglect to compassionate his sufferings, et he should not fly from the presence of men into olitude; for Solitude will unavoidably aggravate and ugment his distress, inasmuch as it tends to encouage that musing and soliloquy to which melancholy invariably prone. It is the most dangerous resource which he can fly: for, while it seems to promise the ifest hope of relief, it betrays the confidence reposed it; and, instead of shielding its votary from that onflict which disturbs his repose, it renders him deenceless, and delivers him unarmed to his bitterest nemy.

The boldest spirits and firmest nerves cannot withand the inroads of melancholy merely by their own rength. It damps the courage of the most enterrising mind, and makes him who was before, upon *l occasions, fearless* and unawed, shrink even from



congenial di
might hide him from the ob
vitation to social entertainm
visit even of a friend becom
and he detests every thing w
which he wishes to live, or
privacy, or remove him from
Rousseau, towards the latter
all intercourse with Society w
the effect of his melancholy di
had conceived an unconquerab
and that his former friends,
some philosophers in France
into confederacy to destroy his
take away his life. On depar
passed through Amiens, where
who interrogated him about hi
controversies in which he had
Rousseau only answered, "You
making a parrot speak, but you
of the secret of giving language t
the magistrates of the city wishe
some marks of their esteem, he re
and considered these flattering
which

ssed, that the opposition he met with from differ-
inks of persons, at several periods of his life, was
mely severe. He was driven at one time from
:e, in which he had before been distinguished by
rifings, and highly honoured. At another time
as chased from Geneva, the place of his nativity,
of his warmest affection. He was exiled from
e with disgrace; expelled, with some appearance
ustice, from Neufchatel; and even banished from
anquil Solitude on the borders of the lake of Bi-
. His disposition, therefore, to avoid Society,
not be entirely attributed to his melancholy dis-
ion; nor his love of Solitude to a misanthropic
. Every acute and scientific observer of the life
haracter of this extraordinary man, will immed-
ly perceive that the seeds of that melancholy dis-
ion, and fretful temper, which through life de-
ed his repose, were sown by Nature in his con-
ion. He confesses, indeed, to use his own words,
"a proud misanthropy, and peculiar contempt
he riches and pleasures of the world, constituted
hief traits of his character." This proud spirit
contemptuous mind were mixed with an extreme
ibility of heart, and an excessive indolence of dis-
tion; and his body, which was naturally feeble,
red, from ill health, the keenest agonies, and most
uciating disorders, to which the human frame is
dent. Persecution also had levelled the most point-
nd severely-barbed shafts against him; and he was
ed to endure, amidst the pangs of poverty, and
sorrows of sickness, all that envy, hatred, and ma-
could inflict. It has been said, that the persecu-
s he experienced, were not so much excited by
new dogmas, or eccentric paradoxes, which, both
olitics and religion, pervade all his writings, as by
refinement of his extraordinary talents, the wou-
ful splendour of his eloquence, and the increasing
at of his fame. His adversaries certainly pursued
, not only with bigotry and intolerance, but with
inconsistency which revealed, in a great degree,
secret motives by which they were actuated; for

fortune, and pursued with unre
whose sympathy and kindness
deavoured to obtain, it is scarc
cheerfulness of his disposition, a
heart, should be subdued by the
sion and antipathy which he fan
mates entertained against him;
from the pen of his former friea
taire, together with many other
duced, particularly the letter wh
the name of the King of Prussia
exposing him to ridicule, prove t
this subject were not unfounded.
of mankind, seems ready to exch
tric philosopher was not only a mis
man; but those who are charitab
collect that he was a martyr to ill
had bestowed upon him a discontei
nerves were in a continued state of
to preserve equanimity of temper, v
shafts of calumny and malice, requ
ordinary degree of fortitude and
few individuals are found to possa

rading work ought, in candour, to be considered
a deplorable instance of the weakness of human
ire, and how unable it is to support its own digni-
when attacked by the adversities of fortune, and
malice of mankind. The greatness of Rousseau
ht to be erected on a different basis: for his earli-
works are certainly sufficient to support the extent
is fame as an author, however they may on par-
lar subjects expose his integrity as a man.

he anxieties which a vehemence of imagination,
a tender texture of the nervous system, at all
es produce, are highly injurious to the faculties of
mind; and, when accompanied by sickness or by
ow, wear out the intellect in proportion to its vi-
r and activity. To use the popular metaphor ap-
his subject, "The sword becomes too sharp for
scabbard;" and the body and the mind are there-
xposed to mutual destruction. The tear of pity
ld drop even from the jaundiced eye of jealousy,
e it capable of discerning the direful pangs with
ch the successful candidates for fame purchase
r envied pre-eminence. Calumny would dash its
onous chalice to the ground, were the heart-rend-
sighs, which but too often accompany the labours
enius, more generally known. Disease, anxiety,
, languor, despondency, and a long train of op-
sive maladies, are the usual fruits of intense appli-
n and continual study: the faculties frequently
under their own exertions; and the bright pros-
s which hope sometimes delusively opens to the
r, often close in eternal darkness. Were these
umstances recollected, envy would not only with-
its sting, and malice forego its mischief, but listen
e voice of pity, and relentingly offer to the victim
r kindest solace and support. Of the truth of these
rvations the celebrated Haller furnishes a memo-
e but melancholy instance. Urged by the love of
e to prosecute his various studies with unremitting
rity, his spirits became at length so terribly de-
ssed, that the great powers of his once vigorous and
ted mind were impeded in their exertion, until

opium, or some other medicine of a similar nature, released them from the melancholy by which they were subdued. So thick, indeed, was the gloom which overspread his mind, that he frequently fancied a vast abyss was opening before him, and that demons were waiting to drag him down, in order to inflict the most direful tortures on his soul, for the moral errors into which he conceived he had been involuntarily betrayed.

Religious melancholy is, of all other descriptions of this dreadful disease, most heightened and aggravated by Solitude. The dreadful idea of having irretrievably lost the Divine favour, and of being an object unworthy of the intercession of our Saviour, incessantly haunts the mind, labouring under religious despondency; and the imagination being left, in Solitude, entirely to its own workings, increases the horrors which such thoughts must unavoidably inspire.



rational hope may be entertained of a speedy recovery. The writings of these holy teachers confirm the truth of the observation, that the deleterious gloom of superstition assumes a darker aspect in the shades of retirement, and they uniformly exhort the unhappy victims of this religious error to avoid Solitude as the most certain enemy of this dreadful infirmity.

Solitude, however, is not the only soil in which this noxious weed springs up, and spreads around its baleful glooms: it sometimes appears with deeply-rooted violence in minds unused to retirement of every kind. In the course of my practice as a physician, I was called upon to attend a young lady, whose natural disposition had been extremely cheerful, until a severe fit of sickness damped her spirits, and rendered her averse to all those lively pleasures which fascinate the youthful mind. The debility of her frame, and the change of her temper were not sufficiently attended to in the early stages of her convalescence. The anxiety of her mind was visible in the altered features of her face: and she was frequently heard to express a melancholy regret, that she had consumed so many hours in the frivolous, though innocent, amusements of the age. Time increased, by almost imperceptible degrees, these symptoms of approaching melancholy; and at length exhibited themselves by penitential lamentations of the sin she had committed with respect to the most trifling actions of her life, and in which no shadow of offence could possibly be found. At the time I was called in, this superstitious melancholy was attended with certain indications of mental derangement. The distemper clearly originated in the indisposition of the body, and the gloomy apprehensions which disease and pain had introduced into the mind during a period of many months. This once lively, handsome, but now almost insane female, was daily attacked with such violent paroxysms of her complaint, that she *lost all sense* of her situation, and exclaimed, in *horrid distraction* and deep despair, that her perdition

of the fever, which had been long
life. Her mind became more calm
her nerves recovered their former
her intellectual powers were in a
acted on with effect, I successfully
baleful effects of Superstition by the
sion of real Religion, and restored
lovely, young, and virtuous woma
and herself.

Another instance of a similar natu
recently, in which the patient expe
symptoms which prognosticate the a
gious melancholy, and the completi
row and despondency would quick
fected, if good fortune had not dep
advice of an ignorant and bigoted p
her friends, when I was called in,
apply. This young lady, whose mind
and uncorrupted amidst all the luxur
tions which usually accompany illust
elevated station, possessed by nature
lity of disposition, and lived with qui
tent far retired from the pleasures of
had been long acquainted

eyes, and the threatening gesticulations of their bodies. I endeavoured to compose her, by assuring her that they were the creatures of her own fancy, the wild chimeras of a weakened brain; that her long course of ill health had affected her mind; and that, when a proper course of medicine, dietic regimen, and gentle exercise, had restored her strength, these dreadful appearances would give way to the most delightful visions. The course I pursued succeeded in a short time beyond my most sanguine expectations, and I raised her languid powers to health and happiness. But if she had confided the anxieties of her mind to her confessor, instead of her physician, the holy father would, in all probability, have ascribed her gloomy apprehension to the machinations of the devil, and have used nothing but purely spiritual antidotes to destroy them, which would have increased the melancholy, and possibly have thrown her into the darkest abyss of madness and despair.

This grievous malady, indeed, is not the exclusive offspring of mistaken piety and religious zeal; for it frequently invades minds powerful by nature, improved by science, and assisted by rational society. Health, learning, conversation, highly advantageous as they unquestionably are to the powers both of the body and the mind, have, in particular instances, been found incapable of resisting the influence of intense speculation, an atrabilarious constitution, and a superstitious habit. I have already mentioned the thick cloud of melancholy which obscured the latter days of the great and justly-celebrated Haller, which were passed under the oppression of a religious despondency, that robbed him not only of all enjoyment, but almost of life itself. During the long period of four years immediately antecedent to his death, he lived (if such a state can be called existence) in continual misery; except, indeed, at those short intervals when the returning powers of his mind enabled him, by the employment of his pen, to experience a temporary relief. A long course of ill health had forced him into an excessive use of opium.

perpetually to
with dreams of the most agitated and
ture. I was myself an eye-witness of
lancholy into which this great and g
plunged about two years before the
and though friendly, yet unwelcome
released him from his pains. The
during that time, he was most solici
was that of priests and ecclesiastics of
tion: he was uneasy when they were
nor was he always happy in his choic
ritual comforters; for though, at time
tended by some of the most enlightened
divines of the age and country in which
was at others surrounded by those whon
the reduced and abject state of his fa
have suffered him to endure. But dur
terrible subversion of his intellectual pov
of glory still survived in its original r
defied all the terrors both of heaven and
stroy or diminish their force. Haller h
very deep and serious notions of the i
Christianity to the salvation of the soul
demption of mankind, which by the a

in the mercy of God and the intercession of
Christ; but hints his fears lest the manifold
and the various errors and transgressions which
atural frailty of man must have accumulated
g a course of seventy years, should have ren-
his soul too guilty to expect the promised mercy
ɔentant sinners, and earnestly requests of him to
ɾe of his acquaintance Less, the virtuous divine
ɪt place, whether he could not furnish him with
pious work, that might tend to decrease the
ɾs he felt from the idea of approaching death,
elieve his tortured spirit from the apprehension
ernal punishment. The sentiments which oc-
d the mind of this pious philosopher when the
ed hour actually arrived, whether it was com-
i by the bright rays of hope, or dismayed into
eclipse by the dark clouds of despair, those who
unded his dying couch have not communicated

entertained of death, has been felt with equal, if not greater, horror, by minds as powerful, and less superstitious. He candidly confessed the important and abstruse point upon which he had not been able to satisfy himself. His high sense of virtue made even his own almost exemplary and unblemished life appear, in his too refined speculations, grossly vicious. Mercy, he knew, must unavoidably, be correlative with Justice; and he unfortunately conceived that no repentance, however sincere, could so purify the sinful, and, as he imagined, deplorable corruption of his soul, as to render it worthy of Divine grace. So utterly had the melancholy dejection of his mind deprived him of a just sense of his own character, and a perfect knowledge of the nature of the Almighty. The mournful propensity of this great man must, if he had passed his days either in pious abstinence, or irrational Solitude, have hurried him

..., ... the keenest compunctio
uaded conscience, how impious he mu
the all-seeing eye of the great Creator.
ion and dismay seized his guilty mind:
se of virtue and religion, which he was n
posed to entertain, served only to incr
ror and distraction. He would have soug
e from the arrows of remorse under the pre
ilds of penitence and prayer, but a scrupul
hension interposed the idea that it would b
ution in so guilty a sinner to exercise the off
ure and holy religion. He at length, hov
ceeded to confession; but recollecting, after
losure, that he had still omitted many of his
sions, additional horrors seized upon his
tortured his feelings on the irrecoverable
of his guilty soul. At intervals, indeed, he
to perceive that the perturbations of his
the produce of his disorganized frame and
ed spirit; and he endeavoured to recruit the
ir and exercise, and to dissipate the othe
s of festivity and ...

affording him the least consolation. Into so abject a state, indeed, did his intellectual faculties at length fall, that he had not, during one period, sufficient ability to compute the change due to him from any piece of coin in the common transactions of life; and he confessed that he had been frequently tempted, by the deepness of his distress, to release both his body and his mind from their cruel sufferings, and "shake impatiently his great affliction off" by self-destruction: but that the idea of heaping new punishment on his soul, by the perpetration of this additional crime, continually interposed, and saved him from the guilty deed. During this state of mental derangement, he fortunately met with a liberal-minded and rational divine, who, free from the errors of priestcraft, and possessed of a profound knowledge of the virtues of religion and the structure of the human mind, undertook the arduous, but humane and truly philosophic task of endeavouring to take

...e period but very few of those glo
rious vapours of superstition, which ha
ented his mind, remaining; but his body,
ularly his nervous system, was still rac
gonizing pains. I had the good fortune
m great relief; and when, at times, his s
ere suspended, and his spirits enlivened by
nversation, he was certainly one of the mo
ning men, both as to the vivacity of his
ewdness of his observations, the powers of
ding, and the solidity of his judgment, tha
r known.

These instances clearly evince how danger
de may prove to minds pre-disposed, by a
nature, to indulge a misdirected imagination,
n the common subjects of life, or upon the
ortant and affecting topic of religion; but it
be concluded from the observations I have al
e, that a rational retirement from the vice
ties, and the vexations of the world, is ec
iendly, under all circumstances, to a sicki...
cool and ...

brates through the trembling nerves of the dejected valetudinarian. The gay and healthy, therefore, seldom sympathize with the sorrowful and the sick. This, indeed, is one reason why those who, having lost the firm and vigorous tone of mind which is so essentially necessary in the intercourses of the world, generally abandon Society, and seek in the softness of Solitude a solace for their cares and anxieties; for there they frequently find a kind asylum, where the soul rests free from disturbance, and in time appeases the violence of its emotions: for "the foster-nurse of Nature is repose." Experience, alas! sad experience, has but too well qualified me to treat of this subject. In the fond expectation of being able to re-establish my nervous system, and to regain that health which I had broken down, and almost destroyed, by intense application, I repaired to the Circle of Westphalia, in order to taste the waters of Pyrmont, and to divert



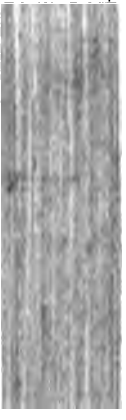
e stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
igh'd upon the heart.

hese painful importunities, I flew from
icenes with abrupt and angry violence;
myself to the Solitude of my apartments,
gering day in dreary dejection, musing
ncholy group from which I had just
t my home did not long afford me an
was on the ensuing day assailed by an
hondriasts, attended by their respective
o, while my own nervous malady was
full height, stunned me with the various
ginary woes, and excruciated me the
th their unfounded ails and tormenting

The friendly approach of night at
d me from their importunities; but my
en so exhausted, my feelings so vexed,
o tired, and the sensibilities of my mind
l, by the persecution I had endured,

ature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

eyes; and I lay restless upon my couch,
my miseries, in a state of anguish more
than my bitterest enemies would, I
flicted on me About noon, on the en-
hile I was endeavouring to procure an
rt repose, the Princess Orlow, accompa-
other very agreeable Russian ladies,
my and conversation it was both my
pleasure frequently to enjoy, suddenly
partment, to inquire after my health, of
hich they had received an account only
before: but such was the petulance of
hich my disordered mind betrayed me,
ttely rose, and with uncivil vehemence,
would not disturb me. The fair in-
ly left the room. About an hour after-
le I was reflecting on the impropriety



lence of my pains. He co
time; and, when he was a
mising that I knew him to
stition had any influence i
advise you, whenever you
and petulant a mood, as y
you turned the princess an
room, to endeavour to chec
per; and I think you will
purpose, if, while any frie
your health, however ave
ment to such an inquiry, i
civilly away, you would e
mental repetition of *The*
prove very salutary, and
more satisfactory to your n
better imagined than this
of impatience, by creating
attention, and turning the
pered thought into a more
Experience, indeed, has en
efficacy and virtue of this e
ly, by the practice of it, d

jects, I had seriously exhorted him to check, under a conviction, that a steady flame is more permanent and pure than a raging fire. He asked me, with some concern, what expedient I could recommend to him as most likely to control those emotions which happy lovers are so anxious to indulge. "My dear friend," I replied, "there is no expedient can surpass your own; and whenever the intemperance of passion is in danger of subverting the dictates of reason, repeat *The Lord's Prayer*, and I have no doubt you will foil its fury."

When the mind is thus enabled to check and regulate the effects of the passions, and bring back the temper to its proper tone and rational bias, the serenity and calmness of Solitude assists the achievement, and completes the victory. It is then so far from infusing into the mind the virulent poisons we have before described, that it affords a soft and pleasing balm to the soul; and, instead of being its greatest enemy, becomes its highest blessing and its warmest friend.

Solitude, indeed, as I have already observed, is far from betraying well-regulated minds either into the miseries of melancholy, or the dangers of eccentricism. It raises a healthy and vigorous imagination to its noblest production, elevates it when dejected, calms it when disturbed, and restores it, when partially disordered, to its natural tone. It is, as in every other matter, whether physical or moral, the abuse of Solitude which renders it dangerous: like every powerful medicine, it is attended, when misapplied, with the most mischievous consequences; but, when properly administered, is pleasant in its taste, and highly salutary in its effects. He who knows to enjoy it, can

. . . . . truly tell
To live in Solitude is with Truth to dwell;
Where gay Content with healthy Temperance meets,
And Learning intermixes all its sweets;
Where Friendship, Elegance, and Arts unite
To make the hours glide social, easy, bright:
He tastes the converse of the purest mind:

THE passions lose in Sol
that regulating weight by v
guided and controlled; the c
duced by variety, the restrai
tions of civility, and the che
calls of humanity, occur mu
tirement than amidst the mu
busy world. The desires an
having no real objects on w
pendulate, are stimulated and
of imagination. All the pro
deed, experience a degree o
mence greater than they eve
the pleasures, subdued by th
and engaged by the business

The calm which seems to a
its retreat is deceitful; the p
work within the heart; the in



are quick, excursive, and violent. The man may be the inmate of a cottage, but the same passions and inclinations still lodge within his heart: *his* mansion may be changed, but *their* residence is the same; and though they appear to be silent and undisturbed, they are secretly influencing all the propensities of his heart. Whatever be the cause of his retirement, whether it be a sense of undeserved misfortune, the ingratitude of supposed friends, the pangs of despised love, or the disappointments of ambition, memory prevents the wound from healing, and stings the soul with indignation and resentment. The image of departed pleasures haunts the mind, and robs it of its wished tranquillity. The ruling passion still subsists: it fixes itself more strongly on the fancy; moves with greater agitation; and becomes, in retirement, in proportion as it is inclined to Vice or Virtue, either a horrid and tormenting *spectre*, inflicting apprehension and dis-



cares; the poor subterfu
nually resorting, in orde
content that impend, in
heads; the lagging curren
the miserable poverty of
the eagerness with which
party; the transports they
any new diversion, or occa
with which they run towar
noise that interrupts the dea
and the patient industry wi
they watch each other's cou
of every action of each oth
imagine that any virulence
bosoms of persons who live
composed a state. But the
ren minds of such character
tions, and most common .de
violence of high and untame
diversions, a cock-fighting
bosom of a country squire be
ture; while the inability to
fills the minds of his wife and

sions, are felt and exercised with a greater degree violence and obstinacy amidst the little contentions clay-built cottages, than ever prevailed amidst the best commotions of courts. Plutarch relates, that en Cæsar, after his appointment to the government Spain, came to a little town as he was passing the pe, his friends, by way of mirth, took occasion to , "Can there here be any disputes for offices, any ntentions for precedency, or such envy and ambition we behold among the great in all the transactions Imperial Rome?" The idea betrayed their ignoce of human nature; while the celebrated reply of ir great commander, that *He would rather be the st man in this little town, than the second even the imperial city*, spoke the language, not of an lividual, but of the species; and instructed them t there is no place, however insignificant, in which same passions do not proportionately prevail. The mble competitors for village honours, however low d subordinate they may be, feel as great anxiety pre-eminence, as much jealousy of rivals, and as lent envy against superiors, as agitate the bosoms the most ambitious statesmen, in contending for the hest prize of glory, of riches, or of power. The nner, perhaps, in which these inferior candidates ert their passions may be less artful, and the objects them less noble, but they are certainly not less vilent. "Having," says Euphelia, who had quitted ndon, to enjoy the quietude and happiness of a ral village, "been driven by the mere necessity of caping from absolute inactivity, to make myself more quainted with the affairs and happiness of this place, am now no longer an absolute stranger to *rural aversation* and employments; but am far from scerning in them more innocence or wisdom than in e sentiments or conduct of those with whom I have sed more cheerful and more fashionable hours. It common to reproach the tea-table and the park, ith giving opportunities and encouragement to scan-l. *I cannot wholly clear them from the charge; t must, however, observe, in favour of the modish*



...y to malevolence, ba
or affront, real or imagi
But in those distant provi
lies inhabit the same hou
transmit and recount the f
I have been informed how
bourhood was originally go
dit the accounts given me,
acre in the hands of the r
told of intrigues between h
been now three centuries i
am often entertained with t
sons of whose names there
membrance, had they not e
might disgrace their descend
pens a quarrel between the
families, the malignity is cont
it is common for old maids to
tion in which their grandfat
Thus malice and hatred descen
and it is necessary to be well
the various factions of the coun
You cannot expect to be on
dies who are ...

, ... that she found they were so deep
in sin, that a rational remonstrance was lo
them; and that the only vexations she felt
sense of their wretchedness, arose from the id
her soul would at the last day be obliged t
company with such incorrigible wretches.

The inhabitants of the country, indeed, both
lower and middling classes, cannot be expec
possess characters of a very respectable kind,
we look at the conduct of those who set the
example. A country magistrate, who has cer
great opportunities of forming the manners an
rals of the district over which he presides, is
ieral puffed up with high and extravagant co
ions of the superiority of his wisdom, and the e
f his power; and, raising his idea of the grea
f his character in an inverse proportion to his no
f the insignificance and littleness of those ar
im, he sits enthroned with fancied pre-emine
ie disdainful tyrant, rather than the kind prote
' his neighbours. Deprived of all liberal an
ructive society, confined ...



-creasing anim
of virulence, th
herd of famished
each other.

The laws of ev
sisterhood to live
fection with each
attending these fa
racter, observed m
seemed rather the
of peaceful age, wi
hatred, malice, and
benevolence and si
do injustice if I did n
few who were stran
whose countenances
and whose beauty an
native lustre and simp
to reflect upon the s
nocents must endure,
hopes, defeated happi
should have changed th
tuous dispositions into t
tion and despair;

...ging with scorpion-like sev
pious mind; love sacrificed on the altar o
pride; or fortune ruined by the avarice of a p
guardian; while the future presents to her v
dreary prospect of an eternal and melancholy
tion from all the enjoyments of society, and
mual exposure to the petulance and ill-humou
dissatisfied sisterhood. What disposition, h
mild and gentle by nature, can preserve itself
such confluent dangers? How is it possible
vent the most amiable tenderness of heart, th
lively and sensible mind, from becoming, unde
circumstances, a prey to the bitterness of afl
and malevolence? Those who have had an op
nity to observe the operation of the passions
habits, humours, and dispositions of recluse fe
have perceived with horror the cruel and unrele
ary with which they goad the soul, and with
n imperious and irresistible voice they comi
bedience to their inclination.

The passion of Love, in particular, acts with
eater force upon the mind that

Retirement, under such circumstances, is a childish expedient; it is expecting to achieve that, by means of a fearful flight, which it is frequently too much for the courage and the constancy of heroes to subdue. Retirement is the very nest and harbour of this powerful passion. How many abandon the gay and jovial circles of the world, renounce even the most calm and satisfactory delights of friendship, and quit, without a sigh, the most delicious and highest seasoned pleasures of Society, to seek in Retirement the superior joys of Love! a passion in whose high and tender delights the insolence of power, the treachery of friendship, and the most vindictive malice, is immediately forgot. It is a passion, when pure, that can never experience the least decay; no course of time, no change of place, no alteration of circumstances, can erase or lessen the ideas of that bliss which it has once imprinted on the heart. Its characters are in-



nature; and he became, in a few years, the most learned, elegant, and polite gentleman of his age and country. Philosophy and divinity were his favourite studies: and, lest the affairs of the world should prevent him from becoming a proficient in them, he surrendered his birth-right to his younger brethren, and travelled to Paris, in order to cultivate his mind under that great professor William des Champeaux. The eminence he attained as a professor, while it procured him the esteem of the rational and discerning, excited the envy of his rivals. But, besides his uncommon merit as a scholar, he possessed a greatness of soul which nothing could subdue. He looked upon riches and grandeur with contempt; and his only ambition was to render his name famous among learned men, and to acquire the reputation of the greatest doctor of his age. But when he had attained his seven-and-twentieth year of age, all his philosophy could not guard him against the shafts of Love. Not far from the place where Abelard read his lectures, lived a canon of the church of Notre Dame, named Fulbert, whose niece, the celebrated Eloisa, had been educated under his own eye, with the greatest care and attention. Her person was well proportioned, her features regular, her eyes sparkling, her lips vermilion and well formed, her complexion animated, her air fine, and her aspect sweet and agreeable. She possessed a surprising quickness of wit, an incredible memory, and a considerable share of learning, joined with great humility and tenderness of disposition: and all these accomplishments were attended with something so graceful and moving, that it was impossible for those who saw her not to love her. The eye of Abelard was charmed, and his whole soul intoxicated with the passion of Love, the moment he beheld and conversed with this extraordinary woman; and he laid aside all other engagements to attend to his passion. He was deaf to the call both of reason and philosophy, and thought of nothing but her company *and conversation.* An opportunity, fortunate *for his love, but fatal* to his happiness, soon occurred.



passion strongl
of both pupil and precepto
his mistress, but for a lo
his wife. The secret of t
long concealed from the
lover was dismissed from
with rapture to his arms,
protection of his sister,
from the cruel vengeance
on the unfortunate Abelar
request, to enter into the c
he into the monastery of St.
the base of which was wash
less turbulent than the pas
soul, the unfortunate Abels
exercises of religion and
remembrance of his love;
feeble for the great attemp
years, however, had passed i
cation, without any commun
and further time might pos
still greater degree the violenc
a letter which Abelard wrote
in order to comfort

by comparing his former felicity with his present torments; and he answered Eloisa's letter, not as a moral preceptor, or holy confessor, but as a still fond and adoring lover; as a man whose wounded feelings were in some degree alleviated by a recollection of his former joys; and who could only console the sorrows of his mistress, by avowing an equal tenderness, and confessing the anguish with which their separation rent his soul. The walls of Paraclete resounded his sighs less frequently, and re-echoed less fervently with his sorrows, than those of St. Gildas; for his continued Solitude, so far from affording him relief, had administered an aggravating medicine to his disease; and afforded that vulture, Grief, greater leisure to tear and prey upon his disordered heart. "Religion," says he, "commands me to pursue Virtue, since I have nothing to hope for from Love; but Love still asserts its dominion in my fancy, and entertains itself with past pleasures. Memory supplies the place of a mistress. Piety and duty are not always the fruits of Retirement. Even in deserts, when the dew of heaven falls not on us, we love what we ought no longer to love. The passions, stirred up by Solitude, fill those regions of death and silence; and it is very seldom that what ought to be is truly followed there, and that God only is loved and served."

The letters of Eloisa were soft, gentle, and endearing; but they breathed the warmest language of tenderness and unconquerable passion. "I have your picture," says she, "in my room. I never pass by it without stopping to look at it; and yet, when you were present with me, I scarce ever cast my eyes upon it. If a picture, which is but a mute representation of an object, can give such pleasure, what cannot letters inspire? Letters have souls; they have in them all that force which expresses the transports of the heart: they have all the fire of our passions; they can raise them as much as if the persons themselves were present: they have all the softness and delicacy of speech, and sometimes a boldness of expression



you as a wife. In spite of all
be what you please in your l
vented for comforting such
Having lost the pleasure of
sate this loss by the satisfacti
inge: there I shall read you
shall carry them always ab
every moment. If you can be
be for the fond curiosity I sha
and envy only the happines
writing may be no trouble
me carelessly, and without
the dictates of the heart thou
live, if you do not tell me
You cannot but remember,
remember?) with what pleasu
days In hearing you discourse
absent, I shut myself up from
you; how uneasy I was till
your hands; what artful mans
to engage confidants. This det
you, and you are in pain for wh
am no longer ashamed that

confinement in which you denied to place you. Death only then can make me leave the place where you have fixed me; and then too my ashes shall rest here, and wait for yours, in order to shew my obedience and devotedness to you to the latest moment possible."

Abelard, while he strove, in his reply, to adhere to the dictates of reason, betrayed the lurking tenderness of his heart. "Deliver yourself, Eloisa," says he, "from the shameful remains of a passion which has taken too deep root. Remember, that the least thought for any other than God is an adultery. If you could see me here, pale, meagre, melancholy, surrounded by a band of persecuting monks, who feel my reputation for learning as a reproach of their stupidity and ignorance, my emaciated figure as a slander on their gross and sensual corpulency, and my prayers as an example for their reformation; what would you say to the unmanly sighs, and unavailing tears, by which they are deceived? Alas! I am bowed down by the oppressive weight of Love, rather than by contrition for past offences. Oh, my Eloisa, pity me, and endeavour to free my labouring soul from its captivity! If your vocation be, as you say, my wish, deprive me not of the merit of it by your continual inquietudes; tell me that you will honour the habit which covers you by an inward retirement. Fear God, that you may be delivered from your frailties. Love him, if you would advance in virtue. Be not uneasy in the cloister, for it is the dwelling of saints; embrace your bands, they are the chains of Jesus; and he will lighten them, and bear them with you, if you bear them with humility and repentance. Consider me no more, I intreat you, as a founder, or as a person in any way deserving of your esteem; for your encomiums do but ill agree with the multiplying weakness of my heart. I am a miserable sinner, prostrate before my Judge; and when the rays of grace break on my troubled soul, I *press the earth* with my lips, and mingle my sighs *and tears in the* dust. Couldst thou survey thy

wretched lover thus lost and forlorn, thou wouldst no longer solicit his affection. The tenderness of thy heart would not permit thee to interpose an earthly passion, which can only tend to deprive him of all hopes of heavenly grace and future comfort. Thou wouldst not wish to be the object of sighs and tears, which ought to be directed to God alone. Canst thou, my Eloisa, become the confederate of my evil genius, and be the instrument to promote Sin's yet unfinished conquest? What, alas! couldst thou not achieve with a heart, the weaknesses of which you so well know? But, oh! let me conjure you, by all the sacred ties, to forget for ever the wretched Abelard, and thereby contribute to his salvation. Let me intreat you, by our former joys, and by our now common misfortunes, not to abet my destruction. The highest affection you can now shew me, is to hide your tenderness from my view, and to renounce me for ever. Oh, Eloisa, be devoted to God alone! for I here release you from all engagements to me."

The conflict between Love and Religion [illegible]



love you; I consider the solemnity of the vow I have made, and the awfulness of the veil I have taken: but there arises, unexpectedly, from the bottom of my heart, a passion which triumphs over all these notions, and, while it darkens my reason, destroys my devotion. You reign in all the close and inward retreats of my soul; and I know not how nor where to attack you with any prospect of success. When I endeavour to break the chains which bind me so closely to you, I only deceive myself, and all my efforts serve only to confirm my captivity, and to rivet our hearts more firmly to each other. Oh! for Pity's sake, comply with my request; and endeavour, by this means, to make me renounce my desires, by shewing me the obligation I am under to renounce you. If you are still a lover, or a father, oh! help a mistress, and give comfort to the distraction of an afflicted child. Surely these dear and tender names will excite the emotion either of pity or of love. Gratify my request; only continue to write to me, and I shall continue to perform the hard duties of my station without profaning that character which my love for you induced me to assume. Under your advice and admonition I shall willingly humble myself, and submit with penitence and resignation to the wonderful providence of God, who does all things for our sanctification; who, by his grace, purifies all that is vicious and corrupt in our natures; and, by the inconceivable riches of his mercy, draws us to himself against our wishes, and by degrees opens our eyes to discern the greatness of that bounty which at first we are incapable of understanding. Virtue is too amiable not to be embraced when you reveal her charms, and Vice too hideous not to be avoided when you shew her deformities. When you are pleased, every thing seems lovely to me. Nothing is frightful or difficult when you are by. I am only weak when I am alone, and unsupported by you; and therefore it depends on you alone that I may be such as you desire. Oh! that you had not so powerful an influence over all my soul! It is your fears, surely, that make you thus

deaf to my intreaties, and negligent of my desires! but what is there for you to fear? When we lived happily together, you might have doubted whether it was pleasure or affection that united me to you; but the place from which I now indite my lamentations must have removed that idea, if it ever could find a place in your mind. Even within these gloomy walls, my heart springs towards you with more affection than it felt, if possible, in the gay and glittering world. Had Pleasure been my guide, the world would have been the theatre of my joys. Two-and-twenty years only of my life had worn away, when the lover on whom my soul doated was cruelly torn from my arms; and at that age female charms are not generally despised; but, instead of seeking to indulge the pleasures of youth, your Eloisa, when deprived of thee, renounced the world, suppressed the emotions of sense, at a time when the pulses beat



she indulged a notion that her love could not be otherwise than pure and spiritual; but there are many parts of her letters which shew how much she was deceived by this idea; for, in all the fancied chastity of their tender and too ardent loves,

"Back thro' the pleasing maze of Sense she ran,
And felt within the slave of Love and Man."

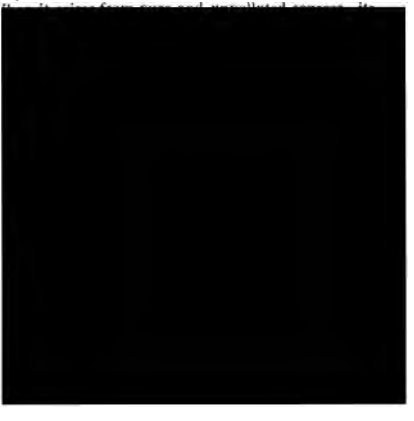
The wild and extravagant excesses to which the fancy and the feelings of Eloisa were carried, was not occasioned merely by the warm impulses of unchecked nature; but were forced, to the injury of Virtue, and the destruction of Reason, by the rank hot-bed of Monastic Solitude. The story of these celebrated lovers, when calmly examined, and properly understood, proves how dangerous it is to recede entirely from the pleasures and occupations of social life, and how deeply the imagination may be corrupted, and the passions inflamed, during a splenetic and ill-prepared retirement from the world. The frenzies which follow disappointed love, are of all others the most likely to settle into habits of the deepest melancholy. The finest sensibilities of the heart, the purest tenderness of the soul, when joined with a warm constitution, and an ardent imagination, experience from interruption and control the highest possible state of exasperation. Solitude confirms the feelings such a situation creates: and the passions and inclinations of a person labouring under such impressions, are more likely to be corrupted and inflamed by the leisure of retirement, than they would be even by engaging in all the lazy opulence and wanton plenty of a debauched metropolis.

The affection which Petrarch entertained for Laura was refined, elevated, and virtuous, and differed, in almost every ingredient of it, from the luxurious fondness of the unfortunate Eloisa; but circumstances separated him from the beloved object; and he laboured, during many years of his life, under the oppression of that grievous melancholy which disap-

eye brows black as ebony. Golden lc
her shoulders whiter than snow, and t
woven by the fingers of Love. He
formed, and her complexion animate
Nature, which Art vainly attempts to
she opened her mouth, you perceiv
pearls, and the sweetness of roses.
graces. Nothing was so soft as her l
as her carriage, so touching as the so
An air of gaiety and tenderness breat
but so pure and happily tempered, a
beholder with the sentiments of virt
chaste as the spangled dew-drop on t
was the description given of this di
her enslaved lover. But, unfortunat
ness, she was at this time married to
whose family was originally of A
the first offices there. Notwithstandi
he underwent from the natural agit
tion so tender as that which now en
he owns that Laura behaved to him
long as he concealed his passion; b
covered that he was captivated with
treated him with great severity; sweet

esource was ill suited to the safety I sought. Sol-
ude was incapable of mitigating the severity of my
orrows. The griefs that hung around my heart
onsumed me like a devouring flame. I had no mean-
f flying from their attacks. I was alone, without
onsolation, and in the deepest distress, without even
ie counsel of a friend to assist me. Melancholy and
espair shot their poisoned arrows against my de-
enceless breast, and I filled the unsoothing and ro-
antic vale with my sighs and lamentations. The
ause, indeed, conveyed my sufferings to the world;
at while the poet was praised, the unhappy Lover
emained unpitied and forlorn."

The love which inspired the lays of Petrarch was
pure and perfect passion of the heart; and his suf-
erings were rendered peculiarly poignant by a me-
ncholy sense of the impossibility of ever being
nited with the object of it; but the love of Abelard
nd Eloisa was a furious heat of wild desire. This
assion flows clear or muddied, peaceful or violent,
proportion to the sources from which it springs.





beautiful princess in the world. It h
occasion of the war called the new-m
a distance from his beloved prince
secure, as he thought, in a strong c
the country; but, in his absence, the
by surprise, and the princess brought
quarters of the heroic prince. There
a young nobleman, the favourite of
who had been educated with him, and
by him with perfect familiarity. Hi
sent for, and with strict injunctions
captive princess to his charge; reso
be treated with that respect which
rank and merit. It was the same
had discovered her disguised among t
learnt her story; the particulars of w
lated to the prince. He spoke in ext
sion; telling the prince how beauti
even in the midst of sorrow: and
under the meanest habit, yet how
her air and manner from every oth
sex. But what appeared strange to
man was, that the prince, during thi
discovered not the least intention of
or satisfying that curiosity which seem



ou, sir, persuade me then," said the young noble-
an, smiling, "that a fair face can have such power
to force the will itself, and constrain a man in any
espect to act contrary to what he thinks becoming
im? Are we to hearken to the poets, in what they
ell us of that incendiary Love and his irresistible
arrows? A real flame we see burns all alike; but
hat imaginary one of beauty hurts only those that
re consenting. It affects no otherwise as we our-
elves are pleased to allow it. In many cases we ab-
olutely command it, as when relation and consan-
uinity are in the nearest degree. Authority and law
re see can master it; but it would be vain, as well
s unjust, for any law to intermeddle or prescribe,
here not the case voluntary, and our will entirely
ree." "How comes it then," replied the prince,
that, if we are thus masters of our choice, and free
t first to admire and love where we approve, we
annot afterwards as well cease to love whenever we
ee cause? This latter liberty you will hardly de-
end; for I doubt not you have heard of many who,
hough they were used to set the highest value on
liberty before they loved, yet, afterwards, were ne-
essitated to serve in the most abject manner, finding
hemselves constrained, and bound by a stronger chain
han any of iron or of adamant." "Such wretches,"
eplied the youth, "I have often heard complain,
who, if you will believe them, are wretched indeed,
without means or power to help themselves. You
may hear them in the same manner complain griev-
ously of life itself; but, though there are doors enough
at which to go out of life, they find it convenient to
keep still where they are. They are the very same
pretenders who, through this plea of irresistible ne-
cessity, make bold with what is another's, and attempt
unlawful beds; but the law, I perceive, makes bold
with them in its turn, as with other invaders of pro-
perty. Neither is it your custom, sir, to pardon such
offences. So that beauty itself, you must allow, is
innocent and harmless, and cannot compel any one to
do amiss. The debauched compel themselves, and

unjustly charge their guilt on Love. They who are honest and just can admire and love whatever is beautiful, without offering at any thing beyond what is allowed. How then is it possible, sir, that one of your virtue should be in pain on any such account, or fear such a temptation? You see, sir, I am sound and whole after having beheld the princess. I have conversed with her; I have admired her in the highest degree; yet I am myself still, and in my duty, and shall be ever in the same manner at your command." "It is well," replied the prince, "keep yourself so: be ever the same man, and look to your fair charge carefully, as becomes you: for it may so happen, in the present situation of the war, that this beautiful captive may stand us in good stead." The young nobleman then departed to execute his commission; and immediately took such care of the captive princess, that she seemed as perfectly obeyed, and had



The princess was alarmed by his audacity, amediately sent to the prince to implore his ion. The prince received the information with pearance of more than ordinary attention; sent ly for one of his first ministers, and directed to return with the princess's domestic, and tell ung nobleman that *force* was not to be used to lady; but that he might use *persuasion*, if he it it was proper so to do. The minister, who course the inveterate enemy of his prince's fa-, aggravated the message, inveighed publicly t the young nobleman for the grossness of his nduct, and even reproached him to his face aving been a traitor to the confidence of his , and a disgrace to his nation. The minister, rt, conveyed the message of his master in such st and angry terms, that the youth looked on se as desperate; fell into the deepest melan-; and prepared himself for that fate which he nscious he well deserved. While he was thus sed with a sense of his misconduct, and the r to which it had exposed him, the prince com-d him to attend a private audience. The youth d the closet of the prince covered with the st confusion. "I find," said he, "that I am become dreadful to you indeed, since you can r see me without shame, nor imagine me to be st resentment. But away with all these thoughts this time forwards! I know how much you uffered on this occasion. I know the power of ; and am no otherwise safe myself, than by g out of the way of Beauty. I alone am to ; for it was I who unhappily matched you with nequal adversary; who gave you that impracti task; who imposed on you that hard adver- which no one yet was ever strong enough to se- sh." "In this, sir, as in all else," replied the , "you express that goodness which is so na- o you. You have compassion, and can allow *man frailties*; but the rest of mankind will *cease to* upbraid me; nor shall I ever be ten-



worthy of being called your friend
not think of banishing yourself for ev
prince: "but, trust me, if you will
while, I shall so order matters, that
with the applause even of those wh
enemies, when they find what a com
you shall have rendered both to them
a hint was sufficient to revive the s
pairing youth. He was transported
misfortunes could be turned in an
vantage of his prince. He entered
scheme his royal friend had contrived
of restoring him to his former fam
and appeared eager to depart, and e
tions that were given to him. "Can
the prince, "resolve to quit the char
"O, sir," replied the youth, with t
"I am now well satisfied that I have
me two distinct separate souls. Thi
sophy I have learnt from that vill
Love: for it is impossible to believe
and the same soul, it should be ac
and bad, passionate for Virtue and V
contraries. No; there must of neces
when the Good Soul prevails, we



› riot in scenes of fancied delights, under an
ıt reason will be able to extinguish the flames
e, is to nurse and foster the sensual appetites,
when guided by the cool and temperate voice
ıre alone, are seldom raised to an improper
The natural current of the blood, even in the
t constitutions, and under the most torrid
ould keep an even temperate course, were it
elerated by such incentives. Youth, indeed,
› this species of reasoning, and imputes it to
:ness of satiety, or the coldness of old age. I
ıowever, in general, observed, that those who
ese incitements to what they improperly call
possess a rayless eye, a hollow cheek, a pal-
ad, a pallid countenance; and these symptoms
d splendour and withered strength, unques-
y prove that they have not consulted Nature
gay pursuits; for Nature has not planted any
ıdies in the human frame, which lead it to
ain, or premature decay. The blame which is
ıstly thrown upon temperament and constitu-
longs to the indulgence of false and clamorous
s, those which sensual fancies, and lascivious
save raised to the destruction of chastity and

ıstic institutions produce in this respect incal-
mischiefs. The sexes, whom these religious
seclude from the free and unconfined inter-
of Society, suffer their imaginations to riot
:-restraint or discipline, in proportion to the
s imposed on their actions. A thousand boyish
, eager appetites, and warm desires, are per-
y playing truant, and the chastity of the soul is
ed. To effect the conquest of the passion of
it is absolutely necessary that the evil sugges-
the imagination should be first silenced; and
succeeds in quelling the insurrections of that
at inmate, or in quieting its commotions,
s an enterprise at once difficult and glorious.
y Jerome checked the progress of many dis-
passions which he found rising in his breast.

but the passion of Love resisted all his opposition, and followed him, with increasing fury, even into the frightful cavern to which he retired to implore, in humble prayer and solitary abstraction, the mercies of his God. The Solitude, however remote, to which the demon of sensuality is admitted, is soon crowded with legions of tormenting fiends. John, the anchorite of the deserts of Thebais, wisely addresses his solitary brethren, "If there be any among you who, in his pride, conceives that he has entirely renounced the devil and all his works, he should learn that it is not sufficient to have done this merely by his lips, by having resigned his worldly dignities, and by dividing his possessions among the poor; for, unless he has also abandoned his sensual appetites, his salvation cannot be secure. It is only by purifying our bosoms from the pernicious influence of this master passion, that we can ever hope to counteract the machinations of Satan, and to guard our hearts from his dangerous practices. Sin always introduces itself under the guidance of some guilty passion; some fond desire; some pleasing inclination, which we willingly indulge, and by that means suffer the enemy of peace to establish his unruly dominion in our souls. Then tranquillity and real happiness quit their abode in our hearts, and all is uproar and anarchy within. This

of this delightful passion, shews in the strongest manner the impolicy and absurdity of those institutions, on the members of which celibacy is enjoined. The happiness of every individual, as well as the civil and religious interests of society, are best promoted by indulging the endearments of sense to improve the sympathies, tenderness, and affections of the human heart. But these blessings are denied to the solitary fanatic, who is condemned to endure the suppression of his passions, and prevented from indulging, without endangering, his principles, both the desire of sense, and the dreams of fancy. He cannot form that delightful union of the sexes, where sentiments of admiration are increased by prospects of personal advantage; where private enjoyment arises from a sense of mutual merit; and the warmest beams of love are tempered by the refreshing gales of friendship. The grosser parts of this innate and glowing passion can alone occupy his fancy; and the sentiments it instils, instead of refining his desires, and ameliorating his affections, tend, through the operation of his foul and corrupted imagination, to render his appetites still more depraved. He is as ignorant of its benefits, as he is of its chaste and dignified pleasures; and, totally unacquainted with its fine sensibilities, and varied emotions, his bosom burns with the most violent rage; his mind wallows in images of sensuality; and, his temper frets itself, by unjustly accusing the tempter as the author of his misery. If the luxurious cogitations of such a character were dissipated by the pleasures and pursuits of busy life; if the violence of his passions were checked by laborious exercises; and if habits of rational study enabled him to vary the uniformity of retirement, and to substitute the excursions of mental curiosity, and moral reflections, instead of that perpetual recurrence of animal desire by which he is infected, the danger we have described would certainly be reduced; but, without such aids, his self-denials, his penitence, his prayers, and all the austere discipline of the monkish and ascetic school will be ineffectual. Celibacy, in

custom of different [illegible]
formed, to the highest goal of huma

Hail! wedded Love, mysterious l
Of human offspring, sole propriet
In Paradise of all things commor
By thee adult'rous lust was drive
Among the bestial herds to rang
Founded in reason, loyal, just, a
Relations dear, and all the charit
Of Father, Son, and Brother, firs
Far be it that I should write thee
Or think thee unbefitting holiest
Perpetual fountain of domestic
Whose bed is undefil'd and cha
Present or past, as Saints and P
Here Love his golden shafts em
His constant lamp, and waves

The mischievous effects which
rude of monastic institutions pro
[illegible]

ntemplation: First, that their bosoms must
magitated by the thoughts of love; that they
ıever permit their fancies to loiter on volup-
ages; that female beauty, in its fairest form,
st glowing charms, should be incapable of
in their hearts the least sensation; and that,
ring the hours of sleep, their minds should
untainted by such impure affections. The
of these solitary beings was, on some occa-
:tually tried by experiment; but the conse-
which resulted from such irrational discipline,
'ectly the reverse of those it was intended to
. The imagination was vitiated, and the in-
ı rendered so corrupt, that neither the exam-
the precepts of the more enlightened ages
le to correct their manners, or reclaim them
: machinations of their unclean spirit. Num-
ndeed, and horrid are the instances recorded
ıus, and other writers, of the perversions of all
ıd reason, of all delicacy and refinement, of
e and true holiness, which prevailed in the
olitudes of every description, while the *nup-
te* was held incompatible with the duties of
and the sexes separated from each other, that
ght more piously, and with less interruption,
s dictates. Some of the fathers of the church
'emale celibacy to be the only means of liv-
aste and godly life amidst the impurities of a
orld, and of regaining, during the perdition
mortality, the resemblance of the soul's ce-
ligin. The holy happy tie of matrimony they
ed as a cloak to the indulgence of impure
and launched their anathemas against it as an
institution. Even the eloquent and pious
ome says, " that a double purpose was in-
o be attained by the institution of marriage,
propagation of the species, and the gratifica-
exual affection; but that, as population had
ly covered the face of the earth, the first had
no longer necessary: and that it was the duty
exes rather to conquer their affections by

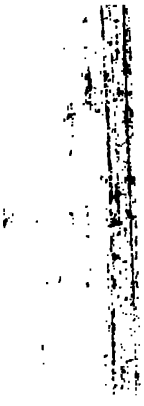
tions and [illegible]
tity in a very serious point of view; and
no doubt but that it is the brightest jew
becoming ornament of the sex; but the
teachers were so blinded by their zeal,
all sight of nature, and mistakingly co
the Great Creator had planted affections
and passions in our breasts, only to try
in suppressing their turbulence, rather
mote our happiness, and to answer th
creation, by a sober and rational indulg

But Nature will not be argued out
and these absurd doctrines introduc
monastic institution throughout Euro
tercourse, hostile, from its evil exampl
ests both of morality and religion.
convent of Argenteuil, who chose
abbess, were, in all probability, int
choice by the recollections of her for
their knowledge of the present rulin
heart: they meant to provide the ab
rior who, if she were not inclined to
feel no disposition to interrupt, thei
[illegible] during the

society; but she was certainly not included by name in the articles of accusation which the abbot of St. Dennis transmitted upon this subject to the court of Rome; and there is every reason to believe that these irregularities were carefully concealed from her knowledge. When this lovely victim was presented with the veil, some persons, who pitied her youth, and admired her beauty, represented to her the cruel sacrifice she would make of herself by accepting it: but she immediately exclaimed, in the words of Cornelia, after the death of Pompey the Great—

> 'Oh! my lov'd Lord! our fatal marriage draws
> On thee this doom, and I the guilty cause:
> Then while thou go'st th' extremes of fate to prove,
> I'll share that fate, and expiate thus my love!'

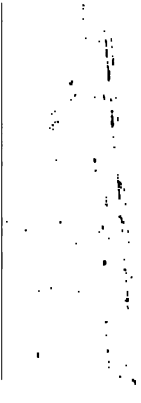
and accepted the fatal present with a constancy not to have been expected in a woman who had so high a taste for pleasures which she might still enjoy. It will, therefore, be easily conceived, that her distress, on being ignominiously expelled from this retreat, was exceedingly severe. She applied to Abelard to procure her some permanent asylum, where she might have the opportunity of estranging herself from all earthly weaknesses and passions; and he, by the permission of the bishop of Troyes, resigned to her the house and the chapel of Paraclete, with its appendages, where she settled with a few sisters, and became herself the foundress of a nunnery. Of this monastery she continued the superior until she died; and whatever her conduct was among the licentious nuns of Argenteuil, she lived so regular in this her new and last retreat, and conducted herself with such exemplary prudence, zeal, and piety, that all her former failings were forgot, her character adored by all who knew her, and her monastery in a short time enriched with so great a variety of donations, that she was celebrated as the ablest cultivator of the *virtues of forgiveness* and christian charity then existing. *The bishop of* the district behaved to her as if



that as in all [illegible]
of silence, and retirement
have been shut up within
nothing but weep for our
has resounded with my cri
demned to eternal slavery,
in grief and sighing."

The useful regulations
St. Benedict, upon the vota
were soon neglected. A
succeeded by luxury and
the several orders had, l
property, become so grea
in purchasing a remission
founders had enjoined.
laity relieved the initiate
cultivating the demesne la
of indolence and lasine
long fasts, and unsavoury
the richest repasts; substit
rious humility; and lost

stead of finding it the seat of wisdom and piety, and the mansion of tranquillity, he discovered the most dissolute manners, and abandoned conduct, prevailing in every part of the convent. His mild and rational attempts to reclaim these disorderly brethren, were so far from producing the desired effect upon their minds, that it only provoked their rage, and gave new edge to their malice. Foiled in their endeavours, by conspiracy and calamny, to dispossess him of his situation, they attempted, several times, at their common repasts, to infuse poison into his victuals; and at length, dreadful to relate! actually administered, in the sacramental cup, the poisoned chalice to his lips, but which he was miraculously prevented from tasting. It is, indeed, impossible to read the description he has given of his dreadful situation in this wild and savage community, without shuddering at the idea how much an irrational Solitude tends to corrupt the manners and deprave the heart. "I live," says he, in his letter to Philintus, "in a barbarous country, the language of which I do not understand. I have no conversation, but with the rudest people. My walks are on the inaccessible shore of a sea which is perpetually stormy. My monks are only known by their dissoluteness, and living without any rule or disorder. Ah! Philintus, were you to see my habitation, you would rather think it a slaughter-house than a convent. The doors and walks are without any ornament, except the heads of wild boars, the antlers of stags, the feet of foxes, and the hides of other animals, which are nailed up against them. The cells are hung with the skins of victims destroyed in the chase. The monks have not so much as a bell to wake them, and are only roused from their drowsiness by the howling of dogs and the croaking of ravens. Nothing disturbs their laziness or langour, but the rude noises of hunting; and their only alternatives are riot and rest. But I should return my thanks to Heaven if that were their only fault. I endeavour in vain to recal them *to their duty; they* all combine against me; and I *only expose myself* to continual vexations and dan-



It is, indeed, ——
sense, the complete nursery of
is without those numerous incer
are continually occurring in t
nothing can contribute to proc
orderly passions more than the
by which the heart is intere
ployed. The minds of idle p
less; their hearts never at pe
continually on the fret; and t
the most unwarrantable excess

Idleness, even in social li
torments on the soul; destroy
deals; and, when general, f
safety of the state. Timothe
surnamed ΑΙΛΟΤΡΟΣ, or *t*
the Eutychian Controversy,
ambition to fill the episcop
The splenetic restlessness wh
monks in their several mon
present to his observing ey

of Heaven to the superstitious ears of the awakene auditors; and the sagacious and enterprising trun peter did not fail to announce himself as an amba sador of Heaven, sent in the name of the Almight to command the monks to assemble immediately, t consult on the most likely mode of deposing th Nestorian heretic Proterus, and of raising the favou ed and orthodox Timotheus to the episcopal thron The idea of being thus elected to execute this piou rebellion, roused all the sleeping powers of thes solitary and hitherto idle fanatics; they rose tumu tuously at the sacred signal; proclaimed *the cat* as heaven-elected patriarch; solicited him, with friendl violence, not to refuse the promised boon; and burning with all the ardour of expected succes marched, in a few days, under the banner of th impostor, to Alexandria, where they inspired th members of other monasteries with their own delu sion, and created throughout Egypt the wildest an most tremendous commotions. The populace caugh the religious frenzy, and joined in vast number the monastic route. Assisted by this desperate ral ble, Timotheus proceeded to the principal churc of Alexandria, where he was, by a preconcerte arrangement, pompously received by two depose bishops, and ordained the Metropolitan of the whol Egyptian territory. Proterus was astonished at th sudden irruption, and hurled his anathemas wit



and were found, [illegible]
over, clinging with fondness, in
round his mangled body. But
the murderers to calumniate th
which they had thus violently
stroyed. They accordingly dra
this virtuous patriarch to the mo
city, and, after the grossest abu
and most scandalous misrepresen
hung it on an elevated cross, a
brutal insults of the misguided a
To complete this unmanly outr
committed the torn and mangle
cellent prelate to the flames,
amidst the most opprobrious a
into the darkened air; exclaim
precations, that the mortal part
not entitled to the rights of se
tears of friends. So furious an
were all the oriental monks, wh
their monastic lethargy, that ev
[illegible]

all secular concerns, and retired into Solitude among the mountains in the vicinity of the city, where, in dreary caves, he devoted two entire years to penitence and prayer. Ill health, however, obliged him to return to Antioch, he began to preach the word, and was soon followed by a host of disciples. The life of this excellent pastor was an example to his whole flock. He endeavoured to drive away the wolves from the fields, and sent missionaries even into Scythia, to convert its inhabitants to Christianity. These missions, and his various charities, required either considerable revenues, or the most rigid economy; and the holy patriarch was contented to live in the extremes of poverty, that he might have the better opportunity of relieving the sufferings of his fellow-creatures. The character and conduct of this virtuous pontiff soon gained him the hearts of his people, and he set himself earnestly to reform the many abuses which at this time prevailed at Constantinople. The severity and vehemence, however, with which he declaimed against the pride, the luxury, and the rapacity of the great; the zeal with which he endeavoured to reform the vices and misconduct of the clergy; and the eagerness he discovered for the conversion of heretics, created him a multitude of enemies; and Eutropius, the favourite of the Emperor Arcadius; Gainas, the tyrant, to whom he had refused protection for the Arians; Theophilus, of Alexandria, the patron of the Origenists; and the disciples of Arius, whom he had banished from Constantinople, entered into a conspiracy against him; and an occasion soon happened, which gave them the opportunity of taking ample vengeance. The intrepid preacher, convinced that, while he declaimed against vice in general, the peculiar vices which prevailed in the court of the Empress Eudoxia, and the personal misconduct of the empress herself called aloud for his severest animadversions, he took every opportunity of exposing them to the public abhorrence. The resentment of the court encouraged the discontent of the clergy and monks of Constantinople, who had been very severely disciplined by the zeal of the



stigmatized, as the disgra
the crowd of degenerate
worthy motives of pleas
infested the streets of th
of persuasion, the archbi
lesson of authority; and
Asiatic provinces, he d
Lydia and Phrygia; an
ruption of simony and lic
whole episcopal order.
into the confederacy abov
lent Chrysostome was st
intolerable tyrant of the
siastical conspiracy was
of Alexandria, who, by
landed at Constantinople
ian mariners, to encounte
of dependent bishops, to
majority of a synod. Th
the suburbs of Chalcedon
in which Chrysostome
against the empress; rude
exile; from whence, how
recalled; but

sleeping powder of the present age, they burst immediate conflagration and explosion at the h of that hand by which they were fired, and, cting their heated animosity against the dying ysostome, surrounded his house, and threatened, if he did not immediately depart, they would in-'e it in flames, and bury him in its ruins. The iers of the garrison were called out to protect the of this virtuous ecclesiastic; and, on their arrival ie scene of action, very courteously requested the iged monks to be quiet, and depart; but the re-it was treated with contempt and defiance; and as by the humane resolution of Chrysostome him-that this tumult was quelled; for, rather than the id of his fellow-creatures should be shed on his unt, he desired a litter might be procured, into ch, in his almost expiring state, he was roughly , and, by his departure from the city, escaped the which thus assailed his life. It is evident, from e facts, that the irrational solitude of monastic tutions, particularly that which prevailed in the y ages of Christianity in the eastern parts of the verted world, instead of rendering the votaries of ild, complacent, and humane, filled their minds i the wildest notions, and the most uncharitable acrimonious passions, and fostered in their hearts nost dangerous and destructive vices. It is truly , by a very elegant writer, and profound observer ieu and manners, that monastic institutions una-ably contract and fetter the human mind; that partial attachment of a monk to the interest of his er, which is often incompatible with that of other ers, the habit of implicit obedience to the will superior, together with the frequent return of the risome and frivolous duties of the cloister, debase faculties, and extinguish that generosity of senti-it and spirit, which qualifies men for thinking and ng justly, with respect to what is proper in life conduct; and that Father Paul of Venice was, aps, the only person educated in a cloister, that *was altogether* superior to its prejudices, or who

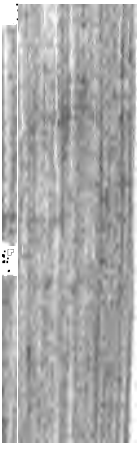


the discovered regions of
vation, and expected, fro
favour from the Fountain
But the fears which thes
clesiastics raised in the we
contemporaries, instead o
ciliatory and comforting
Christ, were converted to
sordid avarice, and made
ment of their vices, and
power. They inculcated t
passport to eternal bliss wa
riches, and to indulge them
leges; and every haughty
reign, who was anxious t
pleasures, and capricious v
people's prosperity and hap
concile himself to his offen
ambitious and greedy mona
lution for their deepest crime
in full view, the melancho
were corrupted by the wo
humanity, and that the disc
seldom productive of a sin

When the mind, alas! has numbed its sense of social joys, and become a stranger to the delightful charms of sweet domestic love; when all affection for the world and its concerns has been studiously expelled from the bosom, and no kind feeling or social inclination suffered to fill the vacant heart; when man has separated himself from his species, and has not united his soul with his Creator, he has lost all power of being happy himself, or of communicating happiness to others.

The bishops exceeded the inferior clergy in every kind of profligacy, as much as in opulence and power; and, of course, their superintending and visitatorial authority was not exerted to lessen or restrain the prevalence of those vices which their evil example contributed so greatly to increase. Time and chance sometimes produce extraordinary events; and, if a really pious, vigilant, and austere prelate arose amidst the general dissoluteness of the age, his single effort to reclaim these solitary ecclesiastics was seldom attended with success. These Fathers, indeed, frequently scrutinized with great minuteness into the practices of the convents; and as they were not so able to detect the guilt of incontinency, as some philosophers of the present age pretend to be, by the lines and features of the face, they proceeded upon evidences less delicate, perhaps, but certainly more demonstrative and unerring.

The celebrated Boccace has, by his witty and ingenious tales, very severely satirized the licentiousness and immorality which prevailed during his time in the Italian monasteries; but, by exposing the scandalous lives, and lashing the vices, of the monks, nuns, and other orders of the Catholic clergy, he has been decried as a contemner of religion, and as an enemy to true piety. Contemporary historians have also delivered the most disgusting accounts of their intemperance and debauchery. The frailty, indeed, of the female monastics was even an article of regular taxation; and the Holy Father did not disdain to fill his coffers *with the price of their impurities.* The frail nun, whe-

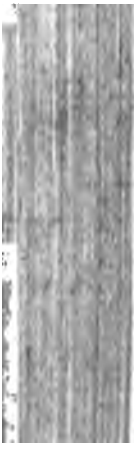


visited various convents in
ing their proceedings, he
even of decency, remaini
was he able, with all the
subject, to re-infuse the s
lities into the degenerated

The reform of the nun
distinguished the governm
ter he ascended the papa
fifteenth century. Bossu
strictest principles, and m
the agent selected by hi
achievement. The Genoe
lived in open defiance of
precepts of religion, were
tion. The orations which
pulpit, as well as the priv
which he delivered to th
chair, were fine models, n
bity. but of his literature
ed, in the most impressiv
Christian purity: but his
the bright beauties of Virt
of Vice, made little impr

rated by the venality of its hand; and the incor-
le objects of his solicitude having freed themselves
:ibery from the terror of the civil power, con-
ed the reformer's denunciation of eternal ven-
:e hereafter, and relapsed into their former licen-
ness and depravity. A few, indeed, among the
er number of nuns who inhabited these guilty
:nts, were converted by the force of his eloquent
nstrances, and became afterwards highly exem-
by the virtue and piety of their lives; but the
abandoned themselves to their impious courses;
though more vigorous methods were, in a short
adopted against the refractory monastics, they
ll attempts to reform them at defiance. The
s, perhaps, in which their vices were indulged,
:ed with the character of the age; and, as manners
more refined, the gross and shameful indulgences
e monks and nuns were changed into a more
it and decent style of enjoyment. Fashion might
r them more prudent and reserved in their in-
s; but their passions were not less vicious, nor
dispositions less corrupt.

e disorderly manners of these solitary devotees
among the principal causes that produced the
mation. There is a point beyond which even
vity cannot go in corrupting the manners of the
The number and power of the monastics, or, as
were at that time called, the *Regular clergy*,
:ertainly great, and their resistance to the ap-
hes of reformation obstinate; but the temper of
mes had changed, and the glorious and beneficial
was at length accomplished. The Catholics
d the dismemberment of their church as a fatal
: to their interest and power; but it has since
confessed, by every candid and rational member
: communion, to be an event which has contri-
to advance morals to a higher degree of perfec-
han they had ever before attained since the in-
:tion of Christianity, and to restore the discipline
church to some portion of its original purity.
pure spirit of the gospel of Christ breathes forth



and cruelty, the bright ra
the sad effects of irration
tions of nature were perve
gentle offices of humanity
timent despised, and the s
or converted into the vio
and the cries of Persecut
pretended orthodoxy reso
tilities from shore to shore
the blood of those who dar
the absurd and idle dogm
where invented: and thei
tempted to be justified by
severity with heretics was
the true faith. Oh, how
obdurate are hearts vitiate
be the true faith which te
annihilates all the feeling
and horror on the throne
scatters ferocious fury and
the paths of life? But we
hope, that the period is at l
ple of Religion, purified b
truly plows man from the

unnatural mortifications, will be enjoined; no in-
ant cruelties be inflicted; no unsocial institutions
olished; no rites of solitary selfishness be required;
Reason and Religion, in Divine perfection, will
sume their reigns; an unaffected and sincere devo-
will occupy every mind; the Almighty will be
shipped *in spirit* and *in truth*; and we shall be
rinced that "the wicked are like the troubled sea,
n it cannot rest; but that the work of righteous-
is peace; and the effect of righteousness quietude
assurance for ever." To effect this, a rational re-
nent from the tumults of this world will be occa-
ally necessary, in order to *commune with our*
hearts, and be still, and to dispose our minds
ich a train of thinking, as shall prepare us, when
giddy whirl of life is finished, for the society of
e exalted spirits.

would mankind but make fair *Truth* their guide,
l force the helm from Prejudice and Pride,
e once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,
ue our good, and Happiness our end,
v soon must Reason o'er the world prevail,
l *Error*, *Fraud*, and *Superstition* fail!
ie would hereafter, then, with groundless fear,
cribe th' Almighty cruel and severe;
destinating some, without pretence,
heaven; and some to hell, for no offence;
icting endless pains for transient crimes,
l favouring sects or nations, men or times.
please him, none would foolishly forbear,
food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair;
deem it merit to believe, or teach,
at Reason contradicts, or cannot reach;
ie would fierce Zeal for Piety mistake,
Malice, for whatever tenet's sake,
think salvation to one sect confin'd,
l heaven too narrow to contain mankind:
more would brutal rage disturb our peace,
envy, *hatred*, war, and discord cease;

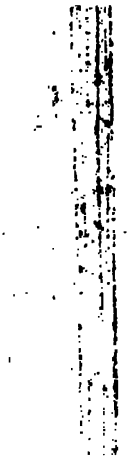
Our own and others' good each hour employ,
And all things smile with universal joy;
Fair Virtue then, with pure Religion join'd,
Would regulate and bless the human mind,
And man be what his Maker first design'd.

CHAP. VII.

Of the Danger of Idleness in Solitude.

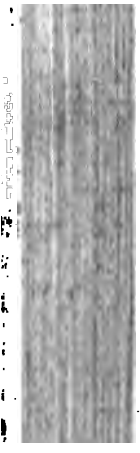
IDLENESS is truly said to be the root of all evil; and Solitude certainly encourages in the generality of its votaries this baneful disposition. Nature has so framed the character of man, that his happiness essentially depends on his passions being properly interested, his imagination busied, and his faculties employed; but these engagements are seldom found in the vacant scenes and tedious hours of retirement from the world,

was three times convicted of idleness, should be deemed *infamous;* that no son should be obliged to maintain his father if he had not taught him a trade; that trades should be accounted *honourable;* and that the council of the *Areopagus* should examine into every man's means of living, and chastise the idle with the greatest severity. Draco conceived it so necessary to prevent the prevalency of a vice, to which man is by nature prone, and which is so destructive to his character, and ruinous to his manners, that he punished idleness with death. The tyrant Pisistratus, as Theophrastus relates, was so convinced of the importance of preventing idleness among his subjects, that he made a law against it, which produced at once industry in the country, and tranquillity in the city. Pericles, who, in order to relieve Athens from a number of lazy citizens, whose lives were neither employed in virtuous actions, nor guarded from guilt by habits of industry, planted colonies in Chersonesus, Naxos, Andros, Thrace, and even in Italy, and sent them thither; for this sagacious statesman saw the danger of indulging this growing vice, and wisely took precautions to prevent it. Nothing, indeed, contributes more essentially to the tranquillity of a nation, and to the peaceful demeanour of its inhabitants, than those artificial wants which luxury introduces; for, by creating a demand for the fashionable articles, they engage the attention, and employ the hands of a multitude of manufacturers and artificers, who, if they were left in that restless indolence which the want of work creates, would certainly be unhappy themselves, and in all probability would be fomenting mischief in the minds of others. To suspend, only for one week, the vast multitudes that are employed in the several mechanical trades and manufactories in Great Britain, would be to run the risk of involving the metropolis of that great, flourishing, and powerful country once more in flames; for it would be converting the populace into an aptly-disposed train of combustible matter, which being kindled by the least spark of *accidental enthusiasm*, by the heat of political faction, or, *indeed, by their* own internal fermentation, would



and contaminate his conse
hour when too much leisu
cursions; for that *he* has li
either on himself or others,
to be idle is to be vicious.
in physic," continues this e
not only disclose his gen
and manners, but a profou
ture, " have laid out thei
deration of those distemper
by particular states of life,
have been produced upon
the sea, and the mines. T
ployments which a man ac
quiries, and medical refine
son for declining, as dange
learning or experience infe
occupation, however incor
happier and safer than *a li*
of action is not only demo
the body, but evident from
sal practice of mankind ; v
health in those whose rank
from the necessity of incra

of wounds and death: yet he has no motive to excite his ardour; he is neither subject to the command of a general, nor dreads the penalties of neglect or disobedience: he has neither profits nor honours to expect from his perils and conquests; but acts without the hope of mural or civic garlands, and must content himself with the praise of his tenants and companions. But such is the constitution of Man, that *labour is its own reward;* nor will any external incitements be requisite, if it be considered how much happiness is gained, and how much misery escaped, by frequent and violent agitation of the body. Ease is the most that can be hoped from a sedentary and inactive habit; but ease is a mere neutral state, between pain and pleasure. The dance of spirits, the bound of vigour, readiness of enterprise, and defiance of fatigue, are reserved for him that braces his nerves, and hardens his fibres; that keeps his limbs pliant with motion; and, by frequent exposure, fortifies his frame against the common accidents of cold and heat. With ease, however, if it could be secured, many would be content; but nothing terrestrial can be kept at a stand. Ease, if it is not rising into pleasure, will be settling into pain; and whatever hopes the dreams of speculation may suggest, of observing the proportion between retirement and labour, and keeping the body in a healthy state by supplies exactly equal to its weight, we know that, in effect, the vital powers, unexcited by motion, grow gradually languid, decay, and die. It is necessary to that perfection, of which our present state is capable, that the mind and body should both be kept in action; that neither the faculties of the one nor the other should be suffered to grow lax or torpid for want of use: that neither health can be purchased by voluntary submission to ignorance, nor knowledge cultivated at the expense of that health, which must enable it either to give pleasure to its possessor, or assistance to others. It is too frequently the pride of students, to despise those amusements which give to the rest of mankind strength of limbs and cheerfulness of heart. Solitude *and contemplation* are, indeed, seldom consistent with



condition, should be taught
by which the vacuities of re
may be filled up. These ar
the weakness of their sex,
life, debar ladies from man
diversifying the circumstanc
from being cankered by the
I know not how much of t
the world may be the conse
gulation. Perhaps the most
unable to figure the confusio
be produced by so many pi
derstandings, turned loose u
business than to sparkle and
destroy. For my own part
within my observation a kn
needles, I consider myself a
and, though I have no extrac
or embroidery, look upon the
satisfaction as their governe
as providing a security agai
suarers of the soul, by enabl
ness from their solitary mo
her attendant train of passio

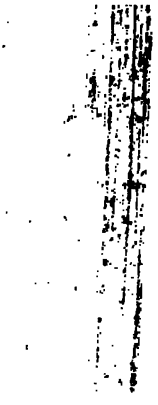


nnfly branched. Few of them had any taste for science, or were enabled, by the habits either of reflection, or industry, to charm away the tediousness of Solitude, or to relieve that weariness which must necessarily accompany their abstracted situation. The talents with which Nature had endowed them were uncultivated; the glimmering lights of reason were obscured by a blind and headlong zeal; and their tempers soured by the circumstance of their forlorn condition. Certain it is, that the only means of avoiding unhappiness and misery in Solitude, and perhaps in Society also, is to keep the mind continually engaged in, or occupied by, some laudable pursuit. The earliest professors of a life of Solitude, although they removed themselves far from the haunts of men, among "caverns deep and deserts idle," where Nature denied her sons the most common of her blessings, employed themselves in endeavouring to cultivate the rude and barren soil during those intervals in which they were not occupied in the ordinary labours of religion; and even those whose extraordinary sanctity confined them the whole day in their cells, found the necessity of filling up their leisure, by exercising the manual arts for which they were respectively suited. The rules, indeed, which were originally established in most of the convents, ordained that the time and attention of a monk should never be for a moment vacant or unemployed; but this excellent precept was soon rendered obsolete: and the sad consequences which resulted from its non-observance we have already, in some degree, described.

CHAP. VIII.

The Conclusion.

THE anxiety with which I have endeavoured to describe the advantages and the disadvantages which, *under particular* circumstances, and in particular situations, *are likely* to be experienced by those who de-



The advocates for a l
will, in all probability, a
and gloomy philosopher;
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and sullen seclusion, and
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subdue their affections, ar
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good of, the whole human race, can never be injured by an attachment to domestic pleasures, or by cultivating the soft and gentle affections which are only to be found in the small circles of private life, and can never be truly enjoyed, except in the bosom of Love, or the arms of Friendship: nor will an occasional and rational retirement from the tumults of the world lessen any of the noble sympathies of the human heart: but, on the contrary, by enlarging those ideas and feelings which have sprung from the connexions and dependencies which its votary may have formed with individuals, and *by* generalizing his particular interests and concerns, may enable him to extend the *social principle* and increase the circle of his benevolence.

> God loves from whole to parts; but human soul
> Must rise from *individual* to *whole*.
> Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
> As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake:
> The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds;
> Another still, and still another spreads;
> Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace:
> His country next; and next, all human race.

The chief design of this work was to exhibit the necessity of combining the uses of Solitude with those of Society; to shew, in the strongest light, the advantages they may mutually derive from each other: to convince mankind of the danger of running into either extreme; to teach the advocate for uninterrupted Society, how highly all the social virtues may be improved, and its vices easily abandoned, by habits of solitary abstraction; and the advocate for continual Solitude, how much that indocility and arrogance of character which is contracted by a total absence from the world, may be corrected by the urbanity of Society, and by the company and conversation of the learned and polite.

Petrarch, while in the prime of life, and amidst the happiest exertions of his extraordinary genius, quitted *all the seducing* charms of society, and retired from

Love and Avignon, to indulge his mind in literary pursuits, and to relieve his heart from the unfortunate passion by which it was enthralled. No situation, he conceived, was so favourable for these purposes as the highly romantic and delightful Solitude of Vaucluse. It was situated within view of the Mediterranean Sea, in a little valley, inclosed by a semi-circular barrier of rocks, on a plain as beautiful as the vale of Tempe. The rocks were high, bold, and grotesque; and the valley was divided by a river, along the banks of which were meadows and pastures of a perpetual verdure. A path, on the left side of the river, led, by gentle windings, to the head of this vast amphitheatre. At the foot of the highest rock, and directly in front of the valley, was a prodigious cavern, hollowed by the hand of Nature, from whence arose a spring almost as celebrated as that of Helicon. The gloom of the cavern which was accessible when the waters were low, was tremendous. It consisted of two excavations;



peaceful privacy of Vaucluse, and precipitated himself into the gayest and most active scenes of a luxurious city. The inhabitants of Avignon were amazed to behold the hermit of Vaucluse, the tender fugitive from Love, the philosophic contemner of Society, who could scarcely exist, except in the midst of romantic rocks and flowery forests, shining all at once the bright star of the fashionable hemisphere, and the choice spirit of every private and public entertainment.

> We're sadly ignorant, when we hope to find
> In shades a med'cine for a troubled mind;
> Wan Grief will haunt us wheresoe'er we go,
> Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow:
> There pale Inaction pines his life away,
> And, satiate, curses the return of day:
> There Love, insatiate, rages wild with pain,
> Endures the blast, or plunges in the main:
> There Superstition broods o'er all her fears,
> And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.
> He who a hermit is resolv'd to dwell,
> And bid a social life a long farewell,
> Is impious . . . . . .

It has already been observed, upon the authority of a very accurate and profound observer of nature, that a very extraordinary temperament of mind, and constitution of body, are required to sustain, with tranquillity and endurance, the various fatigues of continued Solitude; and certain it is, that a human creature, who is constantly spent up in seclusion, must, if he be not of a very exalted character, soon become melancholy and miserable. Happiness, like every other valuable quality, cannot be completely possessed, without encountering many dangers, and conquering many difficulties. The prize is great, but the task is arduous. A healthy body, and a vigorous mind, are as essentially necessary to the enterprise, as equal courage and fortitude are to its success. The bold *adventurer*, who, destitute of these resources, quits



truth of this grand prece
man to be alone;" whi
Author of Nature, and im
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God never made a solitary
'Twould jar the concord o
Should man through natur
His will his sovereign, ev
What force would guard h
What swiftness save him
Or should fate lead him t
Where panthers never pr
Where liberal Nature all
Suns shine, birds sing, flo
Still discontented, thoug
He'd sigh and murmur

Content cannot be
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able to produce our own happiness from the
of amusement and delight which we ourselves
possess, independently of all communication
or assistance from others, is certainly extremely
ing to the natural pride of man; but even if
ere possible, and that a solitary enthusiast could
up his feelings to a higher and more lasting de-
of felicity, than an active inhabitant of the
, amidst all its seducing vices and enchanting
, is capable of enjoying, it would not follow
ociety is not the province of all those whom
ir circumstances have not unfitted for its duties
njoyments. It is, indeed, a false and deceitful
, that a purer stream of happiness is to be found
delightful bowers of Solitude, than in the busy
of men. Neither of these stations enjoys ex-
ly this envied stream; for it flows along the
f peace, which lies between the two extremes;
ose who follow it with a steady pace, without
ing too widely from its brink on either side,
ach its source, and taste it at its spring. But
s, to a certain degree, must be the walk; for
ioyments of life are best attained by being va-
ith judgment and discretion. The finest joys
nauseous to the taste when the cup of pleasure
ued to its dregs. The highest delight loses its
on by too frequent recurrence. It is only by
er mixture and combination of the pleasures of
with those of Solitude, of the gay and lively
ions of the World with the serene and tranquil
tions of Retirement, that we can enjoy each in
est relish. Life is intolerable without Society;
iety loses half its charms by being too eagerly
nstantly pursued. Society, indeed, by bring-
n of congenial minds and similar dispositions
r, and uniting them by a community of pur-
nd a reciprocal sympathy of interests, may
assist the cause of Truth and Virtue, by ad-
; the means of human knowledge, and mul-
: the ties of human affections; and so far
ustive board, the lively dance, the brilliant ca-

terie, and other elegant and fashionable pastimes, contribute to these ends they are truly valuable, and deserve, not only encouragement, but approbation. On this principle, the various clubs which are formed by artizans, and other inferior orders in society, ought to be respected. The mind, in order to preserve its useful activity and proper tone, must be occasionally relaxed, which cannot be so beneficially effected as by means of associations founded on the pursuit of common pleasure. A friendly meeting, or a social entertainment, exhilarates the spirits, exercises the faculties of the mind, calls forth the feelings of the heart, and creates, when properly formed and indulged, a reciprocity of kindness, confidence, and esteem. It softens the severity of virtue, while it strengthens and enforces its effects. I therefore sincerely exhort my disciples not to absent themselves morosely from public places, nor to avoid the social throng: which cannot



ly-coloured scenes of public life, to the shades of acy and retirement, that deserves the imputation rally cast on such characters, of being inclined lleness and misanthropy. There are many who the retreats of Solitude, for the very purpose of ering their efforts more useful to Society; many relinquish the endearments of private friendship, the applauses of public approbation, only the more y to deserve them; and many whose souls are so rly tormented by the anguish of misfortune, and ickness of sorrow, that they find no relief from ty, and recede from its scenes to avoid giving rbance to that gaiety which they are incapable of ying, and to prevent their fractious feelings from sting any but themselves. There are others who e from the world to pursue objects the most glo- to the individual, and most useful to mankind; ttainment of which can only be hoped for from dvantages which Solitude affords. Glowing with blime and generous spirit, they sacrifice the joys fe, the charms of society, and even the advantages ealth, to shew their attachment to the species; and, ured from the sight of this world, toil, with inde- able industry, for its benefit, without expecting other reward than the satisfaction resulting from sense of having promoted the interest, and ad- ed the happiness, of their fellow-creatures. So,

Sage Reflection, bent with years;
Conscious Virtue, void of fears;
Muffled Silence, wood-nymph shy;
Meditation's piercing eye;
Halcyon Peace, on moss reclin'd;
Retrospect, that sears the mind;
Rapt, earth-gazing Reverie;
Blushing, artless Modesty;
Health, that snuffs the morning air;
Full-ey'd Truth, with bosom bare;
Inspiration, Nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.

he state of the mind, if properly consulted, will



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" Oh! snatch me a
To lonely groves a
To where Religion,
And cheer with hea
To where no ruffin
Disturb the mind an
Each passion calm;
The soul enjoying q
Unknown in private
Soft sailing down th
Aw'd by no terrors,
My life a gentle pass

But when that deligh
an excess of social plea
is not restored to it

and alleviate its pangs. That case must always be desperate, when the antidote is too weak to reach the poison, or to counteract its operation. A pious resignation to his fate can alone afford relief; and the language of such a sufferer must be

"Oh! as it pleases Thee, thou Power Supreme,
To drive my bark thro' life's more rapid stream,
If lowering storms my destin'd course attend,
And ocean rage 'till this black voyage end,
Let ocean rage, and storms indignant roar,
I bow submissive, and resign'd adore:
Resign'd adore, in various changes tried;
Thy own lov'd Son my anchor and my guide:
Resign'd adore, whate'er thy will decree;
My faith in Jesus, and my hope in Thee;
And humbly wait, 'till thro' a sea of woes,
I reach the wish'd-for harbour of repose."

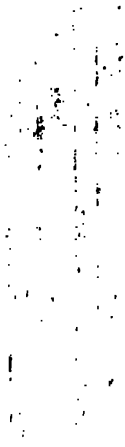
There are, however, circumstances under which it is absolutely necessary to retire from the world, in order to avoid the recurrence of sentiments and feelings that are pregnant with unhappiness. To a mind that feels an unconquerable disgust of the manners and maxims of a world which it cannot reform; to a heart that turns with horror from the various sights the world exhibits of human woe, which he is incapable of relieving; to a bosom that is stung by the various vices which he cannot prevent or restrain, and which are hourly practised among the sons of men, Retirement becomes an obligation which the justice that every good man owes to his own felicity demands. The impulse to Solitude may in such case be conscientiously indulged, in the firmest confidence of its rectitude. It is a retreat necessary to the preservation, not only of happiness, but of virtue; and the world itself may be benefitted by its effects. Removed from the sad scenes of incivility, wretchedness, and guilt, the tender feelings of pity are regulated with composure; the mind views its own operations with nicer discrimination; the high sense of virtue is rendered less indignant; and

kind ; while [illegible]
affords, enables a man, who has [illegible]
out the most likely means of accompl
which his lonely meditation, and phi
ings, have generously inspired.

« With aspect mild, and elevated
Behold him seated on a mount ser
Above the fogs of sense, and pass
All the black cares and tumults
Like harmless thunder breaking
Excite his pity, not impair his pe
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptre
A mingled mob! a wandering h
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all
His full reverse in all! What h
What stronger demonstration o
Himself too much he prizes to
And nothing thinks so great in
Too dear he holds man's inter
Another's welfare, or his right
[illegible] he sustains with temp



and disgust they must unavoidably feel on a first view of the artificial manners and unblushing vices of the world. Issuing from the calm retreats of simplicity and innocence, and fondly hoping to meet with more enlarged perfection in the world, their amiable, just, and benevolent dispositions are shocked at the sour severities, the sordid selfishness, the gross injustice, the base artifices, and the inhuman cruelties, which deform the fairest features of social life, and disgrace the best-framed fabric of human polity. Revolting, however, as this disappointment must certainly be, and grievously as the feelings of such characters must be wounded on their entering the world, it is a cowardly desertion of their duty to shrink from the task, and withdraw their services from their fellow-creatures. Constituted as society is, human happiness, and the improvement of the species, materially depend upon the active concurrence of every individual in the general scheme of Nature; and the man who withholds his assistance to promote the public good, loosens or destroys a link in that chain of things by which the whole is intended to be kept together and preserved. The doctrine, therefore, cannot be too forcibly inculcated, that it is indispensably incumbent on every individual so to accommodate himself to the manners of his contemporaries, and the temper of the times, that he may have an opportunity of promoting the happiness of others, while he increases his own; of extending the scale of human knowledge by his social industry; of relieving distress by his bounty; and of exhibiting the deformities of Vice, and the beauties of Virtue, both by his precepts and example. And this sacred obligation, by which every good man feels himself so firmly bound to promote the welfare and happiness of his fellow-creatures, of course enjoins him to shun, with equal perseverance, the giddy altitude in their pursuits of lawless pleasure, and to avoid the thoughtless votaries, and baneful orgies, of vice, intemperance, and sensual debauchery. This is best effected by every individual forming a rational *scheme of domestic* enjoyment, and engaging in some



dustry, or charitable exertions,
fond and cheerful family, whose
and affectious will confer on es
happiness human nature is capa

Active in indolence, abroad v
In quest of Happiness, which
With vain pursuits fatigu'd, at
Its real dwelling is a virtuous

Retirement, however, when
with our duties to Society, or injt
interests which it is one of our pri
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Solitude, not only fosters and c
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the highest energies, and direct
more elevated and noble than
them, amidst the business and



A sense of intellectual weakness, so far from being indulged, ought to be combated with fortitude and resolution, until it is completely destroyed. The human mind, like a noble tree, extends its branches widely round, and raises them to the skies, in proportion as the soil on which it grows is more or less cultivated and manured: but not being fixed to any certain spot, its growth may be improved to any size, by transplanting it to the soil in which it most delights to dwell. By that firm reliance on its natural strength, that indefatigable exertion of its improved powers, that steady observance of its successful operations, and that warm and active zeal for excellence to which it is invited by the advantages, and encouraged by the opportunities, which seclusion affords, it will ascend from one stage of improvement to another, from acquisition to acquisition; and, by a gradual and steady progress, reach a comprehensive elevation, as great and surprising as it was once thought visionary and unattainable. To these sublime and noble efforts of human intellect, Solitude is the sincerest guide and most powerful auxiliary; and he who aspires to mental and moral excellence, whose soul is anxious to become both great and good, will, of course, seek its inspiring shades.

Solitude, indeed, under any circumstances, can only become injurious by being carried to excess, or by being misapplied: and what is there that will not, by being abused, or misapplied, be rendered equally injurious? The highest advantages Society is capable of conferring, the loftiest flights of fancy, the best affections of the heart, the greatest strength of body, the happiest activity of the mind, the elements of fire and water, the blessings of liberty, and, in short, all the excellent gifts of Providence, as well as all the ingenious contrivances of man, may, by these means, be perverted, their uses destroyed, their ends and objects defeated, and their operations and effects rendered extensively mischievous and destructive. *mental.*



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s a gross mistake to suppose that the pleasures
ial life are incompatible with the benefits to be
ed from Solitude. They may not only be inter-
ed with, but made mutually to aid and augment
other. Solitude may surely be enjoyed without
going an exile from the world; and Society
be freely mixed with, without absolutely re-
ing the pleasures of Retirement. The circum-
s of life, indeed, call loudly on every mind to
hange the pursuits of activity with scenes of
de and repose. The alliance of Solitude and
y is necessary to the perfection not only of the
ctual character, but to the corporeal constitution
n. To conclude, that the duties of life must
arily be neglected by devoting a portion of our
o Solitude, is much more erroneous than to
ide that those duties are not always fulfilled
t the pleasures or business of Society.
ly observation proves most clearly, that many
charms, and some of the benefits, of rural re-
may be enjoyed without retiring to any very
erable distance from the metropolis, the seat of
joys and interested activity. Petrarch, during
idence in the city of Parma, though extremely
ed by the friendship shewn him, was glad to
om public life as often as he could, and to in
the high delight he naturally felt in wandering
h the fields and woods which surrounded the
polis. One day, led by his love of exercise, he
the river of Lenza, which is three miles from
, and found himself in the territory of Rhegio,
eat forest, which is called Silva Plana, or Low
; though it is situated upon a hill, from whence
iscovered the Alps, and all Cisalpine Gaul.
oaks, whose heads seemed to touch the clouds,
ed the avenues of the forest from the rays of
n: while the fresh breezes which descended
he neighbouring mountains, and the little riv-

through the p...
ful forest Nature had formed a
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occasionally retire from the fatig
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of the city, near the abbey of St.
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could escape from the duties of h
invitation of his friends. The su
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pleasure. Petrarch, however, ha
... were foreign to those wl



which a few select friends, with whom he had closely connected himself, was occasionally capable of affording him. "So conveniently," says he, "is this delightful cottage situated, that I enjoy all the advantages of rural retirement, and yet retain within my reach all the pleasures with which this gay and elegant city abounds. The society of a few select friends recreates my mind whenever it is distracted by the anxieties of study, or stagnated by the stillness of Solitude; and when I am satiated with the pleasures of the town, I fly with rapture to the sweet repose, and to all the interesting and endearing occupations of this charming retreat. Oh! may the kindness of fortune long indulge me in the enjoyment of this neutral state; this happy alternation of rural tranquillity and convivial solace! a state of felicity, to which neither the anchorites of Egypt, nor the philosophers of Greece, ever attained. In this humble abode let me quietly pass the remainder of my days, unseduced by the charms of greatness, and uninterrupted by the pleasures of the world. Fly, all ye vain delusions and fantastic dreams, from this cottage of content, and seek your native territories, the palaces of princes, and the altars of ambition!" The voice of Wisdom and Virtue calls aloud on every man to adopt the scheme of happiness which Petrarch so successfully practised. By thus dividing our time between the busy cares and innocent amusements of public life, and the studious and tranquil pleasures of Retirement, between the gay pursuits of personal gratifications, and the more noble and elevated exercises of intellect, we may avoid the dangers of contracting, on the one hand, a passion for light and frivolous dissipation, and, on the other, a joyless disposition to misanthropic severity; and may shun most, if not all, of the evil consequences which either Solitude or Society is capable of producing, which, when indulged irrationally, or indiscreetly, in general prove the Scylla or Charybdis of our lives.

These are the observations which it has occurred

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dom, and Solitude the temple of Virtue. In the one we learn the art of living with comfort among our fellow-creatures, and in the other, of living with quietude by ourselves. A total retreat from the world would lay us aside from that part which Providence chiefly intended us to act; but, without occasional retreat, it is certain that we must act that part very ill. There will be neither consistency in the conduct, nor dignity in the character, of one who sets apart no share of his time for meditation and reflection. "In the heat and bustle of life," says an eloquent preacher, "while passion is every moment throwing false colours on the objects around us, nothing can be viewed in a just light. If you wish that reason should exert her native power, you must step aside from the crowd, into the cool and silent shade. It is thus that with sober and steady eye she examines what is good or ill, what is wise or foolish, in human conduct: she looks back on the past; she looks forward to the future; and forms plans, not for the present moment only, but for the whole life. How should that man discharge any part of his duty aright, who never suffers his passions to cool? and how should his passions cool, who is engaged, without interruption, in the tumults of the world? This incessant stir may be called *the perpetual drunkenness of life*. It raises that eager fermentation of spirit, which will be ever sending forth the dangerous fumes of rashness and folly. Whereas he who mingles rational retreat with worldly affairs, remains calm, and master of himself. He is not whirled round, and rendered giddy by the agitation of the world: but from that sacred retirement in which he has been conversant among higher objects, comes forth into the world with manly tranquillity, fortified by principles which he has formed, and prepared for whatever may befal."

Sweet Solitude! when life's gay hours are past,
Howe'er we range, in thee we fix at last.



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